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THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

GENERAL YOUNG'S FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS

George Rowland, Troop G.

JUST before leaving Tampa we had been brigaded with the First (white) and Tenth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young. We were the Second Brigade, the First Brigade consisting of the Third and Sixth (white), and the Ninth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General Sumner. The two brigades of the cavalry division were under Major-General Joseph Wheeler, the gallant old Confederate cavalry commander.

General Young was—and is—as fine a type of the American fighting soldier as a man can hope to see. He had been in command, as Colonel, of the Yellowstone National Park, and I had seen a good deal of him in connection therewith, as I was President of the Boone and Crockett Club, an organization devoted to hunting big game, to its preservation, and to forest preservation. During the preceding winter, while he was in Washington, he had lunched with me at the Metropolitan Club, Wood being one of the other guests. Of course, we talked of the war, which all of us present believed to be impending, and Wood and I told him we were going to make every effort to get in, somehow; and he answered that we must be sure to get into his brigade, if he had one, and he would guarantee to show us fighting. None of us forgot the conversation. As soon as our regiment was raised General Young applied for it to be put in his brigade. We were put in; and he made his word good; for he fought and won the first fight on Cuban soil.

Yet, even though under him, we should not have been in this fight at all if we had not taken advantage of the chance to disembark among the first troops, and if it had not been for Wood's energy in pushing our regiment to the front.

On landing we spent some active hours in marching our men a quarter of a mile or so inland, as boat-load by boat-load they disembarked. Meanwhile one of the men, Knoblauch, a New Yorker, who was a great athlete and a champion swimmer, by diving in the surf off the dock, recovered most of the rifles which had been lost when the boat-load of colored cavalry

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capsized. The country would have offered very great difficulties to an attacking force had there been resistance. It was little but a mass of rugged and precipitous hills, covered for the most part by dense jungle. Five hundred resolute men could have prevented the disembarkation at very little cost to themselves. There had been about that number of Spaniards at Daiquiri that morning, but they had fled even before the ships began shelling. In their place we found hundreds of Cuban insurgents, a crew of as utter tatterdemalions as human eyes ever looked on, armed with every kind of rifle in all stages of dilapidation. It was evident, at a glance, that they would be no use in serious fighting, but it was hoped that they might be of service in scouting. From a variety of causes, however, they turned out to be nearly useless, even for this purpose, so far as the Santiago campaign was concerned.

Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young.

We were camped on a dusty, brush-covered flat, with jungle on one side, and on the other a shallow, fetid pool fringed with palm-trees. Huge land-crabs scuttled noisily through the underbrush, exciting much interest among the men. Camping was a simple matter, as each man carried all he had, and the officers had nothing. I took a light mackintosh and a tooth-brush. Fortunately, that night it did not rain; and from the palm-leaves we built shelters from the sun.

General Lawton, a tall, fine-looking man, had taken the advance. A thorough soldier, he at once established outposts and pushed reconnoitring parties ahead on the trails. He had as little baggage as the rest of us. Our own Brigade-Commander, General Young, had exactly the same impedimenta that I had, namely, a mackintosh and a tooth-brush.

Next morning we were hard at work trying to get the stuff unloaded from the ship, and succeeded in getting most of it ashore, but were utterly unable to get transportation for anything but a very small quantity. The great shortcoming throughout the campaign was the utterly inadequate transportation. If we had been allowed to take our mule-train, we could have kept the whole cavalry division supplied.

In the afternoon word came to us to march. General Wheeler, a regular game-cock, was as anxious as Lawton to get first blood, and he was bent upon putting the cavalry division to the front as quickly as possible. Lawton's advance guard was in touch with the Spaniards, and there had been a skirmish between the latter and some Cubans, who were repulsed. General Wheeler made a reconnoissance in person, found out where the enemy was, and directed General Young to take our brigade and move forward so as to strike him next morning. He had the power to do this, as when General Shafter was afloat he had command ashore.

I had succeeded in finding Texas, my surviving horse, much the worse for his fortnight on the transport and his experience in getting off, but still able to carry me.

It was mid-afternoon and the tropic sun was beating fiercely down when Colonel Wood started our regiment—the First and Tenth Cavalry and some of the infantry regiments having already marched. Colonel Wood himself rode in advance, while I led my squadron, and Major Brodie followed with his. It was a hard march, the hilly jungle trail being so narrow that often we had to go in single file. We marched fast, for Wood was bound to get us ahead of the other regiments, so as to be sure of our place in the body that struck the enemy next morning. If it had not been for his energy in pushing forward, we should

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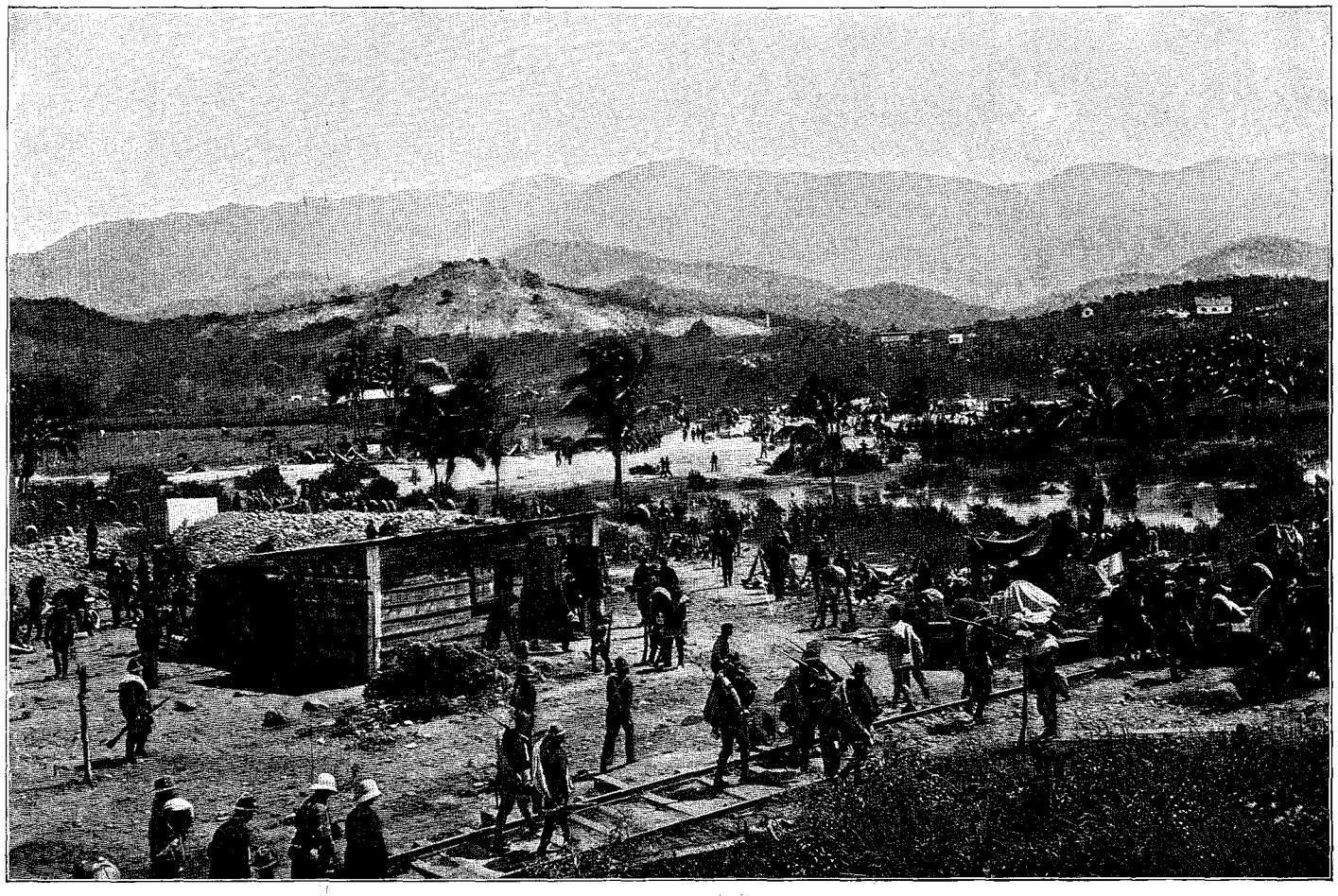

Scene at Daiquiri, the Day the Army of Invasion Landed.

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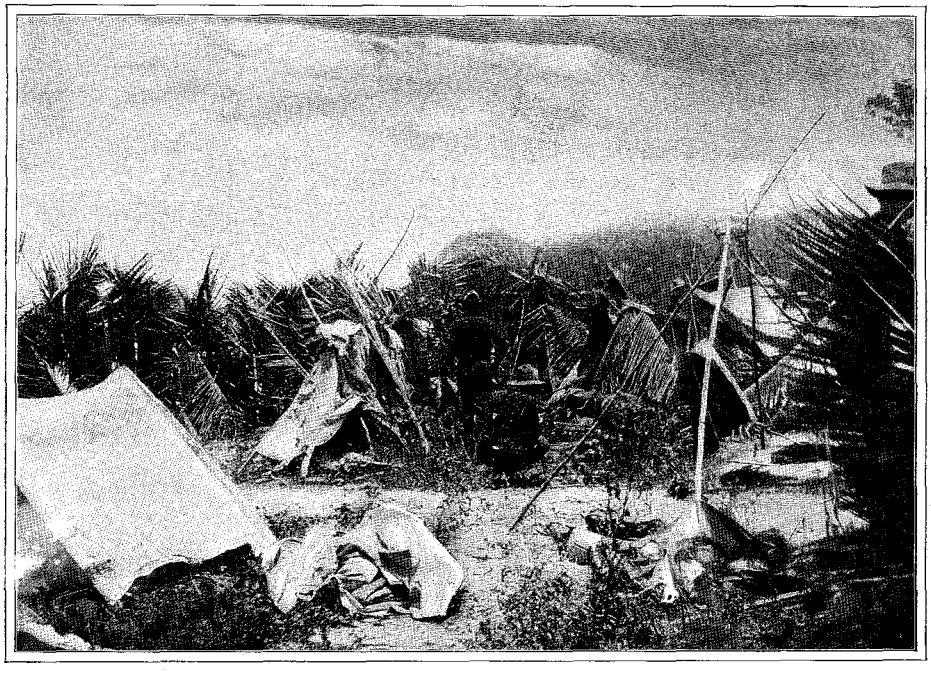

Rough Riders' Camp at Daiquiri.

certainly have missed the fight. As it was, we did not halt until we were at the extreme front.

The men were not in very good shape for marching, and moreover they were really horsemen, the majority being cowboys who had never done much walking. The heat was intense and their burdens very heavy. Yet there was very little straggling. Whenever we halted they instantly took off their packs and threw themselves on their backs. Then at the word to start they would spring into place again. The captains and lieutenants tramped along, encouraging the men by example and word. A good part of the time I was by Captain Llewellyn, and was greatly pleased to see the way in which he kept his men up to their work. He never pitied or coddled his troopers, but he always looked after them. He helped them whenever he could, and took rather more than his full share of hardship and danger, so that his men naturally followed him with entire devotion. Jack Greenway was under him as lieutenant, and to him the entire march was nothing but an enjoyable outing, the chance of fight on the morrow simply adding the needed spice of excitement.

It was long after nightfall when we tramped through the darkness into the squalid coast hamlet of Siboney. As usual when we made a night camp, we simply drew the men up in column of troops, and then let each man lie down where he was. Black thunder-clouds were gathering. Before they broke the fires were made and the men cooked their coffee and pork, some frying the hard-tack with the pork. The officers, of course, fared just as the men did. Hardly had we finished eating when the rain came, a regular tropic downpour. We sat about, sheltering ourselves as best we could, for the hour or two it lasted; then the fires were relighted and we closed around them, the men taking off their wet things to dry them, so far as possible, by the blaze.

Wood had gone off to see General Young, as General Wheeler had instructed General Young to hit the Spaniards, who were about four miles away, as soon after daybreak as possible. Meanwhile I strolled over to Captain Capron's troop. He and I, with his two lieutenants, Day and Thomas, stood around the fire, together with two or three non-commissioned officers and privates; among the latter were Sergeant Hamilton Fish and Trooper Elliott

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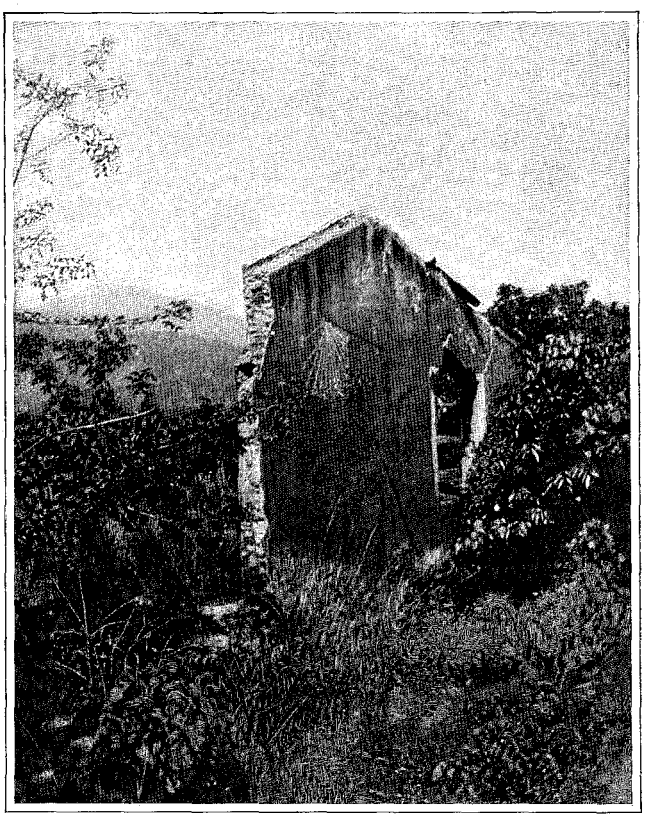
Cowdin, both of New York. Cowdin, together with two other troopers, Harry Thorpe and Munro Ferguson, had been on my Oyster Bay Polo Team some years before. Hamilton Fish had already shown himself one of the best non-commissioned officers we had. A huge fellow, of enormous strength and endurance and dauntless courage, he took naturally to a soldier's life. He never complained and never shirked any duty of any kind, while his power over his men was great. So good a sergeant had he made that Captain Capron, keen to get the best men under him, took him when he left Tampa—for Fish's troop remained behind. As we stood around the flickering blaze that night I caught myself admiring the splendid bodily vigor of Capron and Fish —the captain and the sergeant. Their frames seemed of steel, to withstand all fatigue; they were flushed with health; in their eyes shone high resolve and fiery desire. Two finer types of the fighting man, two better representatives of the American soldier, there were not in the whole army. Capron was going over his plans for the fight when we should meet the Spaniards on the morrow, Fish occasionally asking a question. They were both filled with eager longing to show their mettle, and both were rightly confident that if they lived they would win honorable renown and would rise high in their chosen profession. Within twelve hours they both were dead.



The Old Sun-dial at Sevilla.

I had lain down when toward midnight Wood returned. He had gone over the whole plan with General Young. We were to start by sunrise toward Santiago, General Young taking four troops of the Tenth and four troops of the First up the road which led through the valley; while Colonel Wood was to lead our eight troops along a hill-trail to the left, which joined the valley road about four miles on, at a point where the road went over a spur of the mountain-chain and from thence went down hill toward Santiago. The Spaniards had their lines at the junction of the road and the trail.

Before describing our part in the fight, it is necessary to say a word about General Young's share, for, of course, the whole fight was under his direction, and the fight on the right wing under his immediate supervision. General Young had obtained from General Castillo, the commander of the Cuban forces, a full description of the country in front. General Castillo promised Young the aid of eight hundred Cubans, if he made a reconnoissance in force to find out exactly what the Spanish strength was. This promised Cuban aid did not, however, materialize, the Cubans, who had been

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beaten back by the Spaniards the day before, not appearing on the firing-line until the fight was over.

General Young had in his immediate command a squadron of the First Regular Cavalry, two hundred and forty-four strong, under the command of Major Bell, and a squadron of the Tenth Regular Cavalry, two hundred and twenty strong, under the command of Major Norvell. He also had two Hotchkiss mountain guns, under Captain Watson of the Tenth. He started

Opening at Side of Road through which Left Flank of Rough Riders Deployed.

at a quarter before six in the morning, accompanied by Captain A. L. Mills, as aide. It was at half-past seven that Captain Mills, with a patrol of two men in advance, discovered the Spaniards as they lay across where the two roads came together, some of them in pits, others simply lying in the heavy jungle, while on their extreme right they occupied a big ranch. Where General Young struck them they held a high ridge a little to the left of his front, this ridge being separated by a deep ravine from the hill-trail still farther to the left, down which the Rough Riders were advancing. That is, their forces occupied a range of high hills in the form of an obtuse angle, the salient being toward the space between the American forces, while there were advance parties along both roads. There were stone breastworks flanked by block-houses on that part of the ridge where the two trails came together. The place was called Las Guasimas, from trees of that name in the neighborhood.

General Young, who was riding a mule, carefully examined the Spanish position in person. He ordered the canteens of the troops to be filled, placed the Hotchkiss battery in concealment about nine hundred yards from the Spanish lines, and then deployed the white regulars, with the colored regulars in support, having sent a Cuban guide to try to find Colonel Wood and warn him. He did not attack immediately, because he knew that Colonel Wood, having a more difficult route, would require a longer time to reach the position. During the delay General Wheeler arrived; he had been up since long before dawn, to see that everything went well. Young informed him of the dispositions, and plan of attack he made. General Wheeler approved of them, and with excellent judgment left General Young a free hand to fight his battle.

So, about eight o'clock Young began the fight with his Hotchkiss guns, he himself

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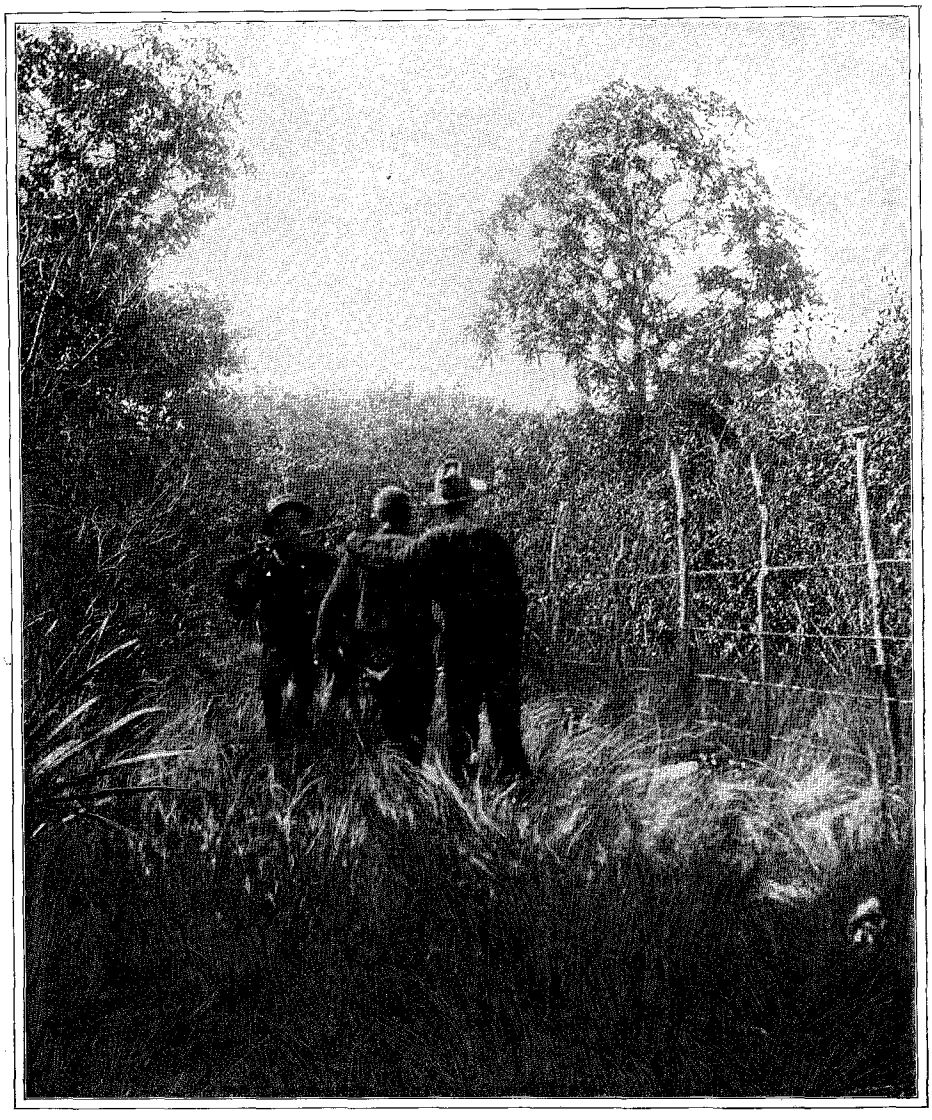

Helping a Wounded Rough Rider to the Rear during the Guasimas Fight.

being up on the firing-line. No sooner had the Hotchkiss one-pounders opened than the Spaniards opened fire in return, most of the time firing by volleys executed in perfect time, almost as on parade. They had a couple of light guns, which our people thought were quick firers. The denseness of the jungle and the fact that they used absolutely smokeless powder, made it exceedingly difficult to place exactly where they were, and almost immediately Young, who always liked to get as close as possible to his enemy, began to push his troops forward. They were deployed on both sides of the road in such thick jungle that it was only here and there that they could possibly see ahead, and some confusion, of course, ensued, the support gradually getting mixed with the advance. Captain Beck took A Troop of the Tenth in on the left, next Captain Galbraith's troop of the First; two other troops of the Tenth were on the extreme right. Through the jungle ran wire fences here and there, and as the troops got to the ridge they encountered precipitous heights. They were led most

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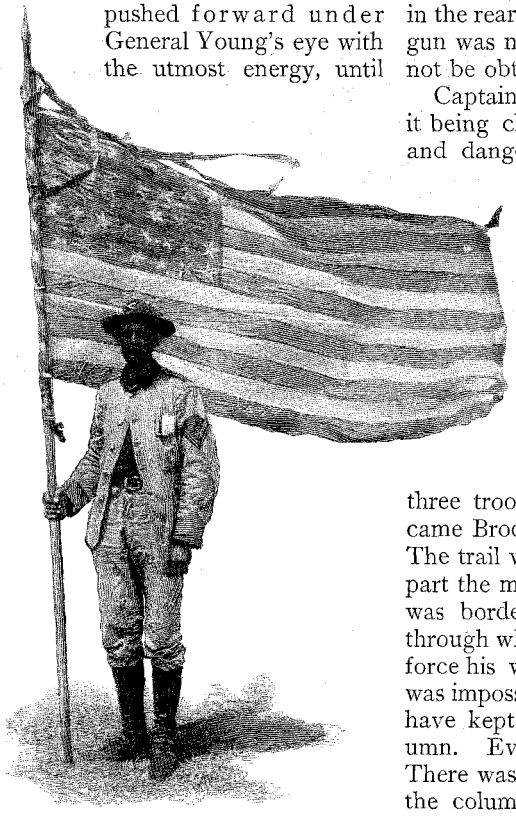
gallantly, as American regular officers always lead their men; and the men followed their leaders with the splendid courage always shown by the American regular soldier. There was not a single straggler among them, and in not one instance was an attempt made by any trooper to fall out in order to assist the wounded or carry back the dead, while so cool were they and so perfect their fire discipline, that in the entire engagement the expenditure of ammunition was not over ten rounds per man. Major Bell, who commanded the squadron, had his leg broken by a shot as he was leading his men. Captain Wainwright succeeded to the command of the squadron. Captain Knox was shot in the abdomen. He continued for some time giving orders to his troops, and refused to allow a man in the firing-line to assist him to the rear. His First Lieutenant, Byram, was himself shot, but continued to lead his men until the wound and the heat overcame him and he fell in a faint. The advance was pushed forward under General Young's eye with the utmost energy, until the enemy's voices could be heard in the entrenchments. The Spaniards kept up a very heavy firing, but the regulars would not be denied, and as they climbed the ridges the Spaniards broke and fled.



Color-Sergeant A. P. Wright.

Meanwhile, at six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men—as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realized that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corralled a couple of mules and was using them to transport the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with

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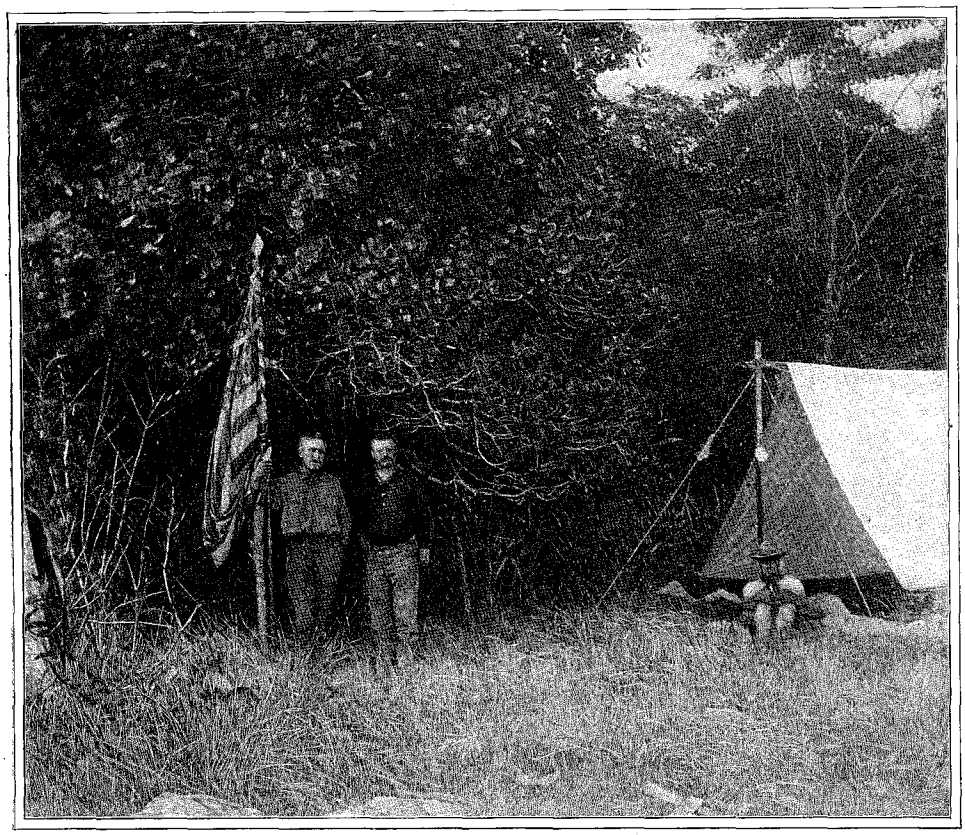

Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. R. H. Davis.

Head-quarters of Rough Riders after Guasimas Fight.

us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who though non-combatants — newspaper-correspondents — showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward General Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realized that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to

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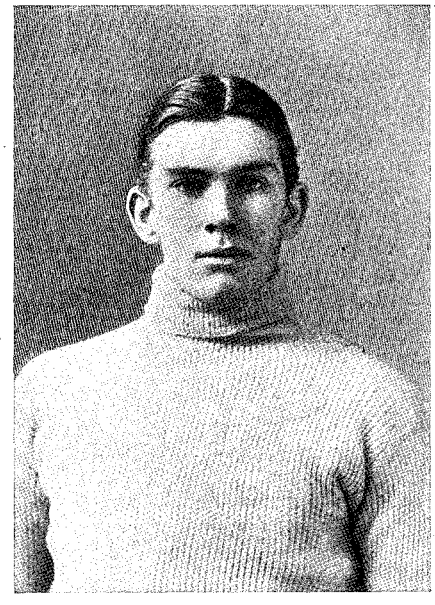
deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere—one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellyn's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.



Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Killed at Las Guasimas.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellyn, Greenway, Kane and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellyn, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was un-

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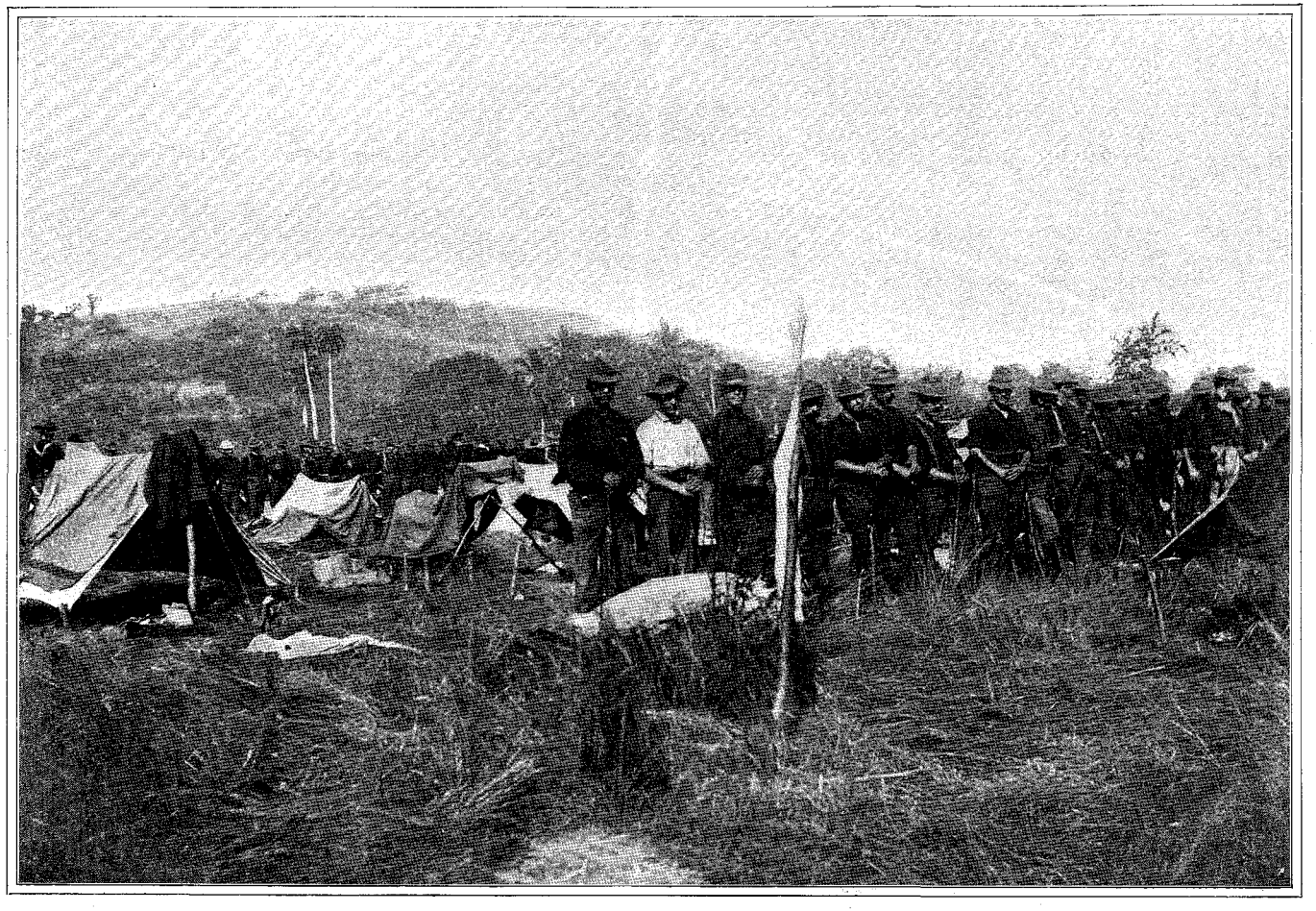

Camp of the Rough Riders after the Guasimas Fight, K Troop in the Foreground.

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limited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered mountain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

Major Brodie, Wounded in the Guasimas Fight.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left, into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighborhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Harry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with

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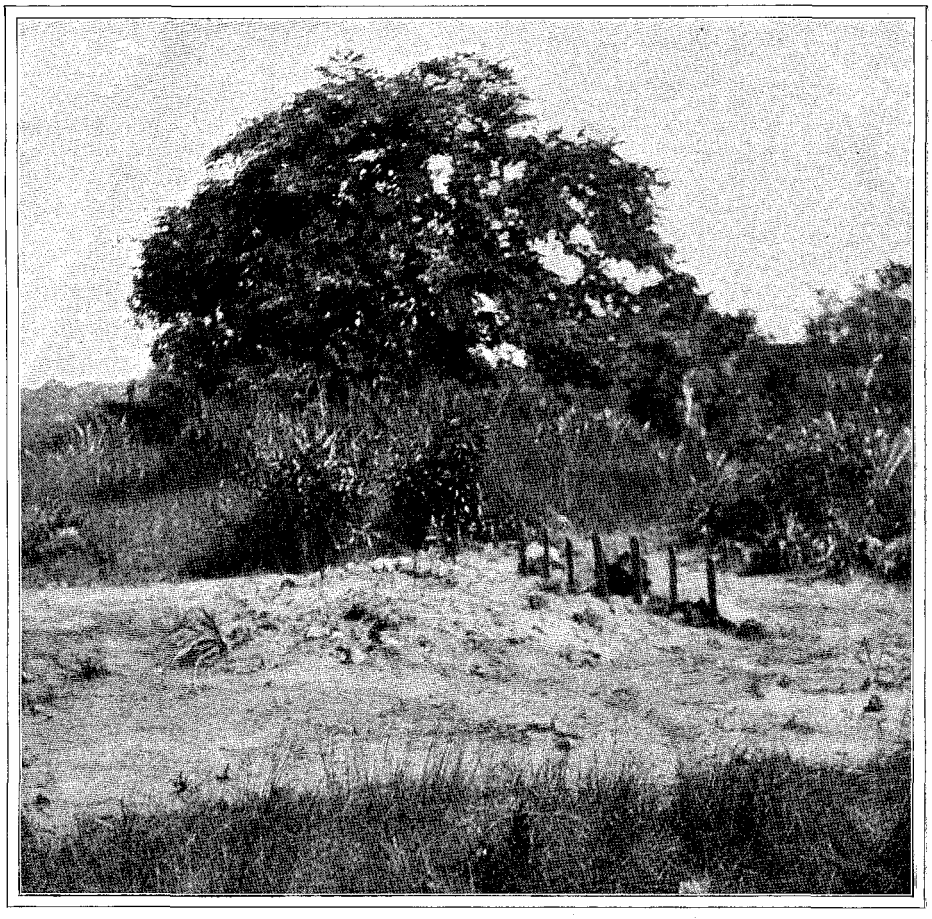

The Spot where Seven Rough Riders were Buried after the First Day's Fight at Las Guasimas.

Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital—which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

After we had driven the Spaniards off from their position to our right, the firing seemed to die away so far as we were concerned, for the bullets no longer struck around us in such a storm as before, though along the rest of the line the battle was as brisk as ever. Soon we saw troops appearing across the ravine, not very far from where we had seen the Spaniards whom we had thought might be Cubans. Again we dared not fire, and carefully studied the new-comers with our glasses; and this time we were right, for we recognized our own cavalry-men. We were by no means sure that they recognized us, however, and were anxious that they should, but it was very difficult to find a clear spot in the jungle from which to sig-

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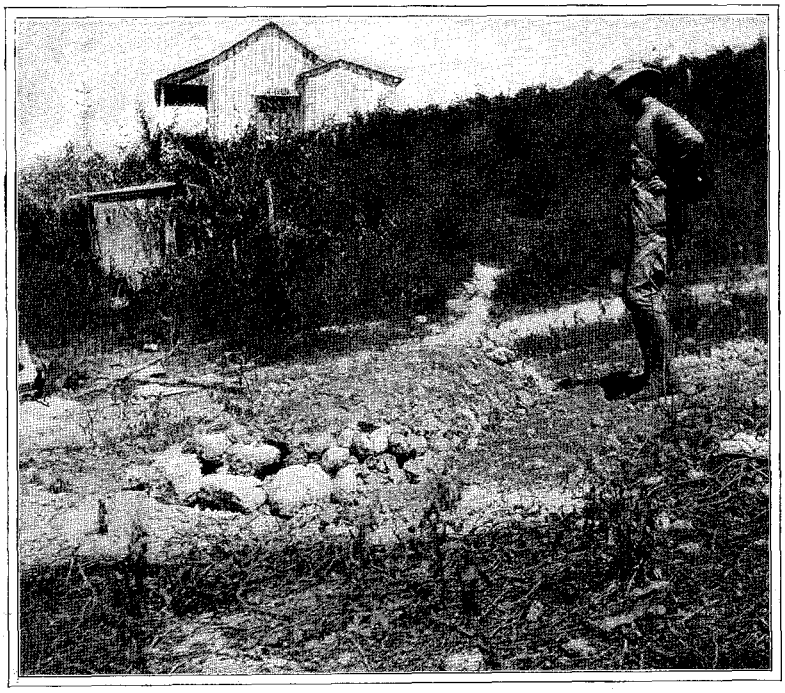
nal; so Sergeant Lee of Troop K climbed a tree and from its summit waved the troop guidon. They waved their guidon back, and as our right wing was now in touch with the regulars, I left Jenkins and O'Neill to keep the connection, and led Llewellyn's troop back to the path to join the rest of the regiment, which was evidently still in the thick of the fight. I was still very much in the dark as to where the main body of the Spanish forces were, or exactly what lines the battle was following, and was very uncertain what I ought to do; but I knew it could not be wrong to go forward, and I thought I would find Wood and then see what he wished me to do. I was in a mood to cordially welcome guidance, for it was most bewildering to fight an enemy whom one so rarely saw.

I had not seen Wood since the beginning of the skirmish, when he hurried forward. When the firing opened some of the men began to curse. "Don't swear—shoot!" growled Wood, as he strode along the path leading his horse, and everyone laughed and became cool again. The Spanish outposts were very near our advance guard, and some minutes of the hottest kind of firing followed before they were driven back and slipped off through the jungle to their main lines in the rear.

Here, at the very outset of our active service, we suffered the loss of two as gallant men as ever wore uniform. Sergeant Hamilton Fish at the extreme front, while holding the point up to its work and firing back where the Spanish advance guards lay, was shot and killed instantly; three of the men with him were likewise hit. Captain Capron, leading the advance guard in person, and displaying equal courage and coolness in the way that he handled them, was also struck, and died a few minutes afterward. The command of the troop then devolved upon the First Lieutenant, young Thomas. Like Capron, Thomas was the fifth in line from father to son who had served in the American army, though in his case it was in the volunteer and not the regular service; the four preceding generations had furnished soldiers respectively to the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. In a few minutes Thomas was shot through the leg, and the command devolved upon the Second Lieutenant, Day (a nephew of



Grave of Captain Capron on the Hillside at Siboney.

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"Albemarle" Cushing, he who sunk the great Confederate ram). Day, who proved himself to be one of our most efficient officers, continued to handle the men to the best possible advantage, and brought them steadily forward. L Troop was from the Indian Territory. The whites, Indians, and half-breeds in it, all fought with equal courage. Captain McClintock was hurried forward to its relief with his Troop B, of Arizona men. In a few minutes he was shot through the leg and his place was taken by his First Lieutenant, Wilcox, who handled his men in the same soldierly manner that Day did.

Among the men who showed marked courage and coolness was the tall color-sergeant, Wright; the colors were shot through three times.

When I had led G Troop back to the trail I ran ahead of them, passing the dead and wounded men of L troop, passing young Fish as he lay with glazed eyes under the rank tropic growth to one side of the trail. When I came to the front I found the men spread out in a very thin skirmish line, advancing through comparatively open ground, each man taking advantage of what cover he could, while Wood strolled about leading his horse, Brodie being close at hand. How Wood escaped being hit, I do not see, and still less how his horse escaped. I had left mine at the beginning of the action, and was only regretting that I had not left my sword with it, as it kept getting between my legs when I was tearing my way through the jungle. I never wore it again in action. Lieutenant Rivers was with Wood, also leading his horse. Smedburg had been sent off on the by no means pleasant task of establishing communications with Young.

Very soon after I reached the front, Brodie was hit, the bullet shattering one arm and whirling him around as he stood. He had kept on the extreme front all through, his presence and example keeping his men entirely steady, and he at first refused to go to the rear; but the wound was very painful, and he became so faint that he had to be sent. Thereupon, Wood directed me to take charge of the left wing in Brodie's place, and to bring it forward; so over I went.

I now had under me Captains Luna, Muller, and Houston, and I began to take them forward, well spread out, through the high grass of a rather open forest. I noticed Goodrich, of Houston's troop, tramping along behind his men, absorbed in making them keep at good intervals from one another and fire slowly with careful aim. As I came close up to the edge of the troop, he caught a glimpse of me, mistook me for one of his own skirmishers who was crowding in too closely, and called out, "Keep your interval, sir; keep your interval, and go forward."

A perfect hail of bullets was sweeping over us as we advanced. Once I got a glimpse of some Spaniards, apparently retreating, far in the front, and to our right, and we fired a couple of rounds after them. Then I became convinced, after much anxious study, that we were being fired at from some large red-tiled buildings, part of a ranch on our front. Smokeless powder, and the thick cover in our front, continued to puzzle us, and I more than once consulted anxiously the officers as to the exact whereabouts of our opponents. I took a rifle from a wounded man and began to try shots with it myself. It was very hot and the men were getting exhausted, though at this particular time we were not suffering heavily from bullets, the Spanish fire going high. As we advanced, the cover became a little thicker and I lost touch of the main body under Wood; so I halted and we fired industriously at the ranch buildings ahead of us, some five hundred yards off. Then we heard cheering on the right, and I supposed that this meant a charge on the part of Wood's men, so I sprang up and ordered the men to rush the buildings ahead of us. They came forward with a will. There was a moment's heavy firing from the Spaniards, which all went over our heads, and then it ceased entirely. When we arrived at the buildings, panting and out of breath, they contained nothing but heaps of empty cartridge-shells and two dead Spaniards, shot through the head.

The country all around us was thickly forested, so that it was very difficult to see any distance in any direction. The firing had now died out, but I was still entirely uncertain as to exactly what had happened. I did not know whether the enemy had been driven back or whether it

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was merely a lull in the fight, and we might be attacked again; nor did I know what had happened in any other part of the line, while as I occupied the extreme left, I was not sure whether or not my flank was in danger. At this moment one of our men who had dropped out, arrived with the information (fortunately false) that Wood was dead. Of course, this meant that the command devolved upon me, and I hastily set about taking charge of the regiment. I had been particularly struck by the coolness and courage shown by Sergeants Dame and McIlhenny, and sent them out with small pickets to keep watch in front and to the left of the left wing. I sent other men to fill the canteens with water, and threw the rest out in a long line in a disused sunken road, which gave them cover, putting two or three wounded men, who had hitherto kept up with the fighting-line, and a dozen men who were suffering from heat exhaustion—for the fighting and running under that blazing sun through the thick dry jungle was heart-breaking—into the ranch buildings. Then I started over toward the main body, but to my delight encountered Wood himself, who told me the fight was over and the Spaniards had retreated. He also informed me that other troops were just coming up. The first to appear was a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, under Major Dimick, which had hurried up to get into the fight, and was greatly disappointed to find it over. They took post in front of our lines, so that our tired men were able to get a rest, Captain McBlain, of the Ninth, good-naturedly giving us some points as to the best way to station our outposts. Then General Chaffee, rather glum at not having been in the fight himself, rode up at the head of some of his infantry, and I marched my squadron back to where the rest of the regiment was going into camp, just where the two trails came together, and beyond—that is, on the Santiago side of—the original Spanish lines.

The Rough Riders had lost eight men killed and thirty-four wounded, aside from two or three who were merely scratched and whose wounds were not reported. The First Cavalry, white, lost seven men killed and eight wounded; the Tenth Cavalry, colored, one man killed and ten wounded; so, out of 964 men engaged on our side, 16 were killed and 52 wounded. The Spaniards were under General Rubin, with, as second in command, Colonel Alcarez. They had two guns, and eleven companies of about a hundred men each: three belonging to the Porto Rico regiment, three to the San Fernandino, two to the Talavero, two being so-called mobilized companies from the mineral districts, and one a company of engineers; over twelve hundred men in all, together with two guns.*

General Rubin reported that he had repulsed the American attack, and Lieutenant Tejeiro states in his book that General Rubin forced the Americans to retreat, and enumerates the attacking force as consisting of three regular regiments of infantry, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York (not one of which fired a gun or were anywhere near the battle), in addition to the sixteen dismounted troops of cavalry. In other words, as the five infantry regiments each included twelve companies, he makes the attacking force consist of just five times the actual amount. As for the "repulse," our line never went back ten yards in any place, and the advance was practically steady; while an hour and a half after the battle began we were in complete possession of the entire Spanish position, and their troops were fleeing in masses down the road, our men being too exhausted to follow them.

General Rubin also reports that he lost but seven men killed. This is certainly incorrect, for Captain O'Neill and I went over the ground very carefully and counted eleven dead Spainards, all of whom were actually buried by our burying squads. There were probably two or three men whom we missed, but I think that our official reports are incorrect in stating that forty-two dead Spaniards

* See Lieutenant Müller y Tejeiro, "Combates y Capitulación de Santiago de Cuba," page 136. The Lieutenant speaks as if only one échelon, of seven companies and two guns, was engaged on the 24th. The official report says distinctly, "General Rubin's column," which consisted of the companies detailed above. By turning to page 146, where Lieutenant Tejeiro enumerates the strength of the various companies, it will be seen that they averaged over 110 men apiece; this probably does not include officers, and is probably an under-statement anyhow. On page 261 he makes the Spanish loss at Las Guasimas, which he calls Sevilla, 9 killed and 27 wounded. Very possibly he includes only the Spanish regulars; two of the Spaniards we slew, over on the left, were in brown, instead of the light blue of the regulars, and were doubtless guerillas.

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were found; this being based upon reports in which I think some of the Spanish dead were counted two or three times. Indeed, I should doubt whether their loss was as heavy as ours, for they were under cover, while we advanced, often in the open, and their main lines fled long before we could get to close quarters. It was a very difficult country, and a force of good soldiers resolutely handled could have held the pass with ease against two or three times their number. As it was, with a force half of regulars and half of volunteers, we drove out a superior number of Spanish regular troops, stronger posted, without suffering a very heavy loss. Although the Spanish fire was very heavy, it does not seem to me it was very well directed; and though they fired with great spirit while we merely stood at a distance and fired at them, they did not show much resolution, and when we advanced, always went back long before there was any chance of our coming into contact with them. Our men behaved very well indeed—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders alike. The newspaper press failed to do full justice to the white regulars, in my opinion, from the simple reason that everybody knew that they would fight, whereas there had been a good deal of question as to how the Rough Riders, who were volunteer troops, and the Tenth Cavalry, who were colored, would behave; so there was a tendency to exalt our deeds at the expense of those of the First Regulars, whose courage and good conduct were taken for granted. It was a trying fight beyond what the losses show, for it is hard upon raw soldiers to be pitted against an unseen foe, and to advance steadily when their comrades are falling around them, and when they can only occasionally see a chance to retaliate. Wood's experience in fighting Apaches stood him in good stead. An entirely raw man at the head of the regiment, conducting, as Wood was, what was practically an independent fight would have been in a very trying position. The fight cleared the way toward Santiago, and we experienced no further resistance.

That afternoon we made camp and dined, subsisting chiefly on a load of beans which we found on one of the Spanish mules which had been shot. We also looked after the wounded. Dr. Church had himself gone out to the firing-line during the fight, and carried to the rear some of the worst wounded on his back or in his arms. Those who could walk had walked into where the little field-hospital of the regiment was established on the trail. We found all our dead and all the badly wounded. Around one of the latter the big, hideous land-crabs had gathered in a grewsome ring, waiting for life to be extinct. One of our own men and most of the Spanish dead had been found by the vultures before we got to them; and their bodies were mangled, the eyes and wounds being torn.

The Rough Rider who had been thus treated was in Bucky O'Neill's troop; and as we looked at the body, O'Neill turned to me and asked, "Colonel, isn't it Whitman who says of the vultures that 'they pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings?'" I answered that I could not place the quotation. Just a week afterward we were shielding his own body from the birds of prey.

One of the men who fired first, and who displayed conspicuous gallantry was a Cherokee half-breed named Isabel. He was hit seven times, and of course had to go back to the States. Before he rejoined us at Montauk Point he had gone through a little private war of his own; for on his return he found that a cow-boy named Davis had gone off with his sweetheart, and in the fight that ensued he shot Davis. Another man of L Troop who also showed marked gallantry was Elliott Cowdin. The men of the plains and mountains were trained by life-long habit to look on life and death with iron philosophy. As I passed by a couple of tall, lank, Oklahoma cow-punchers, I heard one say, "Well, some of the boys got it in the neck!" to which the other answered with the grim plains proverb of the South: "Many a good horse dies."

We improvised litters, and carried the more sorely wounded back to Siboney that afternoon and the next morning; the others walked. One of the men who had been most severely wounded was Edward Marshall, the correspondent, and he showed as much heroism as any soldier in the whole army. He was shot through the

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spine, a terrible and very painful wound, which we supposed meant that he would surely die ; but he made no complaint of any kind, and while he retained consciousness persisted in dictating the story of the fight. A very touching incident happened in the improvised open-air hospital after the fight, where the wounded were lying. They did not groan, and made no complaint, trying to help one another. One of them suddenly began to hum, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and one by one the others joined in the chorus, which swelled out through the tropic woods, where the victors lay in camp beside their dead. I did not see any sign among the fighting men, whether wounded or unwounded, of the very complicated emotions assigned to their kind by some of the realistic modern novelists who have written about battles. At the front everyone behaved quite simply and took things as they came, in a matter-of-course way; but there was doubtless, as is always the case, a good deal of panic and confusion in the rear where the wounded, the stragglers, a few of the packers, and two or three newspaper correspondents were, and in consequence the first reports sent back to the coast were of a most alarming character, describing, with minute inaccuracy, how we had run into an ambush, etc. The packers with the mules which carried the rapid-fire guns were among those who ran, and they let the mules go in the jungle ; in consequence the guns were never even brought to the firing-line, and only Fred Herrig's skill as a trailer enabled us to recover them. By patient work he followed up the mules' tracks in the forest until he found the animals.

Among the wounded who walked to the temporary hospital at Siboney was the trooper, Rowland, of whom I spoke before. There the doctors examined him, and decreed that his wound was so serious that he must go back to the States. This was enough for Rowland, who waited until nightfall and then escaped, slipping out of the window and making his way back to camp with his rifle and pack, though his wound must have made all movement very painful to him. After this, we felt that he was entitled to stay, and he never left us for a day, distinguishing himself again in the fight at San Juan.

Next morning we buried seven dead Rough Riders in a grave on the summit of the trail, Chaplain Brown reading the solemn burial service of the Episcopalians, while the men stood around with bared heads and joined in singing, "Rock of Ages." Vast numbers of vultures were wheeling round and round in great circles through the blue sky overhead. There could be no more honorable burial than that of these men in a common grave—Indian and cow-boy, miner, packer and college athlete—the man of unknown ancestry from the lonely Western plains, and the man who carried on his watch the crests of the Hamiltons and the Fishes, one in the way they had met death, just as during life they had been one in their daring and their loyalty.

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us ; we had begun to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count Von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from ; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty ; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

There was nothing like enough transportation with the army, whether in the way of wagons or mule-trains ; exactly as there had been no sufficient number of landing-boats with the transports. The officers' baggage had come up, but none of us had much, and the shelter-tents proved only a partial protection against the terrific downpours of rain. These occurred almost every afternoon, and turned the camp into a tarn, and the trails

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into torrents and quagmires. We were not given quite the proper amount of food, and what we did get, like most of the clothing issued us, was fitter for the Klondike than for Cuba. We got enough salt pork and hardtack for the men, but not the full ration of coffee and sugar, and nothing else. I organized a couple of expeditions back to the sea-coast, taking the strongest and best walkers and also some of the officers' horses and a stray mule or two, and brought back beans and canned tomatoes. These I got partly by great exertions on my part, and partly by the aid of Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, a particularly energetic man whose services were of great value. A silly regulation forbade my purchasing canned vegetables, etc., except for the officers; and I had no little difficulty in getting round this regulation, and purchasing (with my own money, of course) what I needed for the men.

One of the men I took with me on one of these trips was Sherman Bell, the former Deputy Marshal of Cripple Creek, and Wells Fargo Express rider. In coming home with his load, through a blinding storm, he slipped and opened the old rupture. The agony was very great and one of his comrades took his load. He himself, sometimes walking, and sometimes crawling, got back to camp, where Dr. Church fixed him up with a spike bandage, but informed him that he would have to be sent back to the States when an ambulance came along. The ambulance did not come until the next day, which was the day before we marched to San Juan. It arrived after nightfall, and as soon as Bell heard it coming, he crawled out of the hospital tent into the jungle, where he lay all night; and the ambulance went off without him. The men shielded him just as school-boys would shield a companion, carrying his gun, belt, and bedding; while Bell kept out of sight until the column started, and then staggered along behind it. I found him the morning of San Juan fight. He told me that he wanted to die fighting, if die he must, and I hadn't the heart to send him back. He did splendid service that day, and afterward in the trenches, and though the rupture opened twice again, and on each occasion he was within a hair's breadth of death, he escaped, and came back with us to the United States.

The army was camped along the valley, ahead of and behind us, our outposts being established on either side. From the generals to the privates all were eager to march against Santiago. At daybreak, when the tall palms began to show dimly through the rising mist, the scream of the cavalry trumpets tore the tropic dawn; and in the evening, as the bands of regiment after regiment played the "Star-Spangled Banner," all, officers and men alike, stood with heads uncovered, wherever they were, until the last strains of the anthem died away in the hot sunset air.

(To be continued.)

THE CUB REPORTER AND THE KING OF SPAIN

By Jesse Lynch Williams

A MR. KNOX sat swinging a pair of good legs over the end of the dock at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, smoking vile cigarettes and wishing something would happen. Small monotonous waves slapped the green-coated piles below, which smelled oozy. Out in the channel ferry-boats and tugs tooted in a self-important manner, but Mr. Knox yawned and would not look up at them; and that is the way he spent most of his time.

He had learned that when it was flood-tide the incoming Thirty-fourth Street ferry-boats headed away down the river as if for his dock, just as the patient Twenty-third Streeters pretended to want to land above him when the tide was pulling out. He knew who were the owners of the steam-yachts anchoring there in Kip's Bay; and he could tell many of the harbor tugs and all the Sound steamers by their whistles. That was why he would

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not look up unless he heard a new voice come across the water. All this bored him exceedingly.

Hamilton J. Knox had been one of the great men of his day, which was a year or two ago, when in college. He was in the World now. Therefore he was not even a man, it seemed, but a boy learning things about the relative importance of the inhabitants of this planet which all American youths should learn, for those who do not usually live to regret it.

But the contrast in this boy's case was more dramatic, because he had been Hammie Knox, the wondrous half-back of the best foot-ball team in the Western Hemisphere, and had made the winning run of the final game before 20,000 excited people; and this was the greatest romantic glory given to man—at that time, which was shortly before the Spanish war. He had been fondled and fussed over by his friends, and pointed out and stared at by everyone else, and his picture was printed, four-columns wide, in the newspaper on whose staff he was now one of the least important reporters, where he had to say Sir to the man who had respectfully sought the favor of an interview with him on the day the championship was won, and who now riddled and ridiculed his copy and seemed not to appreciate the significance of a gold foot-ball worn on the watch-chain.

Instead of letting his hair grow long and travelling around the country in a special car to play beautiful foot-ball, he had to stay still most of the day in a remote corner of the dreary edge of the city and look at dead bodies. These were brought to a low, ugly building in a black wagon, which unloaded quickly and then trotted off up Twenty-sixth Street, past the gray gates of Bellevue Hospital, after more.

When they first gave him the Morgue and Coroner's Office—they told him it was an advance to have a regular department—he used to stand inside the receiving room and watch: But even his interest in dead bodies had died now that they had become part of his business. So usually he only yawned and called out from his seat in the sun, "Anything good, Tom," without stopping his legs. Tom, the driver, generally said, "Naw, only a floater from North River," with some contempt, for Tom was *blasé;* a good murder was what he appreciated, an Italian murder, with much cutting.

Murders were what Knox wanted, too, murders or suicides with romantic interest; but when it was a good story the police head-quarters man had already been sent out on it, or else some of the crack general-work reporters, while Knox was left to follow up the dull routine part of it, with the other Morgue and Coroner's Office men, to find out when the inquest was to be held, by which more-or-less-Americanized coroner, etc.; then to come back to the monotonous Morgue and observe the people who came to look at the dead face. "Watch their eyes when the cover is first taken off—maybe you can catch the murderer yourself," said the crack reporter, striding off impressively with the Central Office detectives. But such delights never came to Hamilton Knox, who sighed and went back to his seat on the string-piece of the morgue dock, snapped cigarette butts with yellow-stained fingers at the foolish, futile waves, and wished there was a war, so he could go as a correspondent and do big things and get decorated for bravery.

In reporting, as in everything else, to learn your job you have to begin at a dreary bottom. Even if there had been a war just then, no paper would have sent Knox, because he was not good enough. Besides, he was not modelled for a newspaper man in the first place, as will be made clear.

I

On one day in every seven he was not a newspaper man. Wednesday was his day off. He always arose early and dressed excitedly, instead of sleeping late, as most working people do on a holiday; then putting a pipe in his pocket, he took the L train for Cortlandt Street, jumped on the ferry, and when in the middle of the stream carefully doubled up his newspaper, gravely threw it far from him into the boiling wake of the screws, and stuck his hands in his pockets, smiling vindictively. Then, turning his back on New York, he stepped gayly off the ferry, jumped into a familiar train, went down to a certain rural university, and strutted for twenty-four hours.

Here he was not a Mr. Knox, one of

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the young reporters, but Hammie Knox, the old star half-back; he was not sworn at over the telephone for falling down on news, but joyously grabbed and welcomed by those who knew him well enough, and stared at and worshipped by those who did not dare, and it felt very good. But on a certain Wednesday morning he left his pipe in another coat.

He had, as usual, cast himself comfortably into a whole seat in the smoking-car; but when he felt in his pockets he only found some copy paper, which had been there for weeks.

He could not smoke, nor were there any other "old" graduates to talk to on the way down. No novels or newspapers are sold on these trains after leaving, and his own paper was floating down the bay, unread (and that alone shows he would never make a newspaper man); so, as he could not even read, he took out the copy paper, and decided to write something, with a view to passing away the time and earning his expenses. He was far enough away from the depressing influence of the City Room to feel confidence in his own powers once more, and he made up his mind to show them what he could do with an open field and no one to hinder him. He might not be a war correspondent; but this is what he wrote while Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, Metuchen, and New Brunswick scurried by the window:

PRINCETON, N. J., 8.30 P.M. [Special].—The King of Spain was burned in effigy here to-night, amid great excitement on the part of the entire student body. The demonstration began with a mass meeting, held on the campus around the historic cannon, a relic of the American Revolution and a fit emblem for the sentiment of the occasion, which was "Cuba Libre."

The brutal policy of Spain and her farcical reforms were vehemently denounced, and the cause of Cuba's independence was enthusiastically extolled. The gathering then formed itself into a large procession which paraded the town, bearing transparencies on which were inscribed various anti-Spanish and pro-Cuban sentiments. At one point in the proceedings the Spanish colors were deliberately dragged in the streets. This act was cheered vociferously.

The procession then returned to the college grounds, where a huge bonfire had been prepared. The leaders of the movement, assisted by a prominent alumnus who does not wish his name used, then produced an effigy of Alfonso XIII. in royal apparel, which was hurled upon the flames amidst numerous hisses and yells.

He continued in this vein as far as Monmouth Junction, repeating himself occasionally, and enjoying it all very much because he was not hampered by any fool facts. This was a much nicer way: write your facts first and make them afterward. He had no doubt of his ability to do this latter; that was merely incidental. There was about a half-column so far, he estimated; and this, at $6 per column, would more than cover the $2.40 spent for the round-trip ticket. As for food and bed, he considered it beneath him to pay for such things on these visits. Still, he would have written more, but just then the old familiar sky-line of towers and distant trees swung out, making his heart jump as it always did. So he wound up quickly with, "At a late hour to-night the embers of the fire were still glowing brightly," which he considered an artistic ending, and signed his name.

"It'll do 'em good," he said to himself, as he stepped off the train at Princeton Junction. "They need stirring up down here. They are getting too well-behaved. They are not the real thing as when I was in college, these boys," he indulgently added; for, being only three miles away, he was beginning to feel his years.

He folded up the MS., stuck it in his pocket, and thought no more about it for awhile, because here was an American Express boy reverently touching his hat and the conductor of the junction train delightedly saluting him by his first name; and in a few minutes more Knox was swaggering up across the campus, with chest puffed out and a scowl on his face, no longer a reporter, but a hero, whose arrival would soon be announced throughout the under-graduate world, for a group of underclassmen, passing along a near-by street had sighted his shoulders from a distance of two hundred yards and said, "That's Hammie Knox."

It was always a little sudden, this transition from what he was in town to what he was in college; and Knox, passing by a couple of awed little town-boys who turned and gazed after him until he was out of sight, had his usual dizzy sensation. But he knew he would get the old campus feeling and would snap back into his proper place again as soon as he could shed his derby hat for a cap and could stick a pipe in his mouth.

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So, absent-mindedly knocking a tutor off the walk in his haste, he proceeded to what was formerly his room and threw his suit-case at the bedroom *portière* and reached down a cap from the antlers and picked out a congenial-looking pipe from the mantle-piece. The room had again changed hands recently, and he did not know the name of the present occupant, but that did not matter; the latter would see the initials on the suit-case and boast about it afterward. Emitting a loud "wow!" which had been accumulating for six days, Hamilton Knox darted down the noisy entry-stairs and out upon the campus, himself again.

First he strode across the quadrangle—it was an entirely different gait from that of the young man who went from the Criminal Court Building to Newspaper Row—and on down to the University Athletic Field; drifting into the cage to look over the base-ball candidates, who, by the way, found time to look at him.

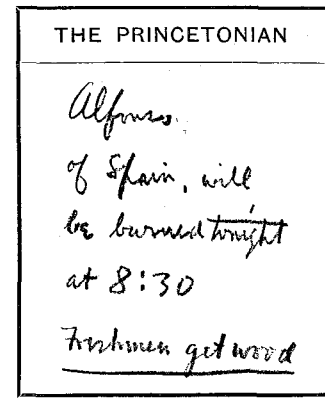
The trainer spied him first, and came running over to shake his hand. "It does me good to see you," he said. Meanwhile the captain dropped his bat and strode across to welcome him, and stood beside him awhile to ask his opinion of the material, which Knox gave; and at the close of the practice, "You are going to lunch with us, aren't you, Hammie?" the captain asked. Hammie said he would.

"Yes, you are right—he's taking on weight," whispered one of the candidates to another, as they followed the ex-half-back out of the dressing-room.

After luncheon he leisurely floated up to the campus again, with a bunch of upper-classmen about him. When he reached the corner of Reunion Hall, he suddenly snapped his fingers, and said, "That's so; I forgot," and, leaving his friends for a moment, stepped into the office of the college daily. "Give me some chalk, will you, please?" he said.

Two under-classmen editors started for it, and nearly tripped over each other; but perceiving that the managing editor, a senior, was also hurrying, they sat humbly down, and hoped the managing editor would not store their presumption up against them.

The mighty one took the chalk, said "Thanks, old man," and strode out to where the bulletin-board hangs outside the office-window. Then he wrote:



He blew the chalk-dust off his fingers, and rejoined the group by the lamp-post, who were now smiling admiringly. Then, throwing his arms over some of their shoulders, he said, "Come on, let's push over to the inn."

Those who had the time to spare followed along in the wake, and several who did not. "He was always a great horse-player, you know," whispered those in the rear.

Knox knew what to expect of the crowd he would find at the inn, so when several "Yea! Hammie!"s and then a long cheer, with "Ham. Knox" on the end, greeted his entrance to the grill-room, he merely smiled kindly, and as soon as he had said hello to some of them by their first names, hit others on their shoulders or heads, and "How are you, old man"-ed the rest, he remarked, casually, in the silence he had known would come:

"Great scheme you fellows have for to-night." He had winked at his companions.

Those at the tables looked at each other vaguely, and then at him. "What scheme's that, Hammie?"

"I mean the big bonfire, of course, and burning Blanco in effigy, and all that—or is it Alfonso? It seems a reasonable idea. You can count me in all right, all right. But if I were you I'd have a mass meeting first, with horse speeches and all the old Fresh-fire stunts, then a parade. I remember way back in my freshman year, when—why, what's the matter? Haven't you fellows heard about it?"

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They had not heard about it.

"This gang is dead slow!" pronounced the prominent alumnus, cruelly. "There's a great big notice on the *Princetonian* bulletin-board. Why, up on the campus everybody is talking about it" (they were by this time), "while you fellows are sitting here wasting away your glorious half-holiday. You don't appreciate the opportunities of a college course. Just wait till you get out into the wide world and hustle for yourselves. You're getting effete. You're losing the old Princeton spirit. You don't do things the way we did when we were in college. Good-by. I think I'll have to be going——"

"Wait, wait a minute, you old graduate," said one of the gang, somewhat familiarly. "We want to be in it, of course, if there's going to be any fun. Tell us all about it."

Knox did. In half an hour they were lettering transparencies and painting flags and making an inflammable king, while Knox, who said he was sorry he didn't have time to do any of the work, went on over to a room in Witherspoon, where he knew he would find a certain gang playing a game of whist, which he broke up. . . . Now, with these two crowds interested, and the news having gone forth that he approved of the idea, the enterprise was safe, so he spent the rest of the afternoon drifting about the place basking.

II

It began soon after dinner. First a window in West College was lowered, and a big voice bellowed, "Heads out! Fresh Fire."

Every college community has an unpublished code-book. In this one these words no longer refer to a certain custom, now defunct, nor to any sort of fire necessarily; they merely signify abstractly that there is about to be some noise and disorder, usually called horse.

Another voice, across the quadrangle—a shrill one this time—yelled, "Fresh Fi-er-r! Heads out! Everybody, heads out!!"

Other windows opened, and other voices echoed the cry earnestly. A megaphone was poked out of one of the back campus rooms. Coach-horns and bicycle bugles had already begun their work. Shotguns were banging. All this by way of prelude.

Now the various dormitory stairs began to rattle and entry doors to slam. Dark forms shot across the bars of light on their way to the cannon, the centre of the quadrangle and of campus activity. Most of the voices were out-door voices now. "Everybody come—yea-a," shouted many; and suddenly there sounded, "Ray! ray! ray! tiger, siss, boom, ah, Cuba Libre." It was greeted with many prolonged yea-as and yells. Transparencies, flags, and banners appeared from some place. Each of these was welcomed.

Within five minutes the bulk of the undergraduate body was there. Bowles, the young man whose duty it was to be funny on glee-club trips, mounted the cannon; he commenced an oration beginning, "The war must go on," which referred originally to the Revolutionary war. But that did not make enough noise. A couple of hundred of the others joined hands and began to dance in a circle around him, making him dizzy and drowning out his words. They were shouting "Cuba Libre." Also they yelled, "To hell with Spain."

Then a hoarse authoritative voice, which all recognized as the old half-back's, produced a moderate hush. "Now, fellows," it commanded, "let's pee-rade!" Accordingly, everybody shouted "Yea-a" and paraded. Knox had intended to have some more speeches, but he had forgotten that part. He loved parades. The procession formed itself automatically. They proceeded in lock-step to Nassau Street, where they spread out in open rank, put their hands on each other's shoulders, and chasséd four abreast zigzag up the street, yelling pleasantly and unintermittently as they did so. They marched over very much the same route that class reunions take in June, only, instead of singing, "Nassau, Nassau, sing out the chorus free," they sang, "Cubaw, Cubaw, sing out for Cuba Libre;" and instead of cheering for class numerals, they shouted, "What's the matter with Alfonso? He's all right—nit," and other "anti-Spanish sentiments."

The townspeople, the same old patient townspeople, came to the doors and win-

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dows and looked on with the same expressions they have been wearing, from generation to generation, ever since Washington led his victorious men into old North. Knox, dressed in a 'Varsity sweater and somebody's stolen duck trousers, was, of course, at the lead. His head was thrown back, and he was having a serene, contented time, oblivious to the Morgue and everything urban, until suddenly, on the way back to the campus, the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company came within his horizon. Then he remembered the despatch in his pocket. Don't you see he was never meant for a newspaper man?

He snatched out his MS., and hastily glanced down the pages by the electric light of the street. "By Jove, I forgot all about the Spanish flag," he exclaimed, clapping his hand to the wad under his sweater. They had reached the campus gate now, and he felt that it was the psychological moment; he ought to lead them in and light the fire, but he did not like to cross out that part about the Spanish flag. Besides, it might make it less than $2.40 worth. "We'll march down to the School of Science and back first," shouted Knox, shoving his copy into his pocket.

"Hammie says down to the School of Science first. Down to the School of Science, fellows." It was repeated down the line.

Meanwhile Knox whipped out the yellow and red flag, and with a joyous yell ran over to the edge of the street and trailed it in the gutter, which happened just then to be occupied by water and notorious Jersey mud. The flag became so muddy that Knox dropped it. Then the whole procession marched over it delightedly.

"So far my stuff is all pat," said Knox to himself, as the procession turned back; "and I can trust them to carry out the rest of it." Excusing himself, he ran over to the telegraph-office, filed his despatch just about as they were to close up, and hurried back to the campus in time to light the goodly pile of timber which had been gathered by faithful Freshmen and soaked with kerosene.

It flared up beautifully and roared, and lighted up the bleak back campus in the rear of Witherspoon Hall; and the mad undergraduate mob began dancing and howling and throwing on more wood. A moment later, at a signal from Knox, a dozen fellows dashed around the corner of Witherspoon and down the terrace with a stuffed foot-ball suit. It had a yellow and red Lord Fauntleroy sash and a Tam o' Shanter cap on its wooden painted head, around which hung a placard reading, "Handle with care—one king of Spain!" This they carried three times around through the crowd, which yelled joyously when the king was dumped on the top of the flames. He was soaked with kerosene and crackled up cheerfully. So they yelled, "To hell with Spain." Ditto with Alfonso; ditto Weyler; ditto Blanco; ditto Spain, Weyler, and Alfonso—and gave three times three for Cuba and themselves.

At this point the university police charged down valiantly and dispersed the mob. Knox did not care; his story was now O. K. The police had seen the bulletin-board, and could doubtless have been more effective if they had torn down the pile before it was lighted; but in that case they would have missed the fun. The undergraduates did not mind being dispersed; the thirst for excitement was about satiated. They shouted, "All over, everybody," and departed, some for bed, some for books, and some for beer. All felt better.

It had given them a little helpful recreation, and a serious young professor, who looked on with note-book in hand, an illustration of "the Theory of the Mob," about which he had studied in Germany. As a matter of fact, there was very little patriotic emotion—or any other kind—"swaying" this gathering, except the desire to let themselves loose and expend the surplus energy of youth, which in certain months of the year cannot express itself in athletics, and yet must come out somehow. But this wise young professor did not understand such primitive motives of action, because he came from a large New England university, where life is an old, old story at nineteen or twenty, and the youth of his set were wont to divert themselves by dissecting their souls and making Meredithian aphorisms and patronizing the universe. He was not accustomed to such boyish spontaneity.

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When the time came, and it came soon after this, a goodly number of these same yawping lads went to the front to get shot at, and an equal proportion of the New Englanders likewise, and both did the thing equally well; but at this time, down there in their academic seclusion, they did not care so very much about Cuba, and knew less. They were too full of their own undergraduate interests to feel very strongly on such trivial matters as monarchical tyranny or international complications. When they had time to read the papers they generally turned over to the athletic column. But they had no objection to burning Alfonso or anybody else in effigy, if Hamilton Knox said so; and they pronounced it very good horse, and went to sleep prepared to forget all about it, and so did young Knox, who, next morning arose early, caught the 7.10 for New York, stepped yawningly upon a cross-town car for East Twenty-Sixth Street, and found the little monotonous waves still slapping and swashing against the piles of the dock. The smell was just the same.

The paper he had bought on the trip to New York, showed his story on the first page, leaded, and hardly changed at all. He was pleased, but it had about worn off by this time. So he went out to his old place, lighted a cigarette, swung his legs, and wished he could do something. But he had done something.

III

Hamilton Knox's paper knew, as all the newspapers knew, that a crisis was impending. The despatch was an interesting commentary on the most momentous topic of the hour. In other words, it was pronounced "good news" by the night editor, who had immediately telegraphed, "*Send half-col. more details, what was on transparencies, etc., stay down there until further notice.*" That was about the time Hamilton and his young friends were appreciating well-earned rest and refreshment in the grill-room, which was long after the telegraph office windows became dark. The telegram was returned to the editor. So they cursed young Knox, and decided to ask him what he meant by not writing more in the first place.

Now his real reason, it will be remembered, was that the trip from New York to Princeton was not longer; but they forgot all about asking him, because they found the next morning that none of the other papers had a line about it. Young Knox had scored his first beat.

That was something to have done, better than smoking a pipe on the cars at least; but that was not the end of his story.

First, in the offices of every other morning paper in town there were scowls, and unfair remarks about college correspondents; while the afternoon papers were all quietly stealing the despatch for their first editions.

Next, all the big papers, both afternoon and morning editions, began sending men down to Princeton for the good second-day story they thought was there—too good for young Knox, thought his city editor, who let him stay kicking his heels on the dock while the best available man was instructed to "get all the details, names of the speakers, and what they said; secure interviews with the president and dean and the prominent professors, especially the Jingoes. There's a good second-day story in it. These college correspondents don't know anything." The yellow journals despatched "artists" to make pictures of the fire, whose ashes were now cold, and fac-similes of transparencies. So much for the first few hours of the day after Hamilton's holiday.

Meanwhile the New York papers had gone out to the other cities, and the story was clipped and copied, and a hundred clever men all over the East were now writing paragraphs about it. Some praised Princeton's patriotism and some condemned her bad taste, according to the political opinions of the men who paid the writers' salaries. The New York correspondents for Western cities and Western news agencies were flashing the story out to the sections beyond the immediate reach of the fast newspaper trains. But it did not stop there.

The American correspondents for foreign newspapers and news agencies had raised their eyebrows as soon as they saw the head-line. Immediately they began sending deep down under the many miles of waves and water brief accounts of the

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holiday doings of Hammie Knox, who sat out on the string-piece of the dock, idly kicking his legs and wishing something would happen.

It will not take long to tell what happened. First the Madrid papers pounced upon it, then the other important Spanish papers published it with large head-lines, and cabled to London clamoring for more, the *Imparcial* meanwhile writing an inflamed editorial about Yankee pigs, which ran sputtering and exploding like a string of fire-crackers out through the provinces. Spread heads popped out in the morning, like mushrooms, on sleepy old papers in the interior of which no one ever heard before.

That night the students at the University of Madrid held an indignation meeting. There were speeches which began like the rolling of potatoes out of barrels, which ended with the sound of many saw-mills fighting. All the American flags in the place were torn into shreds, ground into the earth, spat upon. American citizens were jostled on the streets. There was a small-sized riot at the Café Sebastian. Minister Woodford stayed indoors all day, at request. Sagasta's hair bristled.

Meanwhile in London the ponderous *Times* had published a portentous leader. Labouchere had written something characteristic and caustic in the first person. The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in the Cabinet meeting said something suave about Anglo-American alliance. In Berlin, Emperor William twisted up his mustache. On the Paris Bourse, American consols dropped three points, and in New York Hamilton Knox bought a fresh box of cigarettes.

Now the "second-day" stories were published. From a news point of view they fizzled out. "The university faculty," cabled the foreign correspondents, "profess surprise, and even amusement, that so much has been made of so small a matter. They seem to be trying to show that it was only a boyish prank, not an official university expression. They say it meant nothing."

Now, the Latin races are notoriously humorless. This last bulletin was all that was needed to make them froth at the mouth. "Meant nothing! Does our sacred honor mean nothing? Ah, ha! The Yankee pigs are now afraid. They would belittle this unforgetable insult. They now tremble with fear," etc.

At this point the affair came into diplomatic existence. The correspondents had to wait for the cable. "Government business," they were informed. Something in cipher was cabled from Madrid to Señor De Lome's successor at Washington. He rang for his carriage, told the coachman with yellow and red facings on his livery to drive to the French ambassador's—"*pronto!*—quickly!"

The ponderous jaws of international conversation had begun to work. They worked all that day and most of the night.

The next day in the Cortes Señor Somebody-or-Other made that now historic speech, the one ending: "And if it is thus the youth in their universities of learning are taught, the time has now come when it is necessary for us as a nation of honor to teach yonder insolent nation of pigs what Spanish honor means, and what it means to insult it! . . . Our forefathers . . . ! Honor to the death! . . . B-r-r-r," etc.; and they all screamed, gnashed their teeth, and shook themselves to pieces in their interesting Latin way. Then came the long-delayed action in regard to the demands of the United States. The vote was taken; the measure was defeated. The rest is history, as well known as the cub reporter's part in it is little known.

At 9.40 P.M. on February 15th, the Maine was blown up. On April 20th came our ultimatum. On April 21st the managing editor said, "Mr. Knox, you are to join the despatch-boat at Tampa in forty-eight hours; get vaccinated and start this evening." But Hamilton declined. There was something better to do now.

Out upon the taffrail of a crowded transport, sat Trooper Knox swinging a pair of hardened legs and smoking a dirty pipe. He was about to have a chance at what he was best suited for, and he was chatting happily with his bunkie. "Newspaper work is no good," he confided; "they don't give you a chance to run with the ball."

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SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

I HAVE been asked to contribute to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE some recollections of the political events of the past fifty years in which I have taken part. It seemed best to tell the story of the four national conventions of which I was a member in one paper. The present and some of the following papers will deal with events which occurred much earlier. Such recollections, even if they come from persons whose truth nobody would question, and relate to most important and striking transactions, are often quite untrustworthy. I have heard many strange stories from historical investigators of the conflict with each other and with the record in the narratives of eye-witnesses of great events. Such stories are to be received with great caution, unless the narrator make his record close to the time. But as I shall tell my story with full consciousness of this infirmity, I may perhaps hope in a large degree to have guarded against it.

Another thing I ought to say: If I seem to claim too large a share for myself or my near kindred in any transaction, it must be remembered that the share of the story-teller or of his near kindred in important events is apt always to appear large to him. He must describe the transaction as he sees it, or his picture is likely to be not only false but colorless. But I will state nothing of which I do not feel sure, and that I cannot in nearly every case confirm by contemporary records or memory of impartial witnesses.

I became of age at just about the time when the Free Soil Party, which was the Republican Party in another form, was born. In a very humble capacity I stood by its cradle. It awakened in my heart in early youth all the enthusiasm of which my nature was capable, an enthusiasm which from that day to this has never grown cold. No political party in history was ever formed for objects so great and noble. And no political party in history was ever so great in its accomplishment for Liberty, Progress, and Law.

I breathed a pure and bracing atmosphere in those days. It was a time of plain living and high thinking. It was a pretty good education, better than that of any university, to be a young Free Soiler in Massachusetts. I had pretty good company, not in the least due to any merit or standing of my own, but only because the men who were enlisted for the war in the great political battle against slavery were bound to each other by a tie to which no freemasonry could be compared. Samuel G. Howe used, when his duties brought him to Worcester on his monthly visit, to spend an hour or two of an afternoon in my office. I was always welcome to an hour's converse with Charles Allen, the man who gave the signal at Philadelphia for breaking away from the Whig Party. Erastus Hopkins occasionally spent a Sunday with me at my boarding-house. When I went to Boston I often spent an hour in Richard Dana's office, and was sure of a kindly greeting if I chanced to encounter Sumner. The restless and ubiquitous Henry Wilson, who, as he gathered and inspired the sentiment of the people, seemed often to be in ten places at once, used to think it worth his while to visit me to find out what the boys were thinking of. In 1851 I was made chairman of the Free Soil county committee of Worcester County. I do not think there was ever so good a political organization in the country before, or that there ever has been a better one since. The Free Soilers carried all but six, I think, of the fifty-two towns in that county. I was in correspondence with the leading men in every one of them, and could at any time summon them to Worcester, if there were need.

We acquired by the Mexican War nearly six hundred thousand square miles of territory. When the treaty was signed, the struggle began between freedom and slavery for the control of this imperial do-

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main. No reader of the history of Massachusetts will doubt her interest in such a struggle. Three things stood in the way of lovers of liberty in the Commonwealth.

First, the old attachment to the Whig party;

Second, her manufacturing interests; and

Third, her devotion to Daniel Webster.

Massachusetts was a Whig State. There were many things which tended to give that great political organization a permanent hold on her people. Its standard of personal character was of the highest. Its leading men—Saltonstall, Reed, Lawrence, Lincoln, Briggs, Allen, Ashmun, Choate, Winthrop, Davis, Everett, and their associates—were men whose private and public honor was without a stain. Its political managers were not its holders of office or its seekers of office. It contained a large body of able and influential men who wielded the power of absolute disinterestedness. They were satisfied if they could contribute, by counsel or labor, to the well-being of the State by the advancement of their cherished political principles. They asked no other reward. The Whigs were in favor of using wisely, but courageously, the forces of the Nation and State to accomplish public objects for which private powers or municipal powers were inadequate. The Whigs desired to develop manufacture by national protection; to foster internal improvements and commerce by liberal grants for rivers and harbors; to endow railroads and canals for public ways by grants of public lands and from the treasury; to maintain a sound currency; and to establish a uniform system for the collection of debts, and for relieving debtors by a National bankruptcy law.

The Whig policy had made Massachusetts known the world over as the model Commonwealth. It had lent the State's credit to railroads. It had established asylums for the blind and insane and deaf and dumb, and had made liberal gifts to schools. The Massachusetts courts were unsurpassed in the world. Her poor laws were humane. All her administrative policies were wise, sound, and economical.

They asked from the National Government only a system of protection that should foster home manufacture, and that they might pursue their commercial and manufacturing occupations in peace.

Daniel Webster was the idol of the people. He was at the fulness of his great intellectual power. The series of speeches and professional and political achievements which began with the oration at Plymouth in 1820 was still in progress. The Whigs of Massachusetts disliked slavery; but they loved the Union. Their political gospel was found in Webster's reply to Hayne and his great debates with Calhoun. It was the one heart's desire of the youth of Massachusetts that their beloved idol and leader should be crowned with the great office of the Presidency.

Mr. Webster tried to avert the conflict by voting against the treaty with Mexico, by which we acquired our great Western territory; but it came. The Whigs feared the overthrow of the Whig Party. The manufacturer and the merchant dreaded an estrangement that would cause the loss of their Southern trade, and with it all hope of a law that would protect their manufactures.

It was in this condition of things that I cast my first vote in November, 1847, shortly after I became of age. The Whig party was already divided into two sections, one known as "Cotton Whigs," and the other as "Conscience Whigs." These names had been suggested in a debate in the State Senate in which Mr. Thomas G. Carey, an eminent Boston merchant, had deprecated some proposed anti-slavery resolutions by saying that they were likely to make an unfavorable impression at the South, and to be an injury to business interests; to which Mr. E. R. Hoar of Middlesex answered, that "he thought it quite as desirable that the Legislature should represent the conscience as the cotton of the Commonwealth."

Both parties struggled for the possession of the Whig organization, and both parties hoped for the powerful support of Mr. Webster. The leader of the manufacturing interest was Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a successful, wealthy manufacturer of great business capacity, large generosity, and princely fortune. He had for some years chafed under Mr. Webster's imperious and arrogant bearing. He was on terms of personal intimacy with Henry

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Clay, and was understood to have inspired the resolutions of the Whig State Convention, a few years before, which by implication condemned Mr. Webster for remaining in President Tyler's Cabinet when his Whig colleagues resigned. But the people of Massachusetts stood by Webster. After the ratification of the Ashburton treaty, he had come home to reassert his old title to leadership and to receive an ovation in Faneuil Hall, in which he declared, with a significant glance at Mr. Lawrence, then sitting upon the platform, "I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Boston Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if any man wishes to read me out of the pale of that communion, let him begin here now, and on the spot, and we will see who goes out first."

The first time I remember seeing Daniel Webster was on June 17, 1843, at Bunker Hill. The students of Harvard, where I was a freshman, had a place in the procession. We marched from Cambridge to Boston, three miles and a half, and stood in our places for hours, and then marched over to Charlestown. We were tired out when the oration began. There was a little wind which carried the sound of Mr. Webster's voice away from the place where we stood; so it was hard to hear him during the first part of his speech. He spoke slowly and with great deliberation. There was little in the greater part of that weighty discourse to excite a youthful auditor; but the great thing was to look at the great Orator. Waldo Emerson, who was there, said of him:

"His countenance, his figure, and his manners were all in so grand a style that he was, without effort, as superior to his most eminent rivals as they were to the humblest. He alone of all men did not disappoint the eye and the ear, but was a fit figure in the landscape. There was the Monument, and here was Webster. He knew well that a little more or less of rhetoric signified nothing; he was only to say plain and equal things—grand things, if he had them; and if he had them not, only to abstain from saying unfit things—and the whole occasion was answered by his presence."

He went almost through his weighty discourse without much effect upon his auditors other than that which Emerson so well describes. But the wind changed before he finished, and blew toward the quarter where the boys stood; and he almost lifted them from their feet as his great organ tones rolled out his closing sentences:

"And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, 'Thank God, I —I also—AM AN AMERICAN!'"

Mr. Webster came to Concord in the summer of 1843 as counsel for William Wyman, President of the Phœnix Bank of Charlestown, who was indicted for embezzling the funds of the bank. This was one of the *causes célèbres* of the day. Wyman had been a business man of high standing. Such offences were rare in those days, and the case would have attracted great attention whoever had been for the defence. But the defendant's counsel were Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Franklin Dexter, and my brother, E. R. Hoar, a young man lately admitted to the bar. Mr. Webster, notwithstanding his great fame as a statesman, is said never to have lost his eager interest in causes in which he was retained. When he found himself hard pressed, he put forth all his strength. He was extremely impatient of contradiction. The adulation to which he had been so long accustomed tended to increase a natural, and perhaps not wholly unjustifiable, haughtiness of manner.

The Government was represented by Asahel R. Huntington, of Salem, District Attorney for the district which included Essex and Middlesex. He was a man of great intellectual vigor, unquestioned honesty and courage, possessed of a high sense of the dignity and importance of his office, very plain spoken, and not at all likely to be overawed by any opposing counsel, whatever his fame or dignity. Yet he had a huge reverence for Daniel Webster,

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whom, like the other Massachusetts Whigs of that day, he probably thought, as another described him—

The foremost living man of all the earth!

The case was tried three times: The first time at Concord, the second at Lowell, and the third at Concord. Mr. Webster had several quite angry encounters with the court and with the prosecuting attorney. He was once exceedingly disrespectful to Judge Washburn, who replied with great mildness that he was sure the eminent counsel's respect for his own character would be enough to prevent him from any disrespect to the court. Mr. Webster was disarmed by the quiet courtesy of the judge, and gave him no further cause for complaint. At Lowell, where Wyman was convicted, Webster saw the case going against him, and interrupted the charge of the judge several times. At last Judge Allen, who was presiding, said: "Mr. Webster, I cannot suffer myself to be interrupted." Mr. Webster replied: "I cannot suffer my client to be misrepresented." To which the judge answered, "Sit down, sir." Mr. Webster resumed his seat. When the jury went out, Judge Allen turned to the bar where Mr. Webster was sitting and said, "Mr. Webster." Mr. Webster rose with the unsurpassed courtesy and grace of manner of which he was master, and said: "Will the court pardon me a moment?" He then proceeded to express his regret for the zeal which had impelled him to a seeming disrespect to his honor, and expressed his sorrow for what had occurred; and the incident was at an end.

At the first trial at Concord, Mr. Webster had frequent altercations with District Attorney Huntington. In his closing argument, which is said to have been one of great power, and which he began by an eloquent reference to the battle at Concord Bridge, which, he said, was fought by the Concord farmers that their children might enjoy the blessings of an impartial administration of justice under the law, he said that it was unlikely that Wyman could have abstracted these large sums from the bank and no trace of the money be found in his possession. He was a man of small property, living simply and plainly, without extravagant habits or anything which would have been likely to tempt him to such a crime. When Huntington came to reply he said, very roughly: "They want to know what's become of the money. I can tell you what's become of the money. Five thousand dollars to one counsel, three thousand dollars to another, two thousand to another," waving his hand in succession toward Webster and Choate and Dexter. Such fees, though common enough now, seemed enormous in those days. Choate smiled in his peculiar fashion, and said nothing; Franklin Dexter looked up from a newspaper he was reading, and exclaimed, "This is beneath our notice;" but Mr. Webster rose to his feet and said, with great indignation, "Am I to sit here to hear myself charged with sharing the spoils with a thief?" The presiding judge said: "The counsel for the Government will confine himself to the evidence." That was all. But Mr. Webster was deeply incensed. The jury disagreed. Mr. Webster came to the next trial prepared with an attack on Huntington, in writing, covering many pages, denouncing his method and conduct. This he read to my brother. But Huntington who, as I have said, adored Mr. Webster, was unwilling to have another encounter—not in the least from any dread of his antagonist, but solely from his dislike to have a quarrel with the man on earth he most reverenced. Accordingly, Mr. Wells, the District Attorney of Greenfield, was called in, who conducted the trial at Lowell and succeeded in getting a conviction. My brother, who was very fond of Huntington, took an occasion some time afterward to tell Mr. Webster how much Huntington regretted the transaction, and how great was his feeling of reverence and attachment for him. Mr. Webster was placated, and afterward, when an edition of his speeches was published, sent a copy to Huntington with an inscription testifying to his respect.

The general reader may not care for the legal history of the trial, but it may have a certain interest for lawyers. Mr. Wyman was indicted for embezzlement of the funds of the bank under the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, which provided that "if any cashier or other officer, agent or servant of any incorporated bank shall

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embezzle or fraudulently convert to his own use the property of the bank, he shall be punished," etc. It was earnestly contended that a president of a bank was not an officer within the meaning of the statute; but this contention was overruled by the presiding judge, who was sustained in that view by the Supreme Court on exception. There was, however, no such offence as embezzlement known to the common law. So a person who fraudulently converted to his own use the property of another could only be convicted of larceny; and the offence of larceny could not be committed where the offender had been entrusted with the possession of the property converted, the essence of larceny being the felonious taking of the property from the possession of the owner. Further, nobody could be convicted of larceny except on an indictment or complaint which set forth the time and place of each single conversion. So, if a servant or agent appropriated the fund of his principal, the embezzlement extending over a long period of time, and it was not possible to set forth or to prove the time, place, and circumstance of any particular taking, the offender could not be convicted. The statute to which I have just referred was intended to cure both these difficulties: first, by making persons liable to punishment who fraudulently appropriated the property of others, notwithstanding they had come rightfully into possession; and next, the necessity of setting forth the particular transaction was obviated by an enactment that it should be enough to prove the embezzlement of any sum of money within six months after a time to be specified in the indictment.

After the conviction of Wyman, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, which held, as I have said, that the statute making bank officers liable included bank presidents. But the court held that the other part of the statute, providing for the mode of setting forth the offence in the indictment, did not apply to bank officers; and that they could only be held on an indictment which described the particular transaction, with time and place. So the verdict of guilty against Wyman was set aside, and a new trial ordered.

Before the new trial came on at Concord, a statute was passed by the Legislature for the purpose of meeting this very case, extending the provisions of the Revised Statutes as to the mode of pleading in such cases to officers of banks. It was claimed and argued by Mr. Choate, with great zeal, eloquence, and learning, that this was an *ex post facto* law, which could not, under the Constitution, be made applicable to transactions which happened before its passage. Mr. Choate argued this question for several hours. The court took time for consideration, and overruled his contention. There seemed nothing for it but to go to trial again on the facts, upon which one verdict of guilty had already been had. As they were going into the court-house in the morning, Mr. Choate said to Mr. Hoar, whose chief part in the trial, so far, had been finding the law-books and taking notes of the evidence, "You made a suggestion to me at the last trial which I did not attend to much at the time; but I remember thinking afterward there was something in it." Mr. Hoar replied, "It seems to me that Wyman cannot be convicted of embezzlement unless the funds of the bank were entrusted to him. They must either have been in his actual possession or under his control. There is nothing in the office of president which involves such an authority. It cannot exist unless by the express action of the directors, or as the result of a course of business of the bank." The facts alleged against Wyman were that he had authorized the discount of the notes of some friends of his who were irresponsible, and that he had, in some way, shared the proceeds. Mr. Choate seized upon the suggestion. The Government witnesses, who were chiefly the directors of the bank, were asked in cross-examination whether they had not consented that Mr. Wyman should have the right to dispose of the funds of the bank, or to give him power or authority to dispose of them. They supposed the question was put with the intent of making them morally, if not legally, accomplices in his guilt, or of charging them with want of fidelity or gross carelessness in their own office. Accordingly, each of them indignantly denied the imputation, and testified that Wyman had no power or authority to authorize the discount or to meddle with the funds. When the Government case closed, the

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counsel asked the court to rule that as the funds were never entrusted to the possession of Wyman he could not be convicted of embezzlement. The court so held, and directed an acquittal. This is another instance, not unusual in trials in court, of the truth of the old rhyme with which the readers of "Quentin Durward" are familiar :

> The page slew the boar ;
> The peer had the gloire.

Mr. Webster always had a strong and kindly regard for my brother. When Mr. Hoar visited Washington in 1836, Webster received him with great kindness, showed him about the Capitol, and took him into the Supreme Court, where he argued a case. Mr. Webster began by alluding very impressively to the great changes which had taken place in that tribunal since he first appeared as counsel before them. He said, "No one of the judges who were here then now remains. It has been my duty to pass upon the question of the confirmation of every member of the bench ; and I may say that I treated your honors with entire impartiality, for I voted against every one of you." After the argument was over Mr. Webster gave Mr. Hoar a very interesting sketch of the character of each of the judges, and told him the reasons which caused him to vote against confirmation in each case.

The next time I saw Daniel Webster was on July 4, 1844. He made a call at my father's house in Concord. I was near one of the front windows, and heard a shout from a little crowd that had gathered in the street, and looked out just as Mr. Webster was coming up the front steps. He turned, put his hand into his bosom under his waistcoat and made a stately salutation, and then turned and knocked at the door and was admitted. He was physically the most splendid specimen of noble manhood my eyes ever beheld. It is said, I suppose truly, that he was but a trifle over five feet nine inches high, and weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds. But then, as on all the other occasions that I saw him, I should have been prepared to make oath that he was over six feet high and weighed, at least, two hundred. The same glamour is said to have attended Louis XIV., whose majesty of bearing was such that it never was discovered that he was a man of short stature until he was seen measured for his coffin.

Mr. Webster was then in the very vigor of his magnificent manhood. He stood perfectly erect. His head was finely poised upon his shoulders. His beautiful black eyes shone out through the caverns of his deep brows like lustrous jewels. His teeth were white and regular, and his smile when he was in gracious mood, especially when talking to women, had an irresistible charm. I remember very little that he said. One thing was, when the backwardness or forwardness of the season was spoken of, that there was a day—I think it was June 13th—when, in every year vegetation was at about the same condition of forwardness, whether the spring were early or late. A gentleman who was in the room said, "You have the cool breezes of the sea at Marshfield?" "There, as at other sea places," replied Mr. Webster. When he rose to go, he said, "I have the honor to be a member of the Young Men's Whig Club of Boston. I must be in my place in the ranks."

I heard him also in Faneuil Hall, in the autumn of 1844, after the elections in Maine and Pennsylvania and in the South had made certain the defeat of Mr. Clay. I remember little that he said, except from reading the speech since. What chiefly impressed the audience was the quotation from Milton, so common-place now :

> What though the field be lost ?
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome.

I also saw Mr. Webster at the inauguration of Edward Everett as President of Harvard, on April 30, 1846. It was perhaps the proudest period of Webster's life. It was also, perhaps, the greatest day of the life of Edward Everett. Webster had been Everett's great overshadower, who would but for him have been the great public man and the great orator of Massachusetts at that time. He had returned from the Court of St. James

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crowned with new laurels, and had been called to succeed Josiah Quincy as the head of the great University. By a simple but impressive inaugural ceremony the Governor had just invested Mr. Everett with his office, and delivered to him the keys and the charter. Everett was stepping forward to deliver his inaugural address when Webster, who had come out from Boston a little late, came in upon the stage by a side door. President and orator and occasion were all forgotten. The whole assembly rose to greet him. It seemed as if the cheering and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs would never leave off. The tears gushed down the cheeks of women and young men and old. Everything was forgotten but the one magnificent personality. When the din had subsided somewhat, Mr. Everett, with his never-failing readiness and grace, said, "I wish I might anticipate a little the function of my office, and saying—*Expectatur oratio in vernacula*—call upon my illustrious friend who has just entered upon the stage to speak for me. But I suppose the proprieties of the occasion require that I speak for myself."

It is to the credit of Mr. Everett and of that other great Massachusetts orator, Rufus Choate, that no tinge of jealousy or of envy ever embittered in the smallest degree their hearty love and support of their friend. They were his pupils, his companions, his supporters, his lovers, while he lived, and were his best eulogists when he died.

I heard another speech of his, which I think was never reported. He appeared before a committee of the Legislature as counsel for the remonstrants against the scheme to fill up the Back Bay lands.

I do not think the employment of a Senator of the United States as counsel before the Legislature would be approved by public opinion now.

I do not know what year it was, but probably 1849 or 1850. He had grown old; but I learned more of the fashion of his mental operations than could be learned from his speeches on great occasions, especially after they had been revised for publication. He spoke with great contempt of a petition signed by many of the foremost merchants and business men of Boston. He described with great sarcasm the process of carrying about such petitions, and the relief of the person to whom they were presented on finding he was not asked to give any money. "Oh, yes, I'll sign—I'll sign," as he read out one after another the names of men well known and honored in the city. He threw down the petition with contempt, and the long sheet fell and unrolled upon the floor.

He had a singular habit, which made it wearisome to listen to his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word, and trying one synonym after another till he got that which suited him best. "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, come together here, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together, here? Is it not because we have here a sufficient, ample, safe, secure, convenient, commodious, port, harbor, haven?" Of course, when the speech came to be printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

Mr. Webster seemed rather feeble at that time, and called upon his friend Mr. William Dehon to read for him the evidence and extracts from reports with which he had to deal. His tone was the tone of ordinary conversation, and his speech, while it would not be called hesitating, was exceedingly slow and deliberate. I have been told by persons who heard him in the Supreme Court in his later years that the same characteristic marked his arguments there, and that some of his passages made very little impression upon the auditors, although they seemed eloquent and powerful when they came to be read afterward.

His is frequently spoken of as a nervous Saxon style. That is a great mistake, except as to a few passages where he rose to a white heat. If any person will open a volume of his speeches at random, it will be found that the characteristic of his sentences is a somewhat ponderous Latinity.

A considerable number of Democrats joined the Free Soil movement in 1848. Conspicuous among them was Marcus Morton, who had been Governor and one of our ablest Supreme Court judges, and

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his son, afterward Chief Justice, then just rising into distinction as a lawyer. The members of the Liberty Party also, who had cast votes for Birney in 1844, were ready for the new movement. But the Free Soil Party derived its chief strength, both of numbers and influence, from the Whigs. The Anti-Slavery Whigs clung to Webster almost to the last. He had disappointed them by opposing the resolution they offered at the Whig State Convention, pledging the party to support no candidate not known by his acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery. But he had coupled his opposition with a declaration of his own unalterable opposition to that extension, and had said, speaking of those who were in favor of the declaration, "It is not their thunder."

He declared in the Senate, as late as 1848, "My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal. It has no reference to lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension, and all such increase, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all combinations, against all compromises."

So the Anti-Slavery Whigs eagerly supported him as their candidate for the Whig nomination in 1848.

If Mr. Webster had been nominated for the Presidency in 1848, the Free Soil Party would not have come into existence that year. There would probably have been some increase in the numbers of the Liberty Party; yet the Anti-Slavery Whigs of Massachusetts would have trusted him. But the nomination of General Taylor, a Southerner, one of the largest slave-holders in the country, whose laurels had been gained in the odious Mexican War, upon a platform silent upon the engrossing subject of the extension of slavery, could not be borne. The temper of the Whig National Convention was exhibited in a way to irritate the lovers of freedom in Massachusetts. When some allusion was made to her expressed opinions, it was received with groans and cries of "Curse Massachusetts." But, on the whole, the Massachusetts Whigs shared the exultant anticipation of triumph, and of regaining the power from which they had been excluded since the time of John Quincy Adams, except for the month of Harrison's short official life. But as the convention was about to adjourn, intoxicated with hope and triumph, Charles Allen, a delegate from Massachusetts, a man of slender figure, rose, and with quiet voice declared the Whig Party dissolved. Never was prediction received with more derision; never was prediction more surely fulfilled. He was reinforced by Henry Wilson, afterward Vice-President of the United States.

Immediately on their return from Philadelphia, a call was circulated for a convention to be held at Worcester of all persons opposed to the nomination of Cass and Taylor. The call was written by E. R. Hoar.

This is the call. It should be preserved in a form more enduring than the leaflet, of which I possess, perhaps, the only copy in existence.

"To the People of Massachusetts.

"The Whig National Convention have nominated General Taylor for President of the United States. In so doing they have exceeded their just authority, and have proposed a candidate whom no Northern Whig is bound to support.

"He is not a Whig, when tried by the standard of our party organization. He has never voted for a Whig candidate, has declared that the party must not look to him as an exponent of its principles, that he would accept the nomination of the Democratic Party, and that he would not submit his claims to the decision of the Whigs, acting through their regularly constituted Convention.

"He is not a Whig, if judged by the opinions he entertains upon questions of public policy. Upon the great questions of Currency and Finance, of Internal Improvements, of Protection to American Industry, so far from agreeing with the Whigs, he has distinctly avowed that he has formed no opinion at all.

"He is not a Whig, if measured by the higher standard of principle, to which the Whigs of Massachusetts and of the North have pledged themselves solemnly, deliberately, and often. He is not opposed to the extension of Slavery over

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new territories, acquired, and to be acquired, by the United States. He is a Slaveholder, and has been selected because he could command votes which no Whig from the Free States could receive.

"To make room for him, the trusted and faithful Champions of our cause have all been set aside.

"The Whigs of Massachusetts, by their Legislature, and in their popular assemblies, have resolved, that opposition to the extension of Slavery is a fundamental article of their political faith. They have spoken with scorn and upbraiding of those Northern Democrats who would sacrifice the rights and the interests of the Free States upon the altar of party subserviency.

"The Whigs of the Legislature have recently declared to the country, 'that if success can attend the party, only by the sacrifice of Whig principles, or some of them,' they do not mean to be thus successful; that they are determined 'to support a candidate who will not suffer us to be over-balanced by annexations of foreign territory, nor by the further extension of the institution of Slavery, which is equally repugnant to the feelings, and incompatible with the political rights of the Free States'; and that they 'believe it to be the resolute purpose of the Whig people of Massachusetts, to support these sentiments, and carry into effect the design which they manifest.'

"Believing that the support of General Taylor's nomination is required by no obligations of party fidelity, and that to acquiesce in it would be the abandonment of principles which we hold most dear, treachery to the cause of Freedom, and the utter prostration of the interests of Free Labor and the Rights of Freemen:

"The undersigned, Whigs of Massachusetts, call upon their fellow-citizens throughout the Commonwealth, who are opposed to the Nomination of CASS and TAYLOR, to meet in Convention at Worcester, on *Wednesday*, the 28th day of June current, to take such steps as the occasion shall demand, in support of the PRINCIPLES to which they are pledged, and to co-operate with the other Free States in a Convention for this purpose."

My first political service was folding and directing these circulars. The Convention was held, and Samuel Hoar presided. It was addressed by men most of whom afterward were eminent in the public service. Among them were Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, Edward L. Keyes, Charles Allen, Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, and Abraham Payne, of Rhode Island. Richard H. Dana was present, but I think he did not speak. William Lloyd Garrison and Francis Jackson were present, but took no part whatever. I rode to Boston in a freight-car after the convention was over, late at night. Garrison and Jackson were sitting together and talking to a group of friends. Garrison seemed much delighted with the day's work, but said he heard too much talk about the likelihood that some of the resolutions would be popular and bring large numbers of votes to the party. He said, "All you should ask is, what is the rightful position? and then take it." Among the resolutions was this:

"That Massachusetts looks to Daniel Webster to declare to the Senate and to uphold before the country the policy of the Free States; that she is relieved to know that he has not endorsed the nomination of General Taylor; and that she invokes him at this crisis to turn a deaf ear to 'optimists' and 'quietists,' and to speak and act as his heart and his great mind shall lead him."

Daniel Webster's son Fletcher was present, and heartily in accord with the meeting; and this resolution was passed with his full approval. It met great opposition from the men who had come into the movement from the Liberty Party and from the Democratic Party. The shouts of "No, no; too late" were nearly, if not quite, equal to the expressions of approval. But the president declared that it was passed.

Mr. Webster sulked in his tent during the summer, and at last, on September 1, 1848, made a speech at Marshfield, in which he declared the nomination of Taylor not fit to be made, but gave it a half-hearted support. My brother, Judge E. R. Hoar, had been an enthusiastic admirer of Webster, who had treated him with great personal kindness; and, as I have said, he had been associated with Webster in the famous Wyman trial. Mr.

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Webster made a speech in the Senate in August, declaring his renewed opposition to the extension of slavery. Mr. Hoar wrote a letter expressing his satisfaction with that speech, and urging him to take his proper place at the head of the Northern Free Soil movement. This is Mr. Webster's reply, never before published. It is interesting as the last anti-slavery utterance of Daniel Webster.

"MARSHFIELD, August 23, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am greatly obliged to you, for your kind and friendly letter. You overrate, I am sure, the value of my speech, it was quite unpremeditated and its merit, if any, consists I presume in its directness and its brevity. It mortified me to see that some of the newspaper writers speak of it as the 'taking of a position;' as if it contained something new for me to say. You are not one of them, my dear Sir, but there are those who will not believe that I am an anti-slavery man unless I repeat the declaration once a week. I expect they will soon require a periodical affidavit. You know, that as early as 1830 in my speech on Foote's resolutions, I drew upon me the anger of enemies, and a regret of friends by what I said against slavery, and I hope that from that day to this my conduct has been consistent. But nobody seems to be esteemed to be worthy of confidence who is not a new convert. And if the new convert be as yet but half converted, so much the better. This I confess a little tries one's patience. But I can assure you in my own case, it will not either change my principles or my conduct.

"It is utterly impossible for me to support the Buffalo nomination. I have no confidence in Mr. Van Buren, not the slightest. I would much rather trust General Taylor than Mr. Van Buren even on this very question of slavery, for I believe that General Taylor is an honest man and I am sure he is not so much committed on the wrong side, as I know Mr. Van Buren to have been for fifteen years. I cannot concur even with my best friends in giving the lead in a great question to a notorious opponent to the Cause. Besides; there are other great interests of the Country in which you and I hold Mr. Van Buren to be essentially wrong, and it seems to me that in consenting to form a party under him Whigs must consent to bottom their party on one idea only, and also to adopt as the Representative of that idea a head chosen on a strange emergency from among its steadiest opposers. It gives me pain to differ from Whig friends whom I know to be as much attached to universal liberty as I am, and they cannot be more so. I am grieved particularly to be obliged to differ in anything from yourself and your excellent father, for both of whom I have cherished such long and affectionate regards. But I cannot see it to be my duty to join in a secession from the Whig party for the purpose of putting Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Government. I pray you to assure yourself my dear Sir, of my continued esteem and attachment, and remember me kindly and cordially to your father.

"Yours, etc.,

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Honorable E. ROCKWOOD HOAR."

Mr. Hoar had before had a somewhat interesting interview with Mr. Webster to the same effect. Late in the winter, before the convention at Philadelphia, some young Whigs had a dinner at the Tremont House, to concert measures to support his candidacy. There were forty or fifty present. Mr. Webster was expected to speak to them, but his daughter Julia was very ill. He sent them a message that he would see them at the house in Summer Street where he was staying. So when the dinner was half over, the party walked in procession to Mr. Page's house. As Judge Hoar described the interview, he seemed very glum. He shook hands with the young men as they passed by him, but said very little. There was an awkward silence, and they were about to take leave, when the absurdity of the position struck Mr. Hoar, who was the youngest of the party, rather forcibly. Just then he heard Mr. Webster say to somebody near him, "The day for eminent public men seems to have gone by." Whereupon Hoar stepped forward and made him a little speech, which he began by saying that the object of their coming together was to show that, in their opinion, the day for eminent public men had not gone by, and

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some more to the same effect. Webster waked up and his eyes flashed and sparkled. He made a little speech full of vigor and fire. He spoke of his name being brought before the Whig convention at Philadelphia, and of his fidelity to the party. He said that whether his own name should be in the judgment of the convention suitable or the best to present to the country the convention would determine, and added, "If the convention shall select any one of our conspicuous leaders, trained and experienced in civil affairs, of national reputation as a statesman, he will receive my hearty support. But if I am asked whether I will advise the convention at Philadelphia to nominate, or if nominated I will recommend the people to support for the office of President of the United States, a swearing, fighting, frontier colonel, I only say that I shall not do it."

Many people think that if Mr. Webster would have supported General Taylor's policy of dealing with the questions relating to slavery it would have prevailed, and that the country would have been pacified and the Civil War avoided. I do not think so. The forces on both sides who were bringing on that conflict were too powerful to be subdued by the influence of any individual statesman. The irrepressible conflict had to be fought out. But Mr. Webster's attitude not only estranged him from the supporters of General Taylor in his own party, but, of course, made an irreparable breach between him and the anti-slavery men who had founded the Free Soil Party. He was the chief target for all anti-slavery arrows from March 7, 1850, to his death.

When I was in the Harvard Law School, Mr. Webster was counsel in a very interesting divorce case where Choate was upon the other side. The parties were in high social position and very well known. Mr. Choate's client, who was the wife, was charged with adultery. I did not hear the closing argument, but my classmates who did reported that Mr. Webster spoke of the woman with great severity and argued the case with a scriptural plainness of speech. He likened the case of the husband bound to an adulterous wife to the old Hebrew punishment of fastening a living man to a corpse. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But Judge Fletcher, who held the court, decided in favor of the wife.

The meeting which gathered at Worcester in pursuance of this call for the first time inaugurated a party for the sole object of resisting the extension of slavery. The Liberty Party, which had cast a few votes in the presidential election of 1840, and which, in 1844, had turned the scale in New York and so in the nation against Mr. Clay, was willing to support the candidates of other parties who were personally unobjectionable to them in this respect. But the Free Soil Party, of which the present Republican Party is but the continuation under a change of name, determined that no person should receive its support for any national office who himself continued his association with either of the old political organizations.

The Free Soil Party in Massachusetts cast in the presidential election of 1848 only about 37,000 votes, but it included among its supporters almost every man in the Commonwealth old enough to take part in politics who has since acquired any considerable national reputation. Charles Sumner, who had become known to the public as an orator and scholar by three or four great orations, was just at the threshold of his brilliant career. Charles Francis Adams, who had served respectably but without great distinction in each branch of the State Legislature, brought to the cause his inflexible courage, his calm judgment, and the inspiration of his historic name. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer in Boston, afterward to become illustrious as the greatest war governor in the Union, devoted to the cause an eloquence stimulant and inspiring as a sermon of Paul. John G. Palfrey, then a Whig member of Congress from the Middlesex District, discussed the great issue in speeches singularly adapted to reach the understanding and gratify the taste of the people of Massachusetts, and in a series of essays whose vigor and compactness Junius might have envied, and with a moral power which Junius could never have reached. Anson Burlingame, afterward Minister to China, captivated large crowds with his inspiring eloquence. Samuel G. Howe, famous in both hemispheres by his knightly service in the cause of Greek independence, famous also by

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his philanthropic work in behalf of the insane and blind, brought his great influence to the new party. Henry Wilson, a mechanic, whose early training had been that of the shoemaker's shop, but who understood the path by which to reach the conscience and understanding of the workingmen of Massachusetts better than any other man, had been also a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia, and was united with Judge Allen in denunciation of its surrender of liberty. Stephen C. Phillips, a highly respected merchant of Salem, and formerly Whig representative from the Essex District, gave the weight of his influence in the same direction. Samuel Hoar, who had been driven from South Carolina when he attempted to argue the case for the imprisoned colored seamen of Massachusetts before the courts of the United States, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the Massachusetts bar, came from his retirement in his old age to give his service in the same cause; of which his son, E. R. Hoar, was also a constant, untiring, and enthusiastic champion. Richard H. Dana, master of an exquisite English style, the only Massachusetts advocate who ever encountered Rufus Choate on equal terms, threw himself into the cause with all the ardor of his soul. On the Connecticut River, George Ashmun, the most powerful of the Whig champions in western Massachusetts, found more than his match in Erastus Hopkins. William Claflin, afterward Speaker, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of Massachusetts, member of the National House of Representatives, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was then in early youth. But he had already gained a competent fortune by his business sagacity. He brought to the cause his sound judgment, his warm and affectionate heart, and his liberal hand. He was then, as he has ever since been, identified with every good and generous cause. His stanch friendship was then, as it has ever since been, the delight and comfort of the champions of freedom in strife and obloquy.

Each of these men would have been amply fitted in all respects for the leader of a great party in state or nation. Each of them could have defended any cause in which he was a believer, by whatever champion assailed. They had also their allies and associates among the representatives of the press. Among these were Joseph T. Buckingham, of the Boston *Courier*, then the head of the editorial fraternity in Massachusetts; John Milton Earle, the veteran editor of the Worcester *Spy;* William S. Robinson, afterward so widely known as Warrington, whose wit and keen logic will cause his name to be long preserved among the classics of American literature.

Besides these more conspicuous leaders, there was to be found, in almost every town and village in Massachusetts, some man eminent among his neighbors for purity of life, for philanthropy, and for large intelligence who was ready to join the new party. The glowing hopes and dreams and aspirations of youth were inspirited by the muse of Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell and Bryant. The cause of free labor appealed to the strongest sympathies of the mechanics of Essex and the skilled laborers of Worcester.

Four years afterward Daniel Webster, as he lay dying at Marshfield, said to the friend who was by his bedside, "The Whig candidate will obtain but one or two States, and it is well; as a national party, the Whigs are ended."

The Whig Party retained its organization in Massachusetts until 1856; but its intellect and its moral power was gone. Mr. Winthrop, as appears from the excellent "Life" just published by his son, had no sympathy with Mr. Webster's position. Mr. Webster died, a disappointed man, in the autumn of 1852. He took no part in political affairs in Massachusetts after 1850. Mr. Choate, who was to follow his great leader to the grave within a few years, transferred his allegiance to the Democrats. Mr. Everett, after a brief service in the Senate, a service most uncongenial to his own taste, resigned his seat in the midst of the angry conflict on the Nebraska bill, and devoted himself to literary pursuits until, when the war broke out, he threw himself with all his zeal, power, and eloquence into the cause of his country.

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Special Cars for Troupe.

THE BUSINESS OF A THEATRE

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—EIGHTH PAPER)

By W. J. Henderson

AROUND the theatre floats always an atmosphere of mystery. Actors are supposed to be creatures of a different mould from those who barter and trade in the prosaic marts of commerce. Silly school-girls picture the "leading man" as a being who talks literature at the breakfast-table, whose breast is constantly throbbing with ecstatic passions, and whose divine head is continually among the stars. Young men in the first bloom of youthful enthusiasm see in the theatre only art, and are ceaselessly asking themselves with strained minds what aspects or tendencies of human life it should exploit. The daily newspapers also discuss this question with some literary skill and a great deal of common-sense, while certain strange weeklies make long and unintelligible comments in distorted English and Ibsenian trend of thought. Yet there is still another mystery of the theatre. How is its business conducted? Now, almost any merchant or broker can form some idea of the manner in which any other merchant or broker conducts his business. But almost no one at all, outside of the theatre, knows anything about its business system. Yet the management of a theatre is, despite all the questions of art, a business, and a very important one.

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Ante-room, Manager's Office.

A prosperous theatre in the city of New York may, in a favorable season, do a business of more than $250,000, and keep in employment one hundred and fifty persons. There are thirty-seven theatres, including the variety houses, in active operation in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, while the borough of Brooklyn adds a score or more. Everything which affects business in general, affects the theatre immediately. A man will reduce his expenditures for tickets to places of amusement long before he thinks of cutting down his supply of cigars, for the cigar belongs to that class of luxuries which subtly become necessaries, while the theatre habit, as any observant manager will tell you, requires constant cultivation. The management of a theatre is, therefore, an occupation requiring business sagacity in a greater degree than it calls for artistic taste.

Yet all the writers who aim at acquainting the general reader with the theatre, tell him how plays are written, how they are rehearsed, how scenery is painted, how the performance is conducted, how properties are made, or how the actor lives. These things have been explained hundreds of times, and therefore I shall say nothing about them. But I shall tell the reader something about what they cost and how the manager makes a profit out of it all—or fails to do so.

Let us suppose, then, that there is a manager, that he has a theatre, and is ready to open his season. He has had to make certain preparations for that season. If his theatre is a "stock" house—one in which the same company of actors appears throughout the season—he has had to engage his company and procure plays. If it is a "combination" house—one in which different travelling companies, called "combinations," appear in short engagements—he has had to "book his attractions;" which means, to make arrangements with the managers of certain combinations to play in his

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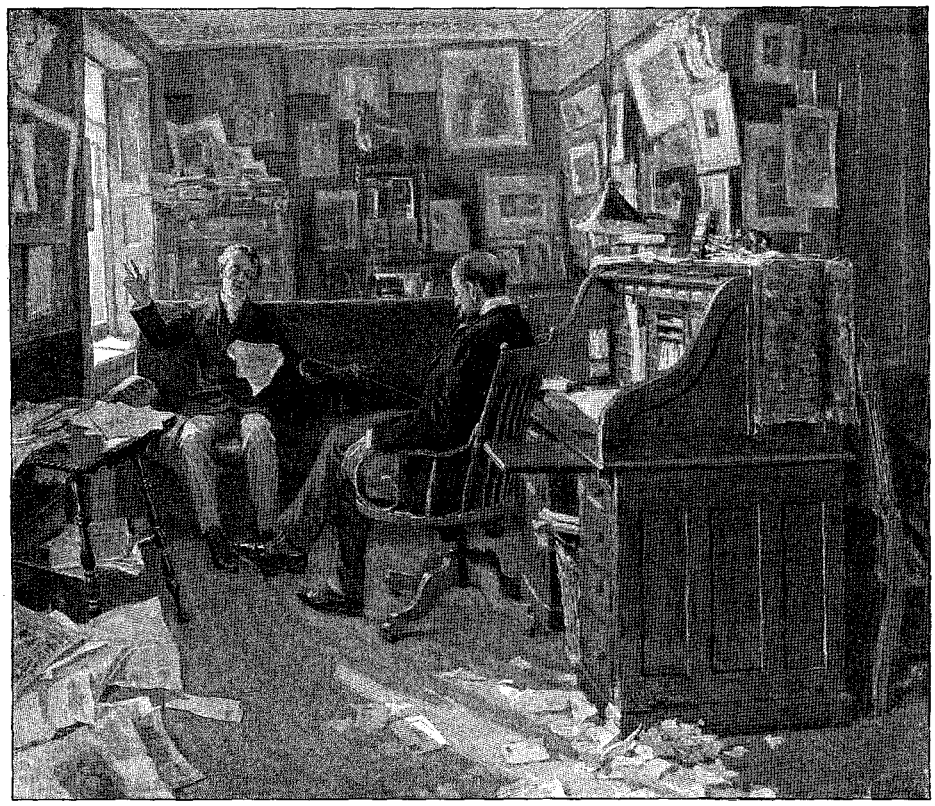

Manager's Office.

theatre at certain dates and on specified terms.

The engagement of the company and the procurement of plays in a stock theatre are guided by the policy of the house. It is generally conceded among managers that a theatre must have a distinct policy. It must be known to purchasers of amusements as a thoroughly trustworthy seller of a certain line of goods. It was a favorite saying of amusement-lovers in the bright days of the old Wallack's Theatre, now the Star, that you always knew just what kind of a play and performance you would see in that theatre. The Union Square Theatre, in its "palmy days," had a definite policy, and people who loved strong, emotional melodrama of the French school, such as "The Two Orphans," "A Celebrated Case," and "Mother and Son," knew just where to go for it. The policies of the leading stock houses of to-day are, perhaps, not quite so sharply drawn; but no one expects to see just the same kind of play at Daly's as he does at the Lyceum.

The policy of the house will in a measure, then, determine whether the play is to be secured abroad or at home, and if abroad, whether in England, France, or Germany. Most managers, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, would prefer to get their plays at home if they could be sure of securing just the line of goods that would suit their customers. But the American dramatist has not yet shown that tailor-like certainty in cutting things to fit which the foreigners have. And besides, with the foreign play, the experiment, known to the "profession" as "trying it on a dog," has already been made. The manager has some definite evidence as to the selling value of the goods, and does not have to take the risk of putting an unknown article on the market.

The process of procuring plays is simple. If the manager wishes to encourage American talent, he may ask one of the well-

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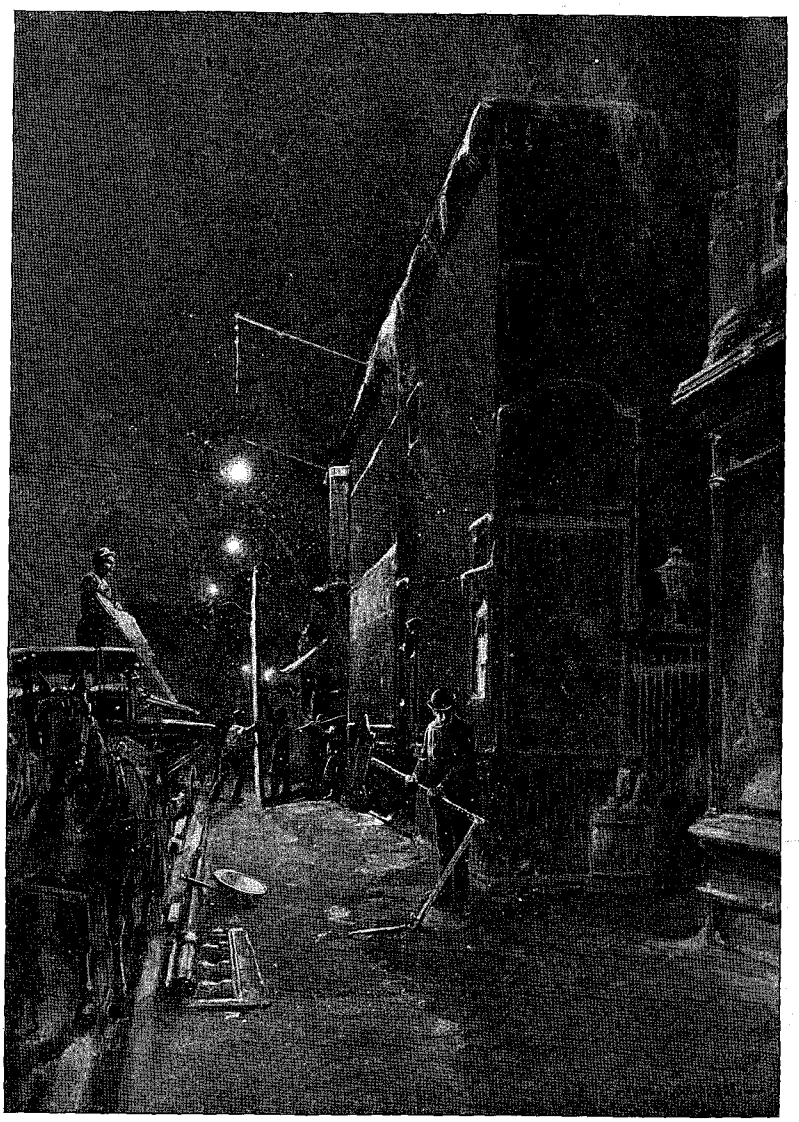
known dramatists to write a play for him. In this case he usually deals directly with the playwright, who agrees to write a play containing parts to fit the members of the manager's company. If he decides to go abroad for his play, he sets sail for Europe and visits the principal theatres of London and Paris. Usually he goes at a time when some highly successful play is current. The chances are that he will already have arranged by cable for the refusal, up to a certain date, of the American rights. The procurement of the play abroad depends entirely upon the vestment of the rights. If the foreign manager holds them, the American manager must deal with him. Usually, however, the dramatist does not part with the exclusive rights to his play. He sells to the English manager the English rights, and then waits for the American manager to come and offer him a good round sum for the American rights. The American manager may then deal with the dramatist



Shifting Scenery from Theatre to Wagons.

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A Road Company Starting Out.

directly, unless the latter has an agent. Some of the foreign playwrights, as, for instance, Sardou, have agents in New York, and through them the New York manager may secure the rights to a great foreign success without leaving this city.

Wonderful stories are told of the amounts paid to dramatic authors. If they were true, they would prove that the quickest way to get rich was to write a successful play. It takes about two years, however, for a skilled dramatist, like Bronson Howard, to make a play, and he cannot guarantee that it will be liked by the unfathomable public. I do not know what Mr. Howard receives, but the typical pay of a dramatic author is five per cent. of the gross receipts weekly. But there is no fixed standard of payment. Some playwrights get a certain sum down and the usual royalty of five per cent. Others are paid on a sliding-scale. One noted pair of collaborators received for one of their productions six per cent. of the gross receipts up to $6,000 and one per cent. additional of each one thousand over that figure. As their work drew $10,000 a week for the first six weeks, their manager had to pay them $700 a week for the use of their work. In the case of purely theatrical hack-work smaller prices are paid, and the rate is often fixed at so much a night, $25 being a good fee. For adaptations royalties are seldom paid in this country. A manager usually hires a hack dramatist, and pays him a lump sum for his work. For operetta adaptations very small prices are paid; that is why the adaptations are usually such poor trash. No man who can do good work can afford to accept the terms. Original operettas, if successful, pay both managers and authors very well.

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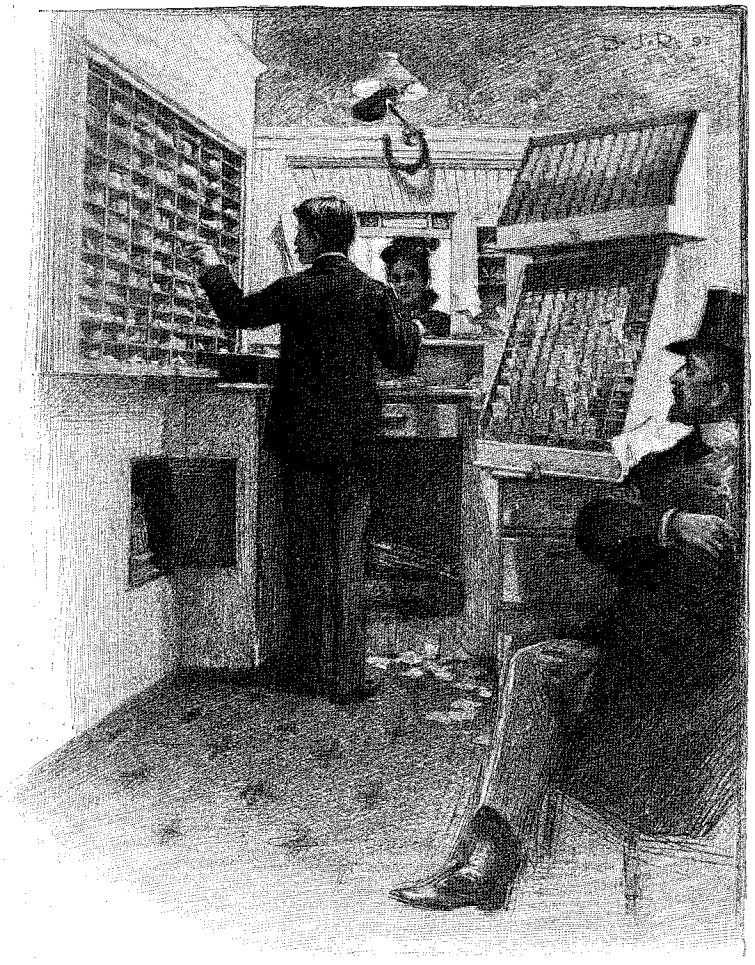
D'Oyly Carte offered Gilbert and Sullivan £10,000 down for the exclusive English rights to the "Pirates of Penzance." They declined the offer, accepted their customary royalties, and got £12,000.

The manager, having selected his play and made his bargain with the author, must proceed to the next step in the conduct of his business. He must "put it on." That means he must put the play upon the stage. The manuscript of a drama is, after all is said and done, only a book of directions. It prescribes that certain places are to be represented by scenery, that certain objects called "properties" are to be handled or exhibited in the course of the action, that actors and actresses wearing suitable costumes are to come upon the stage and leave it at specified times, that they are to speak words provided by the author and to try to look as if they meant them. When all these directions of the manuscript are carried out, a play comes into existence. "Putting a play on" includes the providing of scenery, costumes, properties, and music, and the rehearsing of the actors under the direction of a competent stage-manager. Scenery used to be made in the theatre by the stage-carpenters and scenic artist of the house. Very few theatres now employ a scene-painter. You will notice on the programme in these days something of this kind: "Act I.—A Village Inn (Hawkins). Act II.—Interior of Castle Brinley (Smith). Act III.—Heart of the



The Inside of a Box-office.

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A Rush at the Door.

Rocky Mountains (Valestier). Act IV. —Golden Gate (Burgess)." The names in parentheses are those of the different scene-painters selected by the manager to paint scenes of the kinds for which they have special talent. These scene-painters have their own studios, which differ from those of the Beckwiths and Morans by several acres of space, for the scene-painter often has to paint a "forty-foot drop," a piece of canvas forty feet wide. Theatrical artists do their work by contract, and, of course, prices vary so much that it is quite impossible to give a stated figure. I may say, however, that the prices are pretty high. For painting a single drop a scenic artist of repute will ask $100, and for getting up an elaborate scene, from $250 to $500. Besides the painting there is the cost of making the scene. If it is done in the theatre the cost of the labor is merged in the running expenses of the house; but the lumber and canvas must be paid for. Several grades of canvas are used, and, consequently, prices vary. The lumber is usually turned out by a mill under a contract made by the stage-carpenter. A "heavy set," a scene with many

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Inside One of the Big Agencies.

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separate pieces requiring a good deal of wood-work to give them shape and strength, involves a substantial lumber bill. A carefully prepared scene will, without much difficulty, result in a bill of $1,000, and it is very easy, in one of the elaborate melodramatic productions so common now, to spend $5,000 or $6,000 on scenery alone.

Properties include furniture, rugs, vases, dishes, cigars, letters, and the thousand and one other things which are not a part of the scenery or the costumes. It is difficult for the playgoer sometimes to tell where scenery ends and properties begin, but there is never any doubt in the theatre. The humble cottage may have a vine growing over its porch; if the vine is painted, it belongs to the scene; if it is made of artificial stems and leaves, it is the work of the property-man. The bill for the making of properties for a play varies. Some of the scenes calling for a great number of properties are cheap, because the properties are of the kind that can be borrowed in return for a line of advertisement in the programme. Pianos, organs, furniture, rugs, curtains, and bric-à-brac are often obtained in this way. In spectacular plays, however, the bill for properties is likely to run up to a serious figure. Perishable properties, such as candles, cigars, wine, and other things consumed in the performance, make a weekly bill which may run from a few dollars up to a financial exhibit.

Costumes are sometimes provided by the manager and sometimes by the actors. In spectacular costume plays—those in which scenery and elaborate costumes are an essential part of the drama—the manager usually foots the bill, and in the case of an operetta he almost always does. In stock theatres, where modern plays are the rule, the members of the company generally provide their own equipment, though there are sometimes special arrangements in the cases of the women. There is hardly any limit to the expense of costuming a play. In these days of strong opera-glasses cheap stuffs are seldom used, and I have seen twenty women in an operetta chorus clad in court-gowns that cost from $80 to $100 each. Stories which sound incredible have been told of the cost of costuming certain productions. But I remember that a certain manager paid $18 a pair for white kid boots for his chorus in an operetta, and, as he remarked to me afterward with a sigh: "Those boots did not draw their price." It does not require any ingenuity to spend $10,000 on costumes in a spectacular play, but, of course, a modern society drama can be put on for less than half that, and in such a piece all the principal people, and often even the "extra ladies" (those who merely appear, but do not speak) usually have to furnish their own garments.

The incidental music for a play is generally arranged by the orchestra conductor of the theatre. In elaborate productions like Sir Henry Irving's "Macbeth" or "King Arthur," composers of note are often engaged and paid a special price. If the "leader," as the theatre's own conductor is always called, arranges the music, the work is regarded as a part of his regular duty, and there remains only the expense of copying the parts. The price charged by copyists, who furnish the paper, is ten cents a page. In the case of an operetta the bill for copying parts may run to $80 or $100.

All stock theatres have a stage-manager on the salary-list, but in the case of detached productions—such plays as "A Lady of Quality," "The White Heather," or an operetta—it is customary to engage a stage-manager for the special preparation of that play. A good stage-manager gets from $75 to $100 a week, and may be employed in rehearsals for six or eight weeks. His salary goes to swell the expense of putting on the play, which, it must now be clear to the reader, will vary greatly according to the nature of the production. A play which does not require heavy scenery or elaborate costumes can be put on inexpensively. It may not cost more than $2,000 or $2,500. On the other hand, those productions in which glowing stage-pictures are a fundamental element often run to ten, and occasionally to twenty, times either of these amounts. An effective production can, however, be made for from $10,000 to $15,000.

So much for the general cost of a production. Now let us see what it costs to conduct a theatre after the play has been put on, and how it is done. The general of the little army of forces in a theatre is, of course, the manager. The chief busi-

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ness of a theatrical manager is the same as that of a general—to make the plan of campaign. As already intimated, his house must have a policy. He decides what that policy shall be and endeavors to engage a company and secure plays which will be in accordance with it. He watches the tendencies of public taste and strives to meet them. Presumably he has not so much immediate concern with the details of his business, because they are in the hands of competent subordinates. As a fact, he has to watch everything and every person, just as the head of any other business does. He has a most formidable mail; he gets letters from all sorts and conditions of men; from the young woman of Kalamazoo who is sure she is destined to rival Ellen Terry; from the man who had a bad seat at last night's performance; from every unemployed actor, scene-painter, property-man, *et id omne genus* on "the Rialto;" from men and women who wish to read plays to him; from the man who translated a play for Laura Keene, and, therefore, would like two seats for to-morrow night. He also gets a few letters from people who have business with him.

If he has companies "on the road" he gets his daily letters of report from their business-managers, and there are some other persons from whom he expects communications. The manager is a hard man to see. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room, he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box-office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office-boy, "My son, if you don't learn to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don't know says, 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to answer, 'No, sir.' I wish you to be dead letter-perfect in that line from this time on."

This silent, unseen, mysterious power—the manager—presides over an establishment which is divided into two great departments, known to the elect as the "front" and the "back." The front of the house embraces everything not connected with the performance, and is under the immediate direction of the business-manager. He is the manager's executive officer in that part of the house known to the audience. The "back" is under the government of the stage-manager, who directs every thing and every person connected with the presentation of the play. In the absence of the manager his powers are vested in the business-manager, who is thus seen to rank the stage-manager. The business-manager is assisted by two men in the box-office, and his most immediate concerns are the sale of tickets and the keeping of the accounts of the house.

Keeping the accounts of a theatre is probably the simplest process of the kind known to the business world. The theatrical business is a cash business: no one can get credit at the box-office, consequently there are no personal accounts, no credit system, and no outstanding debts to be collected. The total receipts for each performance are in the box-office before the performance is over. They are counted, and the day's cash expenditures subtracted from them, and the balance on hand footed up before the day's business ends. I do not know whether any burglars read this magazine, but I must state that the day's receipts remain in the theatre over night; so do a night watchman, a burglar-alarm, a direct wire to the nearest police station, a loaded revolver, and other minor deterrents. The method of "counting the house" is very simple. The man in the box-office makes out his statement of sales by counting the tickets left on hand and subtracting that amount from the total number. He sends to the business-manager, about 9.30, a statement like this:

THESPIAN THEATRE, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

Box Office Statement.

247 orchestra	@	$1.50	$370 50
201 balcony	@	1.50	301 50
62 "	@	1.00	62 00
96 general admission	@	$1.00	96 00
37 exchange	@	.50	18 50
386 gallery	@	.50	193 00
			$1,041 50

And right here I must make a digression in favor of the man in the box-office. He is the one man in the theatre who comes into direct contact with the patrons

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of the house. He must be a man of great tact and of infinite patience. Every person who comes to his little window asks for two aisle-seats in the centre aisle, and not more than six rows from the stage. He must know how to convince them that others are just as good; he must be able to scatter the people so well when the audience is small that it will look twice as large as it is. This is for the benefit of newspaper men and managers of other houses, who look in to see "how the house is." It is deemed detrimental to business to have the impression go abroad that a play is not drawing large audiences. The man in the box-office must be prepared to keep his temper when a fastidious lady spends twenty minutes in selecting two seats that will suit her complexion and keeps a dozen other persons waiting. He must know how to sell from $300 to $500 worth of tickets, at different prices, in half an hour without making mistakes in his cash, and he must know how to be suave and politic with the man to whom he has sold a seat behind a pillar, and who always comes back to complain.

While the box-office man is making out his statement, the business-manager counts the tickets in the doorkeepers' boxes and makes out a similar account. If there are any discrepancies they must be reconciled. The business-manager's statement is given to the manager. A copy of it is entered in the cash-book, the only book necessarily kept in the box-office. On the page opposite the receipts are entered the items of the day's expenditure. Everything except the rent of the theatre and the salaries of the actors and actresses is paid from the box-office. The amount banked each morning is charged under expenditures, and so is any money taken out of the box-office by the manager. The manager himself requires only two small books—his bank-book and his salary-list book, in which he also notes his weekly rent. He pays the salaries of the actors himself; all the other salaries are paid by the business manager. At the end of every week, and, indeed, of every day, the manager knows the exact state of his business. All bills against the house are paid weekly. Tuesday is the usual day, that generally being salary-day. The stage-hands, however, have to be paid on Saturday night, otherwise they do not go to work on Monday. I touch a tender spot in the business when I speak of the workingmen. In that department the hard hand of organized labor has its firm grip, and the manager has no power to decide either how many stage-hands he will employ or what he will pay them, and this brings us by a convenient short cut to the question of weekly expenses, first of which is the salary-list.

The salaries of actors and actresses vary so much that no fixed prices can be quoted. It may suffice to say that the salary-list of a stock-house will not come to less than $1,000 a week, and is often considerably more. The salaries in the "front" are about as follows: business-manager, $60 to $75 a week; box-office man, $30; assistant, $15; two doorkeepers, $8 to $12 each; head usher, $8; other ushers (three or four), $7; lithograph men (two), $15; night watchman, $10. The salaries of the attachés of the stage are all fixed at union rates. Furthermore, the manager must employ three men on a side—that is, three stage-hands on each side of the stage, including the stage-carpenter and his assistant—and two flymen, men who work the curtain and drops up in the "flies," the regions above the stage. The union rates are as follows: stage-carpenter, $30 a week; assistant, $25; electrician, $25; assistant, $15; property-man, $25; assistant, $15; back door-keeper, $7; stage-hands, $1.50 for each performance, $2.50 per day for putting on a play, fifty cents an hour for rehearsals, and sixty-two and a half cents an hour for all labor half an hour after the fall of the final curtain. Orchestra leaders get $40 to $50 a week and the union rate for musicians is $25, except in operettas, when it is $4 a performance.

Other expenses which may as well be noted here are: license, $500 a year, two calcium lights (employed in almost every play at present), $15 a week each, and $8 a week for a man to manage one, as the union does not permit the electrician of the theatre to handle more than one; gas-bill, $90 to $95 a week, or, if the house uses electricity, about one-third more; coal for heating in the winter, three tons a month; newspaper advertising, about $180 a week in New York; bill-posting, three cents a sheet, and paid every week

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whether new bills are put up or not; tickets, $8.50 a week; and billing, anything the manager feels like spending. The handsome lithographic printing used so extensively at present costs from three to twenty-five cents a sheet, according to the grade of work and the number of colors used. Great quantities of this can be put out on walls or in windows. The labor of the two lithograph men above mentioned is the distribution of this "window work," as it is called. The owners of shops in which it is placed are paid in tickets, a fixed number each week (generally two), and these they sell at small prices to the "scalpers," who in turn sell them to the public at a little less than the box-office rate. The amount of paper that may be put out by the bill-posters, of course, varies; but Brooklyn, the most expensive town in the country to bill, costs a theatre $250 a week.

The average rent of a Broadway theatre is $30,000 to $35,000 a year. Now, if a theatre could count on long and successful runs for all its productions and a season of substantial length, the manager would clearly see his way to a profit. But he must, as a rule, make three or four expensive productions in the course of a season, which lasts about thirty-two weeks. During the other twenty weeks of the year it is cheaper for him to keep his theatre closed. May, June, July, and August, at any rate, are months of loss, and to these September may generally be added. The items of expense which I have quoted will be recognized by managers as those of a house run economically. In round figures the weekly expenses of a combination theatre are about $2,000 a week; those of a stock theatre will double that, and those of an operetta-house will reach $5,000. To take in $5,000 a week in the customary seven performances, the theatre must receive over $700 at every performance. A $600 house has a prosperous look, yet with seven of those in a week in a stock theatre the manager clears just $200 toward the dead loss of the summer months. A $1,000 house is a good one, and no manager will be heard to grumble very much if he can take in $7,000 a week for any considerable period.

But a play which will bring average receipts of $7,000 a week must be very successful. In the case of a theatre occupied by a combination, the manager's share of the profits is naturally diminished, but so are his expenses. But the margin of profit in the theatre is not so large as the person unfamiliar with the business would imagine. It is not easy to make $300 a night, and it is easy to lose $500. As the matters have passed into the records of by-gone times, I shall not be telling anyone's secrets if I say that the profit on the six months' run of "Patience" at the Standard Theatre was $90,000. In the production of "Les Manteaux Noirs" and "Rip Van Winkle" (Planquette's operetta), the following season the manager lost $25,000 in just eight weeks. A failure in a New York theatre is a business disaster. It means that with an expense of about $700 a night, the manager must be contented with receipts of about $100 or $150. I remember the case of a play which cost several thousand dollars to mount, and which was acted by one of the strongest companies procurable, but which failed. It cost $700 to raise the curtain, and the first week's receipts were less than $1,000. At the Saturday matinée there was $14 in the house. It is easy to lose money very fast in a theatre.

The "road," as it is called, is the most active field of theatrical enterprise at the present time. The system of travelling companies which has been developed in the last twenty years is wide and intricate. There are only a few stock houses in the country. Most of the theatres play combinations. The arrangement between the manager of the theatre and the manager of the company is a sharing plan. The manager of the company furnishes the actors, the play, such special scenery and properties as have to be carried, the costumes, the street-bills and window-pictures. The manager of the theatre furnishes every thing else, including as many extra stage-hands as may be necessary to handle especially heavy sets. As elaborate scenery forms a big feature in the representations of many travelling companies, the theatre manager often has a bill of $150 a week for extra "grips," as they are called, and stage-clearers. The average basis of sharing is one which gives sixty per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance to the manager of the company. Of course,

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Arrival of the Company at a Hotel.

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some combinations get a larger percentage, and occasionally the manager of the theatre must guarantee that the share of the combination manager will not fall below a certain figure. A sliding scale is sometimes adopted, the combination receiving sixty per cent. up to, say $3,000, and sixty-five per cent., or more, for all beyond that.

The "road" business of to-day has reached enormous dimensions. Travelling companies supply the theatres of every city and town in the country, with a very few exceptions. In New York, for instance, there are only four stock theatres, including the German play-house. Most of the companies destined for the road are formed in New York, and they range in importance and expensiveness all the way from the combination organized to present some one of the great successes of the season in long engagements in the larger cities down to a cheap farce-comedy company to play "one-night stands" in small towns and villages. Year by year there has been a growing tendency to concentration in the management of the road business, and one of its most important features is now in the hands of a few middlemen. This is what is known as laying out the route, and it is by far the most difficult and most vital part of the road business.

To lay out a route for a travelling company requires a comprehensive knowledge of the territory to be covered. It is necessary to know the seating capacity of every theatre, in order that the company may not go to a house which it can pack and still lose money; the number, character and taste of the population, in order that a play wholly unsuited to it may not be offered; the cost of railroad transportation, and a dozen other things. It would be useless, to give an extreme example, to try to take a play like "The White Heather" to Red Bank, N. J. The scenery could not be placed on the stage there; and if it could, the theatre would not hold enough money to pay half the expense of the performance. It would be useless to book a cheap company and an inferior farce at a Broadway theatre in New York, though the same performance might do well in one of the Bowery houses.

But the problem does not end with the selection of a town and a theatre. The company has to keep going. In some places it can play a week; in others, three nights; in others, only one. The booking agent must know how long an engagement he can make for each town. And then he must arrange his string of towns and get dates at their theatres so that the company can proceed by short journeys from one to the next. "Long jumps," as they are called, mean big railroad fares, and as the manager of the company has to pay these, he naturally tries to make the jumps as short as possible. Then enters also the question of railroad rates, which sometimes makes the longest way round the cheapest way there. Some railroads will not make special rates for theatrical companies. Others will carry so many people for so many fares—say twenty-eight people for twenty fares. But constantly, when the jump is from one State into another, the interstate commerce law interferes with rate concessions. Many companies have their special cars, and railroad rates become a question of price for the haul.

The person who lays out a route for a company must have all these matters at his fingers' ends. And he must know who is the best bill-poster in each town, who is the right man to haul the baggage and the scenery to and from the theatre, which hotel will give the most favorable rates, how many newspapers there are and how much must be spent in advertising in them, how many sheets of billing it takes for the town, what the rental of the theatre is, and whether it will be more profitable to rent than to play on shares. Furthermore, he must so far as possible know what other attractions will be offered at certain times. It would be no use to go into a country-town with a good play on the date selected by the circus. A story is told of a well-known New York manager who took a company to Keyport, N. J., and faced the proverbial "beggarly array of empty benches." He sent for the janitor of the hall in which his performance was given and asked what was wrong.

"Wal," said the janitor, "ef I'd 'a' knowed in time, I'd 'a' writ ye 'twarn't no use comin'. Ye see, there's a auction sale across the street."

The booking of routes is nearly all done

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now by the large dramatic agencies. Most of the road-companies are organized either by or through these agencies, which have arrangements with out-of-town managers to supply them with attractions. The managers of the provincial theatres each pay an agency about $100 a year, and get in return some five or six weeks of business. Companies not organized by an agency, but placing their business in its hands, also pay a booking fee, so that the middleman makes money on both sides. The actor in a road-company gets about the same amount of salary as he would in a stock-company—perhaps $10 or $15 a week more—out of which he must pay his hotel expenses and sleeping-car fares. The manager provides only transportation, and of course always makes it as cheap as possible. The advance agent of the company, who arrives a week or two ahead of it in each town, makes such minor arrangements as have not been settled by the booking agency. In former times he was the most important member of the entire travelling organization, but his star has waned before the glory of the "press man." This functionary is an outgrowth of the modern newspaper rather than of the theatre. His existence is simply an evidence that managers know how to take advantage of those tendencies in journalism which conservative papers describe as "yellow." The "press man" must be a person who can feed the columns of the newspapers with good stories about the company or its principal members. If Miss Flossie Highkick sprains her ankle the "press man" must get half a column, with her picture, into each of the papers. If the town has one of those old-fashioned papers that do not celebrate the private lives of actors, he must manage to squeeze at least a paragraph into it. He must keep the company before the people. A good press man commands a salary of $75 to $100 a week, and he earns every cent of it.

A large part of the road-business to-day is in the hands of syndicates. The theatrical syndicate had its origin in the heavy losses caused by the failure of plays produced by individual managers. It was thought that by the combination of several managers in a syndicate the individual risks might be lessened and the territory to be utilized much widened. There is now one powerful syndicate, in which four managers and one large booking-agency are the partners. The members of this syndicate are the lessees of a number of theatres in the principal cities of the country. This fact alone enables them to produce a play in New York, send it on the road, and place it advantageously in the other cities. The members of the syndicate have further widened the field of their operations by making contracts with managers in some of the smaller cities to furnish all their attractions. These contracts call for the payment of a small percentage of the gross receipts as a booking fee, but they usually reduce somewhat the sharing percentage of the company. Theatres which are not in the direct line of the syndicate's operations frequently play its attractions. Indeed the theatres outside of New York are almost at its mercy, because it books the routes for nearly all the strongest attractions on the road. If the out-of-town manager demurs at the contract offered him for a week of the "Fly-by-Night Party," he will have to dismiss all hope of securing a week of the immensely successful drama, "A Heritage of Honey"—"direct from the Directoire Theatre, New York." If he desires cake frequently, he must occasionally accept crust.

The "road," as I have said, embraces by far the larger part of the business of the theatre to-day. There are no statistics to show how much money this business represents. The Actors' Fund of America, the charitable organization of the theatre, has ascertained that 17,000 persons are employed in capacities entitling them to its recognition. This may give some idea of the number of persons in the road business, for stock theatres employ a very small percentage of the whole. The travelling companies comprise those of from ten or twelve persons up to an operetta or spectacular company of forty or fifty. The uncertainties of the business are innumerable. Railway accidents, floods, and washouts may delay the company and lose it a valuable night's business. A fire in the town, a run on a bank, the death of a prominent citizen, some one of a dozen other unforeseen incidents of intense local interest, may distract public attention and

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leave the theatre half empty. These are the risks of the business, and in a broader measure they form part of the problem which the manager of the metropolitan stock theatre has to face.

The life of the theatre and the life of a play are also elements in the problem of conducting a play-house. In a city whose centre of activity has a slow movement along a certain line, as in the case of New York, the life of a theatre is a serious consideration. The theatrical centre of New York thirty years ago was below Fourteenth Street. It is now between Twenty-eighth and Forty-second. The "Rialto," the favorite promenade of actors, was in front of the Broadway Central Hotel, then the Grand Central, twenty-five years ago. A little later, in the palmy days of Wallack's (now the Star) and the Union Square (now Keith's), it was along Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. Now it is nearer to Forty-second Street than to Twenty-third. The actor follows the theatre. The manager who is about to take a ten-years' lease of a theatre must be pretty sure that his house is in its prime and not in the last five years of its old age. A successful play is sure of a fairly long life. It may run a season out in New York. The next season can be filled in the larger cities. The third takes in the smaller cities of the New England and Middle States circuits. The fourth may

A Bill Poster at Work.

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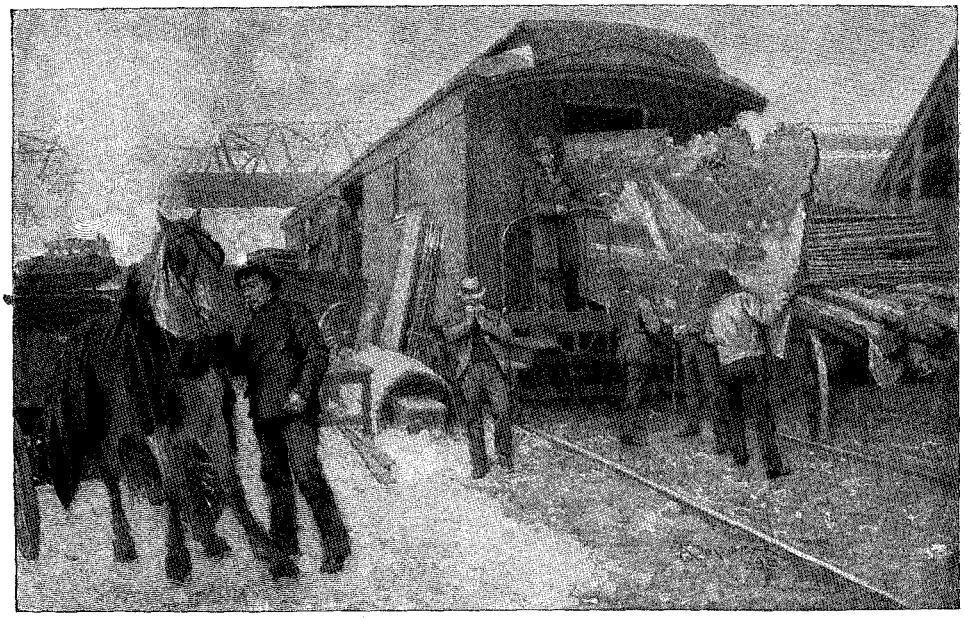

Shipping Scenery into Cars.

be devoted to the South and Southwest. But a play good enough to last four seasons is usually played by several companies and the territory is exhausted in less time. If the individuality of a single actor is an essential element in the success of the play, it is useless to organize more than one company. Such plays have long lives, as witness "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres."

When all is said and done, the principal problem which confronts the manager of a theatre is how to get people to patronize his house. And this, I make bold to state, is purely a business problem. The impression, which may be gathered from daily-newspaper criticism of the drama, that managers are continually face to face with questions of art, is in the main erroneous. The business question which confronts the manager is not what is good, but what will draw. The box-office receipts are his measure of merit, and if the public crowds to see the play at his theatre he calls it a success, even if it violates every canon of art and every known law of dramatic construction. In seeking for a play, the manager endeavors to get one that will appeal to the public taste of the time. The problem before him is not to ascertain what the public ought to like, but what it does like.

The idea that a manager can educate public taste is only partly correct. He cannot do so by proceeding on lines diametrically opposite to that taste. If he concerns himself at all with artistic problems, it is only to study how art and popularity may be reconciled. If one or the other must be sacrificed, you may be sure that it is art that will be thrown overboard. A theatre is a place of business, and it is conducted on the old and thoroughly established principle of offering for sale the kind of goods that people desire to buy. The great point is to find out what sort of goods they desire, and that is not always easy. But the garnered experience of the theatre demonstrates that there are certain fundamental dramatic situations which have always been, and probably always will be, interesting to the general public. "The way to make a play," said one of our most artistic managers to me some years ago, "is to force two lovers apart by obstacles and then bring them together again." You could not induce that manager to produce a play not based on that idea, because he would tell you, in the language of the stage,

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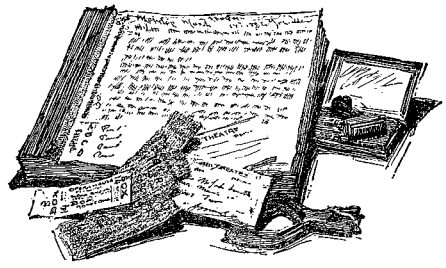
that it lacked "heart interest." Dramatic critics will continue in vain to clamor for novelty in plays. The old situations will always be used in one form or another because they have a business value. They attract people to the theatre. To achieve that end is to solve the manager's chief problem.



THE WINTER STARS

By Archibald Lampman

ACROSS the iron silence of the night
A keen wind fitfully creeps, and far away
The northern ridges glimmer faintly bright,
Like hills on some dead planet hard and gray.
Divinely from the icy sky look down
The deathless stars that sparkle overhead,
The Wain, the Herdsman, and the Northern Crown,
And yonder, westward, large and balefully red,
Arcturus, brooding over fierce resolves:
Like mystic dancers in the Arctic air
The troops of the Aurora shift and spin:
The Dragon strews his bale-fires, and within
His trailing and prodigious loop involves
The lonely Pole-star and the Lesser Bear.

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THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

III

AS I was in my fat neighbor's sick chamber one evening, giving his nurse a respite, word came that Fontenette was at my gate. I went to him with misgivings that only increased as we greeted. He was at the same time dejected and agitated. His grasp was damp and cold.

"It cou'n' stay from me always," he said, in an anguished voice, and I cried in my soul, "She's told him!" But she had not. I asked him what his bad news was that had come at last, but his only reply was,

"Can you take *him?* Can you take him out of my house — to-night — this evening—now?"

"Who, the Baron? Why, certainly, if you desire it," I responded; wondering if the entomologist, by some slip, had betrayed *her*. There was an awe in my visitor's eyes that was almost fright.

"Fontenette," I exclaimed, "what have you heard—what have you done?"

"My frien', 'tis not what I 'ave heard, neither what I 'ave done, 'tis what I 'ave got."

"Got? Why, *you've* got nothing, you Creole of the Creoles. Your skin's as cool as mine."

"Feel my pulse," he said. I felt it. It wasn't less than a hundred and fifty.

"Go, get into bed while I bring the Baron over here," I said, and by the time I had done this and got back to him his skin was hot enough! An hour or two after I recrossed the street on the way to my night's rest, leaving his wife to nurse him, and Senda to attend on her and keep house. I paused in the garden and gazed up among the benignant stars. And then I looked onward, through and beyond their ranks, seemingly so confused, yet where such amazing hidden order is, and said, for our good Fontenette, and for his watching wife, and for all of us—even for my wife and me in our unutterable loss—"Sank Kott! sank Kott! it iss only se yellow fevah!"

Three days more, in the third evening I found the doctor saying to Mrs. Fontenette: "Nine o'clock. It's now seven-thirty. Well, you'd better begin pretty soon to watch for the change. . . . O, you'll know it when you see it, it will be as plain as something sinking in water right before your eyes. Then give him the beef-tea, just a teaspoonful; then, by and by, another, and another, as I told you, always keeping his head on the pillow—mind that." Out beside his carriage he continued to me: "O yes, a nurse or patient may break that rule, or almost any rule, and the patient may live. I had a patient, left alone for a moment on the climacteric day, who was found standing at her mirror combing her hair, and to-day she's as well as you or I. I had another who got out of bed, walked down a corridor, fell face downward and lay insensible at the crack of a doorsill with the rain blowing in on him under the door—and he got well. As to Fontenette, all his symptoms so far are good. Well—I'll be back in the morning."

So ran the time. There were no more new cases in our house; my wife and I had had the scourge years before, as also had Senda, who remained over the way. Fontenette passed from one typical phase of the disorder to another "charmingly," as the doctor said, yet he specially needed just such exceptionally delicate care as his wife was giving him. In the city at large the deaths per day were more and more, and one night when it showered and there was a heavenly cooling of the air, the increase in the mortality was horrible. But the weather, as a rule, was steady and tropically splendid; the sun blazed; the moonlight was marvellous; the dews were like rains; the gardens were gay with butterflies. Our convalescent

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Drawn by Albert Herter.

We found her just relaxing on Senda's arm.—Page 324.

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little ones hourly forgot how gravely far they were from being well, and it became one of our heavy cares to keep the entomologist from entomologizing—and from overeating.

From time to time, when shorthanded we had used skilled nurses; but when Mrs. Fontenette grew haggard and we mentioned them, she said, distressfully: "O! no hireling hands! I can't bear the thought of it!" and indeed the thought of the average hired "fever-nurse" of those days was not inspiring; so I served as her alternate when she would accept any, and threw herself on the couch Senda had spread in the little parlor. At length one day I was called up at dawn and went over to take her place once more, and when after several hours had passed I was still with him, Fontenette said, while I bent down, "I have the fear thad's going to go hahd with my wife, being of the Nawth."

"Why, what's going to go hard, old fellow?"

"The feveh. My dear frhien', don't I know tha'z the only thing would keep her f'om me thad long?"

"Still, you don't know her case will be a hard one; it may be very light. But don't talk now."

"Well—I hope *so*. Me, I wou'n' take ten thousand dollahs faw thad feveh myself—to see that devotion of my wife. You muz 'ave observe', eh?"

"Yes, indeed, old man; nobody could help observing. I wouldn't talk any more just now."

"No," he insisted, "nobody could eveh doubt. Action 'speak loudeh than word,' eh?"

"Yes, but we don't want either from you just now." I put his restless arms back under the cover; not to keep the outer temperature absolutely even was counted a deadly risk. "Besides," I said, "you're talking out of character, old boy."

He looked at me mildly, steadily, for several moments, as if something about me gave him infinite comfort. It was a man's declaration of love to a man, and as he read the same in my eyes, he closed his own and drowsed.

Though he dozed only at wide intervals and briefly, he asked no more questions until night; then—"Who's with my wife?"

"Mine."

He closed his eyes again, peacefully. It was in keeping with his perfect courtesy not to ask how she was. If she was doing well—well; and if not, he would spare us the pain of informing or deceiving him.

Senda became a kind of chief-of-staff for both sides of the street. She would have begged to be Mrs. Fontenette's nurse, but for one other responsibility, which we felt it would be unsafe, and she thought it would be unfair, for her to put thus beyond her own reach: "se care of mine hussbandt." She wore a plain path across the unpaved street to our house, and another to our neighbor's. "Sat iss a too great risk," she compassionately maintained, "to leaf even in se daytime sose shildtren—so late sick—alone viss only mine hussbandt and se sairvants!"

The doctor was concerned for Mrs. Fontenette from the beginning. "Terribly nervous," he said, "and full from her feet to her eyes of a terror of death—merely a part of the disease, you know," but in this case I did not know. "Pathetic," he called the fevered satisfaction she took in the hovering attentions of our old black nurse, who gave us brief respites in the two sick-rooms by turns, and who had, according to Mrs. Fontenette, "such a beautiful faith!" The doctor thought it mostly words, among which "de Lawd willin'" so constantly recurred that out of the sick-room he always alluded to her as D. V., though never without a certain sincere regard. This kind old soul had nursed much yellow fever in her time, and it did not occur to us that maybe her time was past.

When Mrs. Fontenette had been ill something over a week, the doctor one evening made us glad by saying, as he came through the little dining-room and jerked a thumb back toward Fontenette's door, "Just keep him as he is for one more night and, I promise you, he'll get well; but!"— He sat down on the couch—Senda's—in the parlor, and pointed at the door to Mrs. Fontenette's room. "You've got to be careful *how* you let even that be known—in there! She can get well too—if—" And he went on to tell how

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in this ailment all the tissues of the body sink into such frail deterioration, that so slight a thing as the undue thrill of an emotion may rend some inner part of the soul's house and make it hopelessly untenable.

"Iss sat not se condition vhat make it so easy to relapse?" asked Senda.

He said it was, I think, and went his way, little knowing to what a night he was leaving us—except for its celestial beauty, upon which he expatiated as I stepped with him to the gate. He had not been gone long enough for me to get back into the house—Fontenette's—when I espied coming to me, in piteous haste from her home around the corner, the young daughter of another neighbor. Her hair was about her eyes and as she saw the physician had gone, she wrung her hands and burst into violent weeping. I ran to her outside the gate, pointing backward at Mrs. Fontenette's room, with entreating signs for quiet as she called—"Oh, *where* is he gone? Which way did he go?"

"I can't tell you, my dear girl!" I murmured. "I don't know! What is the trouble?"

"My father!" she hoarsely whispered, "My father's dying! dying in a raging delirium, and we can't hold him in bed! O, come and help us!" She threw her hands above her head in wild despair, and gnawed her hands and lips and shook and writhed as she gulped down her sobs, and laid hold of me and begged as though I had refused. I found her words true. It took four men to keep him down. I did not have to stay to the end, and when I reached Fontenette's side again, was glad to find I had been away but little over an hour.

I sent the old black woman home and to bed, and may have sat an hour more, when she came back to tell us, that one of the children was very wakeful and feverish. Senda went to see into the matter for us, and the old woman took her place. Fontenette slept. Loath to see him open his eyes, I kept very still, while nearly another hour dragged by, listening hard for Senda's return, but hearing only, once or twice, through the narrow stairway and closets between the two bedrooms, a faint stir that showed Mrs. Fontenette was awake and being waited on. I was grateful for the rarity of outdoor sounds; a few tree-frogs piped, two or three solitary wayfarers passed in the street; twice or more the sergeant of the night-watch trilled his whistle in a street or two behind us, and twice or more in front; and once, and once again, came the distant bellow of steamboats passing each other—not the famous boats whose whistle you would know one from another, for they were laid up. I doubt if I have forgotten any sound that I noticed that night. I remember the drowsy rumble of the midnight horse-car and tinkle of its mule's bell, first in Prytania Street and then in Magazine. It was just after these that at last a black hand beckoned me to the door, and under her breath the old nurse told me, she was just back from our house, where her mistress had sent her, and that—"De-eh—de-eh"—

"The Baroness?"

"Yass, sih, de—de outlayndish la-ady. Law, Mis', dat Bah'ness ain't no fittin' name fo' a la-ady; hit all time make me think of de menaadgerie."

Senda had sent word that the child had only an indigestion—a thing serious enough in such a case—and though still slightly feverish was now asleep, but restless.

"Sih? Yass, sir—awnressless—dass 'zac'ly what I say!"

Wherefore Senda would either remain in the nursery or return to us, as we should elect.

"O no, sih, she no need to come back right now, anyhow; yass, sih, dass what de Mis' say, too."

"Then you'll stay here," I whispered.

"Yass, sih, ef de Lawd wil'—I mean if you wants me, sih—yass, sih, thaynk you, sih. I loves to tend on Mis' Fontenette, she got sich a bu'ful fa-aith, same like she say I got. Yass, sih, I dess loves to set an' watch her—wid dat sweet samtimonious fa-ace."

Fontenette being still asleep I gave her my place for a moment, and went to the door between the parlor and his wife's room. My wife came to it, barely breathing the triumphant word—"Just dropped asleep!" and when I replied that I would take a little fresh air at the front door she asked if at my leisure I would empty and

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bring in from the window-sill, around on the garden side of her patient's room a saucer containing the over-sweetened remains of some orange-leaf tea, that "D. V." had made "for to wrench out de nerves." She wanted only the saucer.

I went outside a step or two and took in a long draught of good air—the air of a yellow-fever room is dreadful. It was my first breath of mental relief also; almost the first that night, and the last. I paced once or twice the short narrow walk between the front flower-beds, surprised at their well-kept and blooming condition until I remembered Senda. The moths were out in strong numbers, and it was delightful to forget graver things for a moment and see the flowers bend coyly under their passionate kisses and blushingly rise again when the sweet robbery was finished. So it happened that I came where a glance across to my own garden showed me, on the side farthest from the nursery, a favorite bush, made pale by a light that could come only from the entomologist's window. I went in promptly, told what I proposed to do, and hurried out again.

I crossed into my garden and silently mounted the balcony-stairs I have mentioned once before. His balcony-door was ajar. His room was empty. He had occupied the bed. A happy thought struck me—to feel the spot where he had lain; it was still warm. Good! But his clothes were all gone except his shoes, and they, you remember, were no proof that he was indoors. I stole down into the garden once more, and looked hurriedly in several directions, but saw no sign of him. I am not a ferocious man even when alone, but as I came near the fence of our fat neighbor—once fat, poor fellow, and destined to be so again in time—and still saw no one, I was made conscious of waving my fist and muttering through my gritting teeth, by hearing my name softly called. It was an unfamiliar female voice that spoke, from a window beyond the fence, and it flashed on my remembrance that two kinswomen of my neighbor were watching with his wife, whose case was giving new cause for anxiety. It was Mrs. Soandso, the voice explained, and could I possibly come in there a moment? if only to the window!

"Is our friend the Baron over here?" I asked, as I came to it. He was not. "Well, never mind," I said; "how is your patient."

"Oh, that's just what we wish we knew. In some ways she seems better, but she's more unquiet. She's had some slight nausea and it seems to increase. Do you think that is important?"

"Yes," I said, "very. I hear someone cracking ice; are you keeping ice on her throat—no? Well, begin it at once, and persuade her to lie on her back as quietly as she can, and get her to sleep if possible! Doctor—no; he wouldn't come before morning, anyhow; but I'll send my wife right over to you, if she possibly can come."

I turned hurriedly away and had taken only a few steps, when I lit upon the entomologist. "Well, I'll just—what *are* you doing here? Where were you when I was in your room just now?" His shoes were on.

"Vhat you vanted mit me? I vas by dot librair' going. For vhat you moof dot putterfly-net fon t'e mandtelpiece? You make me *too* much troubple to find dot vhen I vas in a hurry!" He shook it at me.

"Hurry!" In my anger and distress I laughed. "My friend"—laying a hand on him—"you'll hurry across the street with me."

He waved me off. "Yes; go on, you; I coom py undt py; I dtink t'ere iss vun maud come into dot gardten, vhat I haf not pefore seen since more as acht years, alreadty!"

"Yes," I retorted, "and so you're here at the gate alone. Now come right along with me! Aren't there enough lives in danger to-night, but you must"—He stopped me in the middle of the street.

"Mine Gott! vhat iss dot you say? Who—*who*—mine Gort! *who* iss her life in dtanger? Iss dot—mine Gott! is dot he-ere?" He pointed to Mrs. Fontenette's front window.

I could hardly keep my fist off him. "Hush! you— For one place it's *here*." I pushed him with my finger.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, in infinite relief. "I dt'ought you mean — I — I dt'ought—hmm!—hmm! I am dtired." He leaned on me like a sick child and we

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went into the cottage parlor. The moment he saw the lounge he lay down upon it, or I should have taken him back into the dining-room.

"Sha'n't I put that net away for you?" I murmured, as I dropped a light covering over him.

But he only hugged the toy closer. "No; I keep it—hmm!—hmm!—I am dtired——"

Both patients, I found, were drowsing; the husband peacefully, the wife with troubled dreams. When the Baron spoke her eyes opened with a look, first eager and then distressful, but closed again. We put the old black woman temporarily into her room and my wife hurried to our other neighbors, whence she was to despatch one of their servants to bid Senda come at once to us. But "no battle"—have I already used the proverb? She gave the message to the servant, but it never reached Senda. Somebody forgot. As I sat by Fontenette with ears alert for Senda's coming and was wondering at the unbroken silence, he opened his eyes on me and smiled.

"Ah!" he softly said, "thad was a pleasan' dream!"

"A pleasant dream, was it?"

"Yes; I was having the dream thad my wife she was showing me those rose-*bushes;* an' every rose-*bush* it had roses, an' every rose it was perfect."

I leaned close and said that he had been mighty good not to ask about her all these many days, and that if he would engage to do as well for as long a time again, and to try now to have another good dream I would tell him that she was sleeping and was without any alarming symptoms. O lucky speech! It was true when it was uttered; but how soon the hour belied it!

As he obediently closed his eyes, his hand stole out from the side of the covers and felt for mine. I gave it, and as he kept it his thought seemed to me to flow into my brain. I could feel him, as it were, thinking of his wife, loving her through all the deeps of his still nature with seven—yes, seventy—times the passion that I fancied would ever be possible to that young girl I had seen a few hours earlier showing her heart to the world, with falling hair and rending sobs. As he lay thus trying to court back his dream of perfect roses, I had my delight in knowing he would never dream—what Senda saw so plainly, yet with such faultless modesty—that all true love draws its strength and fragrance from the riches not of the loved one's, but of the lover's soul.

His grasp had begun to loosen, when I thought I heard from the wife's room a sudden sound that made my mind flash back to the saucer I had failed to bring in. It was as though the old-fashioned, unweighted window-sash, having been slightly lifted, had slipped from the fingers and fallen shut. I hearkened, and the next instant there came softly searching through doors, through walls, through my own flesh and blood, a long half-wailing sigh. Fontenette tightened on my hand, then dropped it, and opening his eyes sharply, asked, "What was that?"

"What was what, old fellow?" I pretended to have been more than half asleep myself.

"Did I only dream I 'eard it, thad noise?"

"That isn't a hard thing to do in your condition," I replied, with my serenest smile, and again he closed his eyes. Yet for two or three minutes it was plain he listened; but soon he forbore and began once more to slumber. Then very soon I faintly detected a stir in the parlor, and stealing to the door to listen through the dining-room, came abruptly upon the old black woman. Disaster was written on her face and when she spoke tears came into her eyes.

"De madam want you," she said, and passed in to take my place.

As I went on to the parlor, my wife, just inside Mrs. Fontenette's door beckoned me. As I drew near I made an inquiring motion in the direction of our neighbor across the way.

"I'm hopeful," was her whispered reply; "but—in here"—she shook her head. Just then the new maid came from our house, and my wife whispered again—"Go over quickly to the Baron; he's in his room. 'Twas he came for me. He'll tell you all. But he'll not tell his wife, and she mustn't know."

As I ran across the street I divined, almost in full, what had taken place. I had noticed the possibility of some of the

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facts when I had left the Baron asleep on the parlor-lounge, but they could have done no harm, even when Senda did not come, had it not been for two other facts which I had failed to foresee; one, that we had unwittingly overtasked our willing old nurse, and in her chair in Mrs. Fontenette's room she was going to fall asleep; and the other that the entomologist would waken. And now see what a cunning trap the most innocent intentions may sometimes set. There was a mirror in the sick-room purposely so placed that, with the parlor-door ajar, the watcher, but not the patient, could see into the parlor, and could be seen from the parlor when sitting anywhere between the mirror and the window beyond it. This window was the one that looked into the side garden. Purposely, too, the lounge had been placed so as to give and receive these advantages. A candle stood on the window's inner ledge and was screened from the unseen bed, but shone outward through the window and inward upon the mirror. The front door of the parlor opened readily to anyone within or without who knew enough to use its two latches at once, but neither within nor without to—the Baron, say—who did not.

Do you see it? As he lay awake on the lounge his eye was, of course, drawn constantly to the mirror by the reflected light of the candle, and to its images of the nodding watcher and of the window just beyond. So lying and gazing, he had suddenly beheld that which brought him from the lounge in an instant, net in hand, and tortured to find the front door—by which he would have run out and around to the window—fastened! What he saw was the moth—the moth so long unseen—now sipping at the saucer of sweet stuff, now hovering over it, now lost in the dark, and now fluttering up or sliding down the pane, lured by the beam of the candle.

If he was not to lose it, there was but one thing to do. With his eyes fixed moth-mad on the window, he glided in, passed the two sleepers, and stealthily lifted the sash with one hand, the other poising the net. The moth dropped under, the net swept after it, and the sash slipped and fell. Mrs. Fontenette rose wildly, and when she saw first the old woman, half starting from her seat with frightened stare, and then the entomologist speechless, motionless, and looming like an apparition, she gave that cry her husband heard, and fell back upon the pillow in a convulsion.

I found the Baron sitting on the side of his bed like a child trying to be awake without waking. No, not *trying* to do or be anything, but aimless, dazed, silent, lost; yet obedient, automatically, to every request. I set about getting him to bed at once, putting his clothes beyond his reach, and even locking his balcony door, without a sign of objection from him. Then I left him for a moment, and calling Senda from the nursery to the parlor told her the state of the different patients, including her husband, but without the hows and whys except that I had found him in our garden with his precious net. "And now, as it will soon be day, my wife and I—with the servants and others—can take care of the four."

"If I"—meekly interrupted the sweet woman—"vill ko for se doctors? I vill ko." Soon she was off.

Then I went back to her husband, and finding his mood so changed that he was eager to explain everything, I let him talk; which I soon saw was a blunder; for he got pitifully excited, and wanted to go over the same ground again and again. One matter I was resolved to fix in his mind without delay. "Mark you," I charged him, "your wife must never know a word of this!"

"Eh?—No"—and the next instant the sick woman across the way was filling all his thought: "Mine Gott! she rice oop scaredt in t'e bedt, choost so!" and up he would start. Then as I pressed him down—"Mine Gott! I vould not ko in, if I dhink she would do dot. Hmm! Hmm! I am sorry!—Undt I tidt not t'e mawdt get. Hmm! Even I titn't saw vhere it iss gone. Hmm! Hmm! I am sorry! Undt dot door kit shtuck! Hmm! Undt dot vindow iss not right made. Hmm! I tidn't vant to do dot—you know? Hmm! I am sorry!—Ach, mine Gott! she rice oop scaredt in t'e bedt, choost so!" Thus round and round. What to do for him I did not know! Yet he grew quiet, and was as good as silent, when Senda, long before I began to look

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for her, stood unbonneted at my side in a soft glow of physical animation, her anxiety all hidden and with a pink spot on each cheek. I was startled. Had *I* slept —or had she somehow ridden?

"Are the street-cars running already?" I asked.

"No," she murmured, producing a vial and looking for a glass. "'Tis I haf been running already. Sat iss not so tiresome as to valk. Also it is safeh. I runned all se vay. Vill you sose drops drop faw me?" Her hand trembled. I took the vial but did not meet her glance: for I was wondering if there was anything in the world she could ask of me that I would not do, and at such a time it is good for anyone as weak as I am to look at inanimate things.

"You got word to all three doctors?"

"Yes;" she gave her chin the drollest little twist—"say are all coming—vhen sey get ready."

That is what they did; but the first who came, and the second, brought fresh courage; for the Baron—"would most likely be all right again, before the day was over"; our child was "virtually well"; and from next door—"better!" was the rapturous news. The third physician, too, was pleased with Fontenette's case, and we began at once to send the night-watchers to their rest by turns. But there the gladness ended. At Mrs. Fontenette's bedside he asked no questions. In the parlor he said to us:

"Well . . . you've done your best . . . I've done mine . . . And it's of no use."

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed my wife.

"Why, didn't you know it?" He jerked his thumb toward the sick-room. "She knows it. She told me she knew it, with her first glance." He pondered. "I wish she were not so near *him*. If she were only in here—you see?" Yes, we saw; the two patients would then be, on their either hand, one whole room apart, as if in two squares of a checker-board that touch only at one corner. "Well," he said, "we must move her at once. I'll show you how; I'll stay and help you."

It seemed more as though we helped him—a very little—as we first moved her and then took the light bedstead apart, set it up again in the parlor, and laid her in it, all without a noticeable sound, and with only great comfort of mind to her—for she knew why we did it. Then I made all haste to my own house again and had the relief to see, as Senda came toward me from her husband's room, that he had told her nothing. "Vell?" she eagerly asked.

"Well, Monsieur Fontenette is greatly improved!"

"O sat iss goodt! And se Madame; she, too, is betteh?—a little?—eh?—no-o?"

I said that what the doctor had feared, a "lesion," had taken place, and that there was no longer any hope of her life. At which she lighted up with a lovely defiance.

"Ho-o! no long-eh any hope! Yes, sare *iss* long-er any hope! Vhere iss sat doctoh? Sare *shall* be hope! Kif *me* sat patient! I can keep se vatch of mine hussbandt at se *same* time. *He* hass not a relapse! Kif me se patient! Many ossehs befo'e I haf savedt vhen hadt sose doctohs no long-eh any hope! Mine Kott! vas sare so much hope vhen she and her hussbandt, mine sick hussbandt and me out of se strheet took in? Vill you let stay by mine hussbandt anyhow a short vhile, one of yo' so goodt sairvants?" The instant I assented she flew down the veranda steps, through the garden, and out across the street.

I lingered a few moments with the entomologist before leaving him with others. He asked me only one question: "Hmm! Hmm! How she iss?"

"Why," said I, brightly, "I think she feels rather more comfortable than she did."

"Hmm!—Hmm!—I am sorry—Hmm! —Ach! mine Gott, I am so hoongary!—Hmm! I am so dtired mit dot sou-oup undt dose creckers!—Hmm! I vish I haf vonce a whole pifshtea-ak undt a glahss beer—hmm!"

"Hmm!" I echoed, "your subsequent marketing wouldn't cost much." I went down town on some imperative office business, came back in a cab, gave word to be called at such an hour, and lay down. But while I slept my order was countermanded and when I wakened it was once more midnight. I went to my

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open window and heard, through his balcony door—locked, now, and its key in my pocket—the Baron, snoring. Then I sprang into my clothes and sped across the street. I went first around to the outer door of the dining-room, and was briefly told the best I could have hoped, of Fontenette. I returned to the front and stepped softly into what had been Mrs. Fontenette's room. Finding no one in it I waited, and when I presently heard voices in the other room, I touched its door-knob. My wife came out, closed the door carefully, and sank into a seat.

"It's been a noble fight!" she said, smiling up through her tears. "When the doctor came back and saw how wonderfully the—the worst—had been held off, he joined in the battle! He's been here three times since!"

"And can it be that she is going to pull through?"

My wife's face went down into her hands. "O, no—no. She's dying now—dying in Senda's arms!"

Her ear, quicker than mine, heard some sign within and she left me. But she was back almost at once, whispering:

"She knows you're here, and says she has a message to her husband which she can give only to you."

We gazed into each other's eyes. "Go in," she said.

As I entered, Senda tenderly disengaged herself, went out, and closed the door.

I drew near in silence and she began at once to speak, bidding me take the chair Senda had left, and with a tender smile thanking me for coming. Then she said, faintly and slowly, but with an unfaltering voice, "I want you to know one or two things so that if it ever should be my husband's affliction to find out how foolish and undutiful I have been, you can tell them to him. Tell him my wrongdoing was, from first to last, almost totally—almost totally——"

"Do you mean—intangible?"

"Yes, yes, intangible. Then if he should say that the intangible part is the priceless part—the life, the beauty, the very essence of the whole matter—isn't it strange that we women are slower than men to see that—tell him I saw it, saw it and confessed it when for his sake I was slipping away from him by stealth out of life up to my merciful Judge. . . . I may not be saying these things in their right order, but—tell him I wish he'd marry again; only let him first be sure the woman loves him as truly and deeply as he is sure to love her. I find I've never truly loved him till now. If he doesn't know it don't ever tell him; but tell him I died loving him and blessing him—for the unearned glorious love he gave me all my days. That's all. That's all to him. But I would like to send one word to"—she lifted her hand——

"Across the street?" I murmured.

Her eyes said yes. "Tell *him*—you may never see the right time for it, but if you do—tell him I craved his forgiveness." I shook my head. "Yes—yes, tell him so; it was far the most my fault; he is such a child; such a child of nature, I mean. Tell him I said it sounds very pretty to call ourselves and each other children of nature, but we have no right to be such. The word is 'Be thou clean,' and if we are not masters of nature we can't do it. Tell him that, will you? And tell him he has nothing to grieve for; I was only a dangerous toy, and I want him to love the dear Father for taking it away from him before he had hurt himself. Now I am ready to go—only—that hymn those black women—in the cemetery — you remember? I've made another verse to it. You'll find it—afterward—on a scrap of paper between the leaves of my Bible. It isn't good poetry, of course; it's the only verse I ever composed. May I say it to you just for my—my testimony? It's this:

Yet though I have sinned, Lord, all others above,
Though feeble my prayers, Lord; my tears all unseen;
I'll trust in thy love, Lord; I'll trust in thy love—
O I'll trust in thy love like Mary Mahgaleen.

An exalted smile lighted her face as she sank deeper into the pillows. She tried to speak again, but her voice failed. I bent my ear and she whispered—"Senda."

As I beckoned Senda in, my wife motioned for me to come to her where she stood at a window whose sash she had

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slightly lifted; the same to which the moth had once been lured by the little puddle of sweet drink and the candle. "Do you want to see a parable?" she whispered, and all but blinded with tears, she pointed to the lost moth lying half in half out of the window, still beautiful but crushed; crushed with its wings full spread, not by anyone's choice, but because there are so many things in this universe that not even God can help from being as they are.

At a whispered call we turned, and Senda, in the door, herself all tears, made eager signs for us to come. The last summons had surprised even the dying. We went in noiseless haste, and found her just relaxing on Senda's arm. Yet she revived an instant; a quiver went through her frame like the dying shudder of a butterfly, her eyes gazed appealingly into Senda's, then fixed, and our poor little Titania was gone.

The story is nearly told. Before I close let me confess how heartlessly I have told some portions of it. Pardon it; and pardon, too, the self-consciousness that makes me beg not to be remembered as I seem to myself in the tale—a tiptoeing, peeping figure prowling by night after undue revelations, and using them—to the humiliation of souls cleaner than mine could ever pretend to be. Next day, by stealth again, we buried the little rose-lady, unknown to her husband. We could not keep the fact long from—the other, for he was up and about the house again. Nor was there equal need. So when we had done it I told him, but without giving any part of her message—I couldn't do it! I just said she had left us. His eye did not moisten, but he paled, trembled, wiped his brow. Then I handed him the crushed moth, and he was his convalescent self again. "Hmm!—Dot iss a pity she kit smashed; I titn't vant to do dot."

I thought maybe he felt more than he showed, for he fretted to be allowed to take a walk alone beyond the gate and the corner. With some misgivings his wife let him go, and when she was almost anxious enough over his tardy stay to start after him he came back looking very much better. But the next morning, when we found him in the burning fever of an unmistakable relapse, he confessed that the German keeper of an eating-stall in the neighboring market, for his hunger's and the Fatherland's sake, had treated him to his "whole pifshtea-ak undt glahss be-eh." He lived only a few days. Through all his deliriums he hunted butterflies and beetles, and died insensible to his wife's endearments, repeating the Latin conjugations of his inconceivable boyhood.

So they both, caterpillar and rose, were gone; but the memory of them stays, green—yes, and fragrant—not alone with Fontenette, and not only with Senda besides, but with us also. How often I recall the talks on theology I had used sometimes to let myself fall into with the little unsuccessful mistress of "rose-es," who first brought the miser of knowledge into our garden, and whenever I do so I wonder, and wonder, and lose my bearings and find and lose them again, and wonder and wonder—what God has done with the entomologist.

We never had to tell Fontenette that he was widowed. We had only to be long enough silent, and when he ceased, for a time, to get better, and rather lost the strength he had been gaining, and on entering his room we found him always with his face to the wall, we saw that he knew. So for his sake I was glad when one day, without facing round to me, his hand tightened on mine in a wild tremor and he groaned, "Tell it me—tell it." I told it. I thought it well to give him one of her messages and withhold the rest, like the unscrupulous friend I always try to be; and when he had heard quite through—"Tell him I died loving him and blessing him for the unearned glorious love he gave me all our days"—he made as if to say the word was beyond all his deserving, turned upon his face, and soaked the pillow with his tears. But from that day he began slowly but steadily to get well.

We kept Senda with us as long as we could, and when at length she put her foot down so that you might have heard it—say like the dropping of a nut in the wood—and declared that go she must—must—must! we first laughed, then scoffed, and then grew violent, and the battle forced her backward. But when we tried to salary

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her to stay, *she* laughed, scoffed, grew violent, and retook her entrenchments. And then, when she offered the ultimatum that we must take pay for keeping her, we took our turn again at the three forms of demonstration, and a late moon rose upon a drawn battle. Since then we have learned to count it one of our dearest rights to get "put out" at Senda's outrageous reasonableness, but she doesn't fret, for "sare is neveh any sundeh viss se lightening."

The issue of this first contest was decided the next day by Fontenette, still on his bed of convalescence. "Can I raise enough money in yo' office to go at France?"

"You can raise twice enough, Fontenette, if it's to try to bring back some new business."

"Well—yes, 'tis for that. Of co'se, besides——"

"Yes, I know: of course."

"But tha'z what puzzle' me. What I'm going do with that house heah, whilse I'm yondeh! I wou'n' sell it—ah, no! I wou'n' sell one of those roses! An' no mo' I wou'n' rent it. Tha's a monument, that house heah, you know?"

"Yes, I know." He never found out how well I knew. "Fontenette, I'll tell you what to do with it."

"No, you don't need; I know whad thad is. An' thaz the same I want—me. Only—you thing thad wou'n' be asking her too much troub'?"

"No, indeed. There's nothing else you could name that she'd be so glad to do."

When I told Senda I had said that, the tears stood in her eyes. "Ah, sat vass ri-ight! O, sare shall neveh a veed be in sat karten two dayss oldt! An' sose roses—sey shall be pairfect ever' vun!"

As perfect as roses every one were her words kept. And Fontenette got his new business but could not come back that year, nor the second, nor the third. The hitherside of his affairs he assigned for the time to a relative, a very young fellow, but ever so capable—"a hustler," as our fat friend would say in these days. We missed the absentee constantly, but forgave his detention the easier because incidentally he was clearing up a matter of Senda's over there, in which certain displeased kindred had overreached her. Also because of his letters to her, which she so often did us the honor to show us. The first few were brief, formal and colorless; but after some time they began to take on grace after grace, until at length we had to confess that to have known him only as we had known him hitherto would have been to have been satisfied with the reverse of the tapestry, and never fully to have seen the excellence of his mind or the modest nobility of his spirit. Frequently we felt very sure we saw also that no small share of their captivating glow was reflected from Senda's replies — of which she never would tell us a word. The faults in his written English were surprisingly few, and to our minds only the more endeared it and him. Maybe we were not judicial critics. Yet we could pass strictures, and as the months lengthened out into years these winged proxies stirred up, on our side of the street, a profound and ever-growing impatience. O, yes, every letter was a garden of beautiful thoughts, still; but think of it! *pansies* where roses might have been; and a garden wherein the nightingale never sang.

On a certain day of All Saints, the fourth after the scourge, Senda sat at tea with us. Our mood was chastened, but peaceful. We had come from visiting at the sunset hour the cemetery where in the morning the two women and our old nurse had decked the tombs of our dead with flowers. I had noticed that at no tomb front were these tokens piled more abundantly, or more beautifully or fragrantly, than at those of Flora and the entomologist; it was always so. I had remarked this on the spot, and Senda, with her rearranging touch still caressing their splendid masses, replied,

"So!—Vell—I hope siss shall mine vork and mine pleasure be until mineself I shall fade like se floweh."

I inwardly resented the speech, but said nothing. I suppose it was over my head. Now, at the table, she explained as to certain costly blooms about which I had inquired, that they were Fontenette's special offering, for which he always sent the purchase money ahead of time and with detailed requests. Whereat, remembering how she had formerly glazed and gilded the Entomologist's unthrift, I remarked, one-fourth in play, three-fourths in earnest,

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"A good plain business man isn't the least noble work of God, after all."

"No," said Senda, without looking up; and, after a long, meditative breath, she added, very slowly, "se koot Kott makes not all men for se same high calling. If Kott make a man to do no betteh san make a living or a fawtune, it iss right for se man to make it; se *man* iss not to blame. And now I vant to tell you se news of sat letteh from——"

"The other side," we suggested, and invited her smile, but without success.

"Yes, from se osseh si-ide; sat letteh vhat you haf brought me since more as a veek *a*go; and also vhy I haf not sat letteh given you to read. Sat iss—if you like to know—yes?—Vell, sen I vill tell you. And sare are two sings to tell. Se fairst is a ve'y small, but se secondt iss a ve'y lahge. And se fairst is sat that *I* am now se Countess.

"So? you are glad? I sank you ve'y much. I sink sat iss not much trouble—to be a countess—in Ame'ica? . . . Se secondt sing"—here a servant entered, and, it seemed to me, never would go out, but Senda waited till we were again alone—"se secondt, pahdon me, I sink I shall betteh se secondt sing divide again into two aw sree. And se fairst is sat Monsieur Fontenette vill like ve'y—ve'y much to come home—now—right avay."

We lifted hands to clap and opened mouths to hoorah, but she raised a warning hand.

"No, vait—if you pleass. . . . Se secondt of sose two or sree sings—is sat—he—Monsieur Fontenette—hass ask me—" Our hearts rose slowly into our throats—"Ze vun qvestion to vich sare can be only—se—vun—answeh." At this we gulped our breath like schoolgirls and glowed, but the more show we made of hopeful and pleading smiles, the more those dear eyes, so seldom wet, filled up with tears. "But *he* sinks sare can two answehs be, and he like to heah which is se answeh I shall gif him, so he shall know if he shall come—now—aw if he shall come—neveh. O my sweet friend," —to my wife, down whose face the salt drops stole unhindered—"sare iss nossing faw *you* to cry." She smiled heroically. I could be silent no longer.

"Senda, what have you answered?"

"I haf answered"—her lips quivered till she gnawed them cruelly—"I am sorry to take such a so long time to tell you sat—but—I—I find sat—ve'y hahd—to tell." She smiled and gnawed her lips again. "I haf answered—do you sink, my deah, sat siss is ri-ight to tell the ve'y vords sat I haf toldt him?—yes?—vell—he tell me I shall se answeh make in vun vord—is sat not like a man? But I had to take six. And sey are sese: I cannot vhispeh across se ocean."

THE END.

THE STREET

By Pitts Duffield

WINDOWS and windows staring blank across,
And eave-brows frowning on the cañoned day—
Oh, leave off delving in this empty foss!
The blue above leads on the eternal way.

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THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA—MENTONE

MONG regions which Stevenson at one time or another of his life frequented, and whence he held abundant correspondence with his friends, was the Provençal coast of France, from Marseilles to Mentone. As early as 1863–64 and 1864–65, in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, he had spent parts of two winters at the latter place, whither his family had repaired for the sake of his mother's health; had been driven along the Corniche Road; and had warmed his boyish heart with a full draught of that South which often afterward so much allured him when winds were bitter and the skies scowled at home. Ten years later, at the beginning of November, 1873, an ominous breakdown of health and nerves caused him, as related in our last number, to be sent again to the same coast for recovery, and this time alone. The following letters—some to his father and mother, some to the same friend who had received so much of his confidence from Edinburgh in the preceding months, some to his contemporary and companion, Mr. C. Baxter—are samples of many which tell of his life and doings during these invalid days. They were the days marked in the history of his early literary efforts by the essay, "Ordered South;" and the reader will find some of the most expressive and deeply felt phrases of that essay starting from under his pen in this familiar correspondence. The first letter describes his approach to the South, and the awakening of old memories in his mind.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

AVIGNON [November, 1873].

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have just read your letter upon the top of the hill beside the Church and Castle. The whole air was filled with sunset and the sound of bells; and I wish I could give you the least notion of the *southernness* and *Provençality* of all that I saw.

I cannot write while I am travelling; *c'est un défaut;* but so it is. I must have a certain feeling of being at home, and my head must have time to settle. The new images oppress me, and I have a fever of restlessness on me. You must not be disappointed at such shabby letters; and besides, remember my poor head and the fanciful crawling in the spine.

I am back again in the stage of thinking there is nothing the matter with me, which is a good sign; but I am wretchedly nervous. Anything like rudeness I am simply babyishly afraid of; and noises, and especially the sounds of certain voices, are the devil to me. A blind poet whom I found selling his immortal works in the streets of Sens, captivated me with the remarkable equable strength and sweetness of his voice; and I listened a long while and bought some of the poems; and now this voice, after I had thus got it thoroughly into my head, proved false metal and a really bad and horrible voice at bottom. It haunted me some time, but I think I am done with it now.

I hope you don't dislike reading bad style like this as much as I do writing it: it hurts me when neither words nor clauses fall into their places, much as it would hurt you to sing when you had a bad cold and your voice deceived you and missed every other note. I do feel so inclined to break the pen and write no more; and here *àpropos* begins my back.

Same day, after dinner.

It blows to-night from the north down the valley of the Rhone, and everything is

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so cold that I have been obliged to indulge in a fire. There is a fine crackle and roar of burning wood in the chimney which is very homely and companionable, though it does seem to postulate a town all white with snow outside.

I have bought Sainte-Beuve's *Chateaubriand* and am immensely delighted with the critic. What a miraculous *ideal* of literary demerit *Chateaubriand* is! Of course, he is clever to the last degree; but he is such a liar that I cannot away with him. He is more antipathetic to me than any one else in the world.

I begin to wish myself arrived to-night. Travelling, when one is not quite well, has a good deal of unpleasantness. One is easily upset by cross incidents, and wants that *belle-humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant.

Tuesday, November 11th.

There! There's a date for you. I shall be in Mentone for my birthday, with plenty of nice letters to read. I went away across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that I might see the town from a distance. Avignon followed me with its bells and drums and bugles; for the old city has no equal for multitude of such noises. Crossing the bridge and seeing the brown turbid water foam and eddy about the piers, one could scarce believe one's eyes when one looked down the stream and saw the smooth blue mirroring tree and hill. Over on the other side, the sun beat down so furiously on the white road that I was glad to keep in the shadow and, when the occasion offered, to turn aside among the olive yards. It was nine years and six months since I had been in an olive yard. I found myself much changed, not so gay, but wiser and more happy. I read your letter again, and sat awhile looking down over the tawny plain and at the fantastic outline of the city. The hills seemed just fainting into the sky; even the great peak above Carpentras (Lord knows how many metres above the sea) seemed unsubstantial and thin in the breadth and potency of the sunshine.

I should like to stay longer here, but I can't. I am driven forward by restlessness, and leave this afternoon about two. I am just going out now to visit again the church, castle, and hill, for the sake of the magnificent panorama, and besides, because it is the friendliest spot in all Avignon to me.

Marseilles, same evening.

You cannot picture to yourself anything more steeped in hard bright sunshine than the view from the hill. The immovable inky shadow of the old bridge on the fleeting surface of the yellow river seemed more solid than the bridge itself. Just in the place where I sat yesterday evening a shaven man in a velvet cap was studying music—evidently one of the singers for *La Muette de Portici* at the theatre to-night. I turned back as I went away: the white Christ stood out in strong relief on his brown cross against the blue sky, and the four kneeling angels and four lanterns grouped themselves about the foot with a symmetry that was almost laughable; the musician read on at his music, and counted time with his hand on the stone step.

Mentone, November 12th.

My first enthusiasm was on rising at Orange and throwing open the shutters. Such a great living flood of sunshine poured in upon me, that I confess to having danced and expressed my satisfaction aloud; in the middle of which the boots came to the door with hot water, to my great confusion.

To-day has been one long delight, coming to a magnificent climax on my arrival here. I gave up my baggage to an hotel porter and set off to walk at once. I was somewhat confused as yet as to my directions, for the station of course was new to me, and the hills had not sufficiently opened out to let me recognise the peaks. Suddenly, as I was going forward slowly in this confusion of mind, I was met by a great volley of odors out of the lemon and orange gardens, and the past linked on to the present, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene fell before me into order, and I was at home. I nearly danced again.

I suppose I must send off this to-night to notify my arrival in safety and good-humor and, I think, good health, before relapsing into the old weekly vein. I hope this time to send you a weekly

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dose of sunshine from the south, instead of the jet of *snell* Edinburgh east wind that used to was.—Ever your faithful friend, R. L. S.

MENTONE, November 13, 1873.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The *Place* is not where I thought; it is about where the old Post Office was. The Hôtel de Londres is no more an hotel. I have found a charming room in the Hôtel du Pavillon, just across the road from the Prince's Villa: it has one window to the south and one to the east, with a superb view of Mentone and the hills, to which I move this afternoon. In the old great Place, there is a kiosque for the sale of newspapers; a string of omnibuses (perhaps thirty) go up and down under the plane-trees of the Turin Road on the occasion of each train; the Promenade has crossed both streams, and bids fair to reach the Cap St. Martin. The old Chapel near Freeman's house at the entrance to the Gorbio valley is now entirely submerged under a shining new villa, with *pavillon* annexed; over which, in all the pride of oak and chestnut and divers-colored marbles, I was shown this morning by the obliging proprietor. The Prince's Palace itself is rehabilitated, and shines afar with white window-curtains from the midst of a garden, all trim borders and greenhouses and carefully kept walks. On the other side, the villas are more thronged together, and they have arranged themselves, shelf after shelf, behind each other. I see the glimmer of new buildings, too, as far eastward as Grimaldi; and a viaduct carries (I suppose) the railway past the mouth of the bone caves. F. Bacon (Lord Chancellor) made the remark that "Time was the greatest innovator:" it is perhaps as meaningless a remark as was ever made; but as Bacon made it, I suppose it is better than any that I could make. Does it not seem as if things were fluid? They are displaced and altered in ten years so that one has difficulty, even with a memory so very vivid and retentive for that sort of thing as mine, in identifying places where one lived a long while in the past, and which one has kept piously in mind during all the interval. Nevertheless, the hills, I am glad to say, are unaltered; though I daresay the torrents have given them many a shrewd scar, and the rains and thaws dislodged many a boulder from their heights, if one were only keen enough to perceive it. The sea makes the same noise in the shingle; and the lemon and orange gardens still discharge in the still air their fresh perfume; and the people have still brown comely faces; and the Pharmacie Gros still dispenses English medicines; and the invalids (*eheu!*) still sit on the promenade and trifle with their fingers in the fringes of shawls and wrappers; and the shop of Pascal Amarante still, in its present bright consummate flower of aggrandisement and new paint, offers everything that it has entered into people's hearts to wish for in the idleness of a sanatorium; and the "Château des Morts" is still at the top of the town; and the fort and the jetty are still at the foot, only there are now two jetties; and —I am out of breath. (To be continued in our next.)

For myself, I have come famously through the journey; and as I have written this letter (for the first time for ever so long) with ease and even pleasure, I think my head must be better. I am still no good at coming down hills or stairs; and my feet are more consistently cold than is quite comfortable. But, these apart, I feel well; and in good spirits all round.

I have written to Nice for letters, and hope to get them to-night. Continue to address Poste Restante. Take care of yourselves.

This is my birthday, by the way. Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

MENTONE, Sunday, November, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sat a long while up among the olive yards to-day at a favorite corner where one has a fair view down the valley and on to the blue floor of the sea. I had a *Horace* with me and read a little; but *Horace*, when you try to read him fairly under the open heaven, sounds urban, and you find something of the escaped townsman in his descriptions of the country, just as somebody said that Morris's sea-pieces were all taken from the coast. I tried for long to hit upon some language that might catch ever so faintly the indefinable shifting color of olive

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leaves; and above all, the changes and little silverings that pass over them, like blushes over a face, when the wind tosses great branches to and fro; but the Muse was not favorable. A few birds, scattered here and there at wide intervals on either side of the valley, sang the little broken songs of late autumn; and there was a great stir of insect life in the grass at my feet. The path up to this coign of vantage, where I think I shall make it a habit to ensconce myself awhile of a morning, is for a little while common to the peasant and a little clear brooklet. It is pleasant, in the tempered grey daylight of the olive shadows, to see the people picking their way among the stones and the water and the brambles; the women especially, with the weights poised on their heads and walking all from the hips with a certain graceful deliberation.

This thin paper utterly baffles and disconcerts me; it is like trying to write upon vapor. O that I had a pen of iron! The good prophet was probably in some similar strait.

Monday.

To-day there was a coldish wind and I took refuge up a valley. Great patches of reeds and a good many cypresses give somewhat of an Oriental look to this valley. In the path, winding up by something between steps and a paved incline, between old walls tufted with green and discolored with rain, I met a curious little group coming down. On the back of one of the great Mentonese asses (more like mules) were slung two kegs, and between the kegs, sitting royally, upright and well back, and with her feet thrust straight before her almost on to the ass's head, a girl. As the whole pile swayed with every step of the ass there was something very strange about the look of it all.

Tuesday.

I have written *des riens*—and very little of them—for two days; but to-day I must say something more. I have been to Nice to-day to see Dr. Bennett; he agrees with Clark that there is no disease; but I finished up my day with a lamentable exhibition of weakness. I could not remember French, or at least I was afraid to go into any place lest I should not be able to remember it, and so could not tell when the train went. At last I crawled up to the station and sat down on the steps and just steeped myself there in the sunshine until the evening began to fall and the air to grow chilly. This long rest put me all right; and I came home here triumphantly and ate dinner well.

Thursday.

I am to-day quite recovered and got into Mentone to-day for a book, which is quite a creditable walk. As an intellectual being I have not yet begun to re-exist; my immortal soul is still very nearly extinct; but we must hope the best. It was good of you to write to me at all when you were in such distress; please remember in future not to write me a long wearying letter (I mean wearying to the writer, you know), but just drop a curtsey to me and say good-morning. You must excuse me if my letters are not interesting—I am so stupid. Now, do take warning by me. I am set up by a beneficent providence at the corner of the road, to warn you to flee from the hebetude that is to follow. Being sent to the South is not much good unless you take your soul with you, you see; and my soul is rarely with me here. I don't see much beauty. I have lost the key; I can only be placid and inert, and see the bright days go past uselessly one after another; therefore don't talk foolishly with your mouth any more about getting liberty by being ill and going south *viâ* the sick-bed. It is not the old free-born bird that gets thus to freedom; but I know not what manacled and hide-bound spirit, incapable of pleasure, the clay of a man. Go south! Why, I saw more beauty with my eyes healthfully alert to see in two wet windy February afternoons in Scotland than I can see in my beautiful olive gardens and grey hills in a whole week in my low and lost estate, as the shorter catechism puts it somewhere. It is a pitiable blindness, this blindness of the soul; I hope it may not be long with me. So remember to keep well; and remember rather anything than not to keep well; and again I say, *anything* rather than not to keep well.

Not that I am unhappy, mind you. I have found the words already—placid and inert, that is what I am. I sit in the sun and enjoy the tingle all over me, and I

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am cheerfully ready to concur with any one who says that this is a beautiful place, and I have a sneaking partiality for the newspapers, which would be all very well, if one had not fallen from heaven and were not troubled with some reminiscence of the *ineffable aurore*.

To sit by the sea and to be conscious of nothing but the sound of the waves and the sunshine over all your body, is not unpleasant; but I was an Archangel once.

Friday.

If you know how old I felt! I am sure this is what age brings with it—this carelessness, this disenchantment, this continual bodily weariness. I am a man of seventy: O Medea, kill me, or make me young again!

To-day has been cloudy and mild; and I have lain a great while on a bench outside the garden wall (my usual place now) and looked at the dove-colored sea and the broken roof of cloud, but there was no seeing in my eye; so once again I have no little flower gathered out of Italian sunshine to put between the leaves for you! Let us hope to-morrow will be more profitable. R. L. S.

MENTONE, December 4, 1873.

MY DEAR BAXTER,—At last I must write. I began a letter to you before, but it broke miserably down; and when I looked it over, it seemed so contemptible a fragment that I have put it in the fire. I must say straight out that I am not recovering as I could wish. I am no stronger than I was when I came here, and I pay for every walk, beyond say quarter of a mile in length, by one or two, or even three, days of more or less prostration. Therefore let nobody be down upon me for not writing. I was very thankful to you for answering my letter; and for the princely action of Simpson in writing to me, I mean before I had written to him, I was ditto to an almost higher degree. I hope one or another of you will write again soon; and, remember, I still live in hope of a reading of Grahame Murray's address.

I have not made a joke, upon my living soul, since I left London. O! except one, a very small one, that I had made before, and that I very timidly repeated in a half-exhilarated state towards the close of dinner, like one of those dead-alive flies that we see pretending to be quite light and full of the frivolity of youth in the first sunshiny days. It was about mothers' meetings, and it was damned small, and it was my ewe lamb—the Lord knows I couldn't have made another to save my life—and a clergyman quarrelled with me, and there was as nearly an explosion as could be. This has not fostered my leaning towards pleasantry. I felt that it was a very cold, hard world that night.

My dear Charles, is the sky blue at Mentone? Was that your question? Well, it depends upon what you call blue; it's a question of taste, I suppose. Is the sky blue? You poor critter, you never saw blue sky worth being called blue in the same day with it. And I should rather fancy that the sun did shine, I should. And the moon doesn't shine either. O no! (This last is sarcastic.) Mentone is one of the most beautiful places in the world, and has always had a very warm corner in my heart since first I knew it eleven years ago.

December 11.

I live in the same hotel with Lord B. Ahem! He has black whiskers, and looks not unlike X. Y.; only rather more of X. Y. than there is in the Edinburgh edition. He has been successful in raising some kids; rather a melancholy success; they are weedy-looking kids in Highland clothes. They have a tutor with them who respires piety and that kind of humble your-lordship's-most-obedient sort of gentlemanliness that noblemen's tutors have generally. They all get livings, these men, and silvery hair and a gold watch from their attached pupil; and they sit in the porch and make the watch repeat for their little grandchildren, and tell them long stories, beginning, "When I was private tutor in the family of," etc., and the grandchildren cock snooks at them behind their backs and go away whenever they can to get the groom to teach them bad words.

Sidney Colvin will arrive here on Saturday or Sunday; so I shall have someone to jaw with. And, seriously, this is a great want. I have not been all these weeks in

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idleness, as you may fancy, without much thinking as to my future; and I have a great deal in view that may or may not be possible (that I do not yet know), but that is at least an object and a hope before me. I cannot help recurring to seriousness a moment before I stop; for I must say that living here a good deal alone, and having had ample time to look back upon my past, I have become very serious all over. If I can only get back my health, by God! I shall not be as useless as I have been.—Ever yours, *mon vieux*,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Soon after the date of this letter I went out to join my friend for a part of the Christmas vacation, and found him without tangible disease, but very weak and ailing; ill-health and anxiety, however, neither then nor ever at all diminished his charm as a companion. After spending two or three weeks between the old town of Monaco and Monte Carlo, we returned to Mentone, to a hotel—now, I believe, defunct—at the eastern extremity of the town, where I presently left him, cheered by congenial society in the shape of an American family, two kind and accomplished Russian ladies from Georgia, with their children, and a French landscape painter. In the intimacy of these friends he passed the winter, until he had recovered sufficient strength to return to his family in Scotland.]

HOTEL MIRABEAU, MENTONE,
Sunday, January 4, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have here fallen on the very pink of hotels. I do not say that it is more pleasantly conducted than the Pavillon, for that were impossible; but the rooms are so cheery and bright and new, and then the food! I never, I think, so fully appreciated the phrase "the fat of the land" as I have done since I have been here installed. There was a dish of eggs at *déjeûner* the other day, over the memory of which I lick my lips in the silent watches.

Now that the cold has gone again, I continue to keep well in body, and already I begin to walk a little more. My head is still a very feeble implement, and easily set a-spinning; and I can do nothing in the way of work beyond reading books that may, I hope, be of some use to me afterwards.

I was very glad to see that Maclaren [the late Duncan Maclaren, for sixteen years Member of Parliament for Edinburgh] was sat upon, and principally for the reason why. Deploring as I do much of the action of the Trades' Unions, these conspiracy clauses and the whole partiality of the Master and Servant Act are a disgrace to our equal laws. Equal laws become a byeword when what is legal for one class becomes a criminal offence for another. It did my heart good to hear that man tell Maclaren how, as he had talked much of getting the franchise for working men, he must be content to see them use it now they had got it. This is a smooth stone well planted in the foreheads of certain dilettante radicals, after Maclaren's fashion, who are willing to give the working men words and wind, and votes and the like, and yet think to keep all the advantages, just or unjust, of the wealthier classes without abatement. I do hope wise men will not attempt to fight the working men on the head of this notorious injustice. Any such step will only precipitate the action of the newly enfranchised classes, and irritate them into acting hastily; when what we ought to desire should be that they should act warily and little for many years to come, until education and habit may make them the more fit.

All this (intended for my father) is much after the fashion of his own correspondence. I confess it has left my own head exhausted; I hope it may not produce the same effect on yours. But I want him to look really into this question (both sides of it, and not the representations of rabid middle-class newspapers, sworn to support all the little tyrannies of wealth), and I know he will be convinced that this is a case of unjust law; and that, however desirable the end may seem to him, he will not be Jesuit enough to think that any end will justify an unjust law.

Here ends the political sermon of your affectionate (and somewhat dogmatical) son, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MENTONE, January 7, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received yesterday two most charming letters—the nicest

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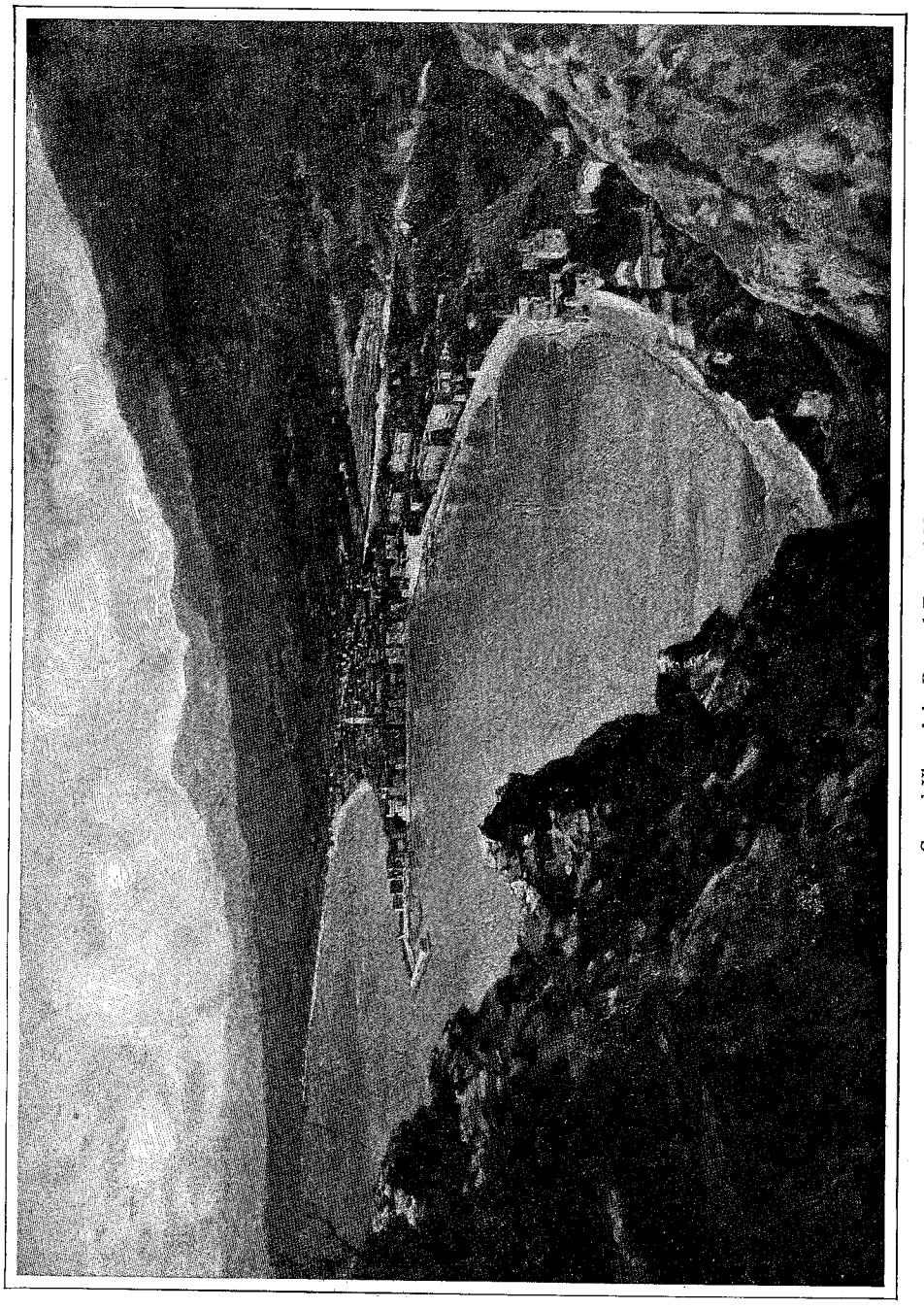

General View of the Bay and Town of Mentone.

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I have had since I left—December 26th and January 1st: this morning I got January 3d.

Into the bargain with Marie, the American girl, who is grace itself, and comes leaping and dancing simply like a wave—like nothing else, and who yesterday was Queen out of the Epiphany cake and chose Robinet (the French painter) as her *favori* with the most pretty confusion possible—into the bargain with Marie, we have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch to-day. I was watching her being fed with great amusement, her face being as broad as it is long, and her mouth capable of unlimited extension; when suddenly, her eye catching mine, the fashion of her countenance was changed, and regarding me with a really admirable appearance of offended dignity, she said something in Italian which made everybody laugh much ["Berecchino" was the child's word; it afterward became Stevenson's accepted nickname in the place]. It was explained to me that she had said I was very *polisson* to stare at her. After this she was somewhat taken up with me, and after some examination she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a Mädchen; which word she repeated with shrill emphasis, as though fearing that her proposition would be called in question—"Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen." This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterward to revise, I am informed; but her new opinion (which seems to have been something nearer the truth) was announced in a third language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments, she was brought round the table after the meal was over, and said good-bye to me in very commendable English.

The weather I shall say nothing about, as I am incapable of explaining my sentiments upon that subject before a lady. But my health is really greatly improved: I begin to recognise myself occasionally now and again, not without satisfaction.

Please remember me very kindly to Professor Swan; I wish I had a story to send him; but story, Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir, unless it is the foregoing adventure with the little polyglot. The best of that depends on the significance of *polisson*, which is beautifully out of place.

—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, January, 1874.]
Tuesday, 13th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I lost a Philippine to little Mary Johnson last night; so to-day I sent her a rubbishing doll's toilet, and a little note with it, with some verses telling how happy children made every one near them happy also, and advising her to keep the lines, and some day, when she was "grown a stately demoiselle," it would make her "glad to know she gave pleasure long ago," all in a very lame fashion, with just a note of prose at the end, telling her to mind her doll and the dog, and not trouble her little head just now to understand the bad verses; for some time when she was ill, as I am now, they would be plain to her and make her happy. She has just been here to thank me, and has left me very happy. Children are certainly too good to be true.

Yesterday I walked too far, and spent all the afternoon on the outside of my bed; went finally to rest at nine, and slept nearly twelve hours on the stretch. Bennett (the doctor), when told of it this morning, augured well for my recovery; he said youth must be putting in strong: of course I ought not to have slept at all. As it was, I dreamed *horridly;* but not my usual dreams of social miseries and misunderstandings and all sorts of crucifixions of the spirit; but of good, cheery, physical things—of long successions of vaulted, dimly lit cellars full of black water, in which I went swimming among toads and unutterable, cold, blind fishes. Now and then these cellars opened up into a sort of domed music-hall places, where one could land for a little on the slope of the orchestra, but a sort of horror prevented one from staying long, and made one plunge back again into the dead waters. Then my dream changed, and I was a sort of Siamese pirate, on a very high deck with several others. The ship was almost captured, and we were fighting desperately. The hideous engines we used and the perfectly incredible carnage that we effected by means of them kept me cheery, as you

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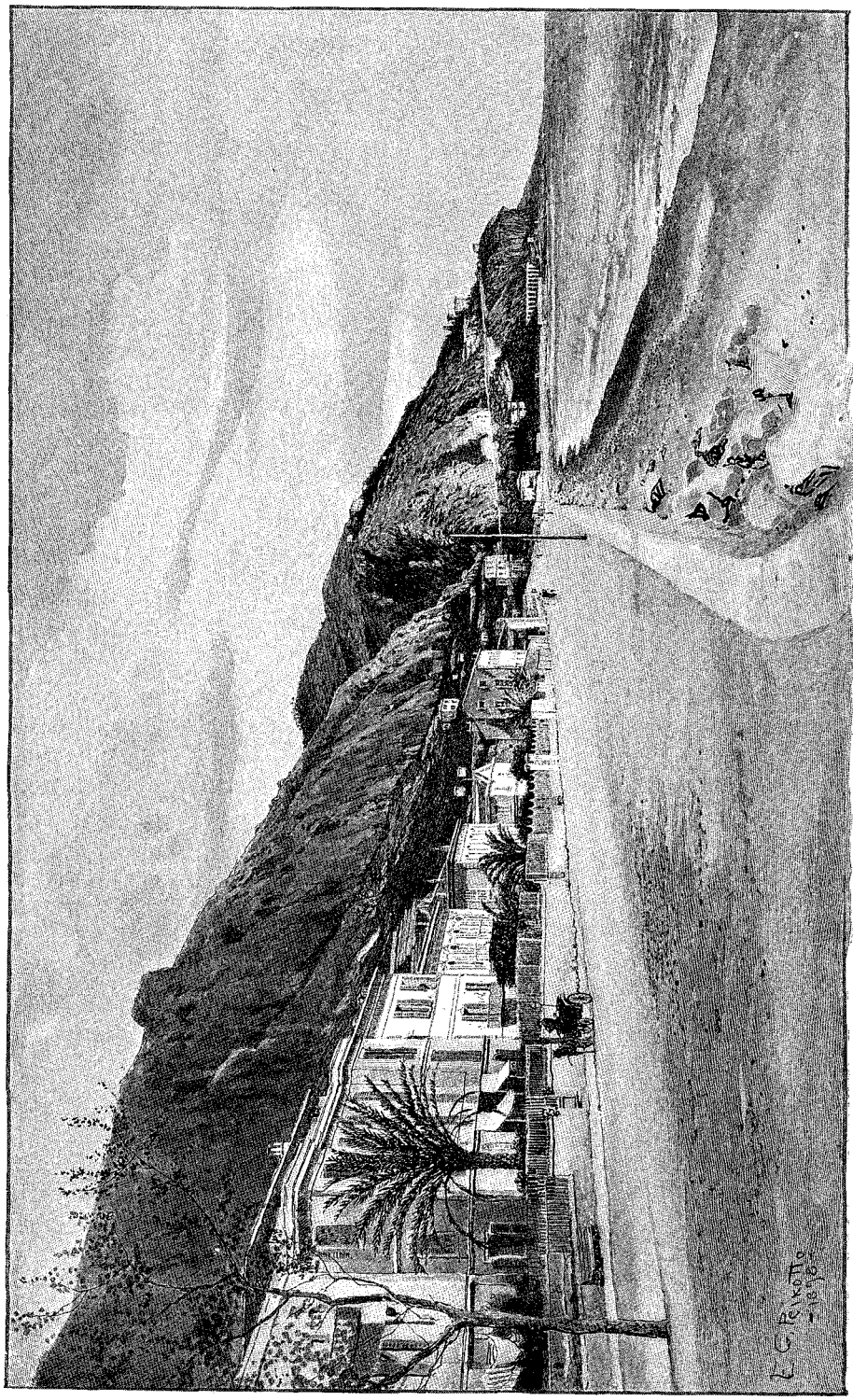

At the Eastern End of Mentone.

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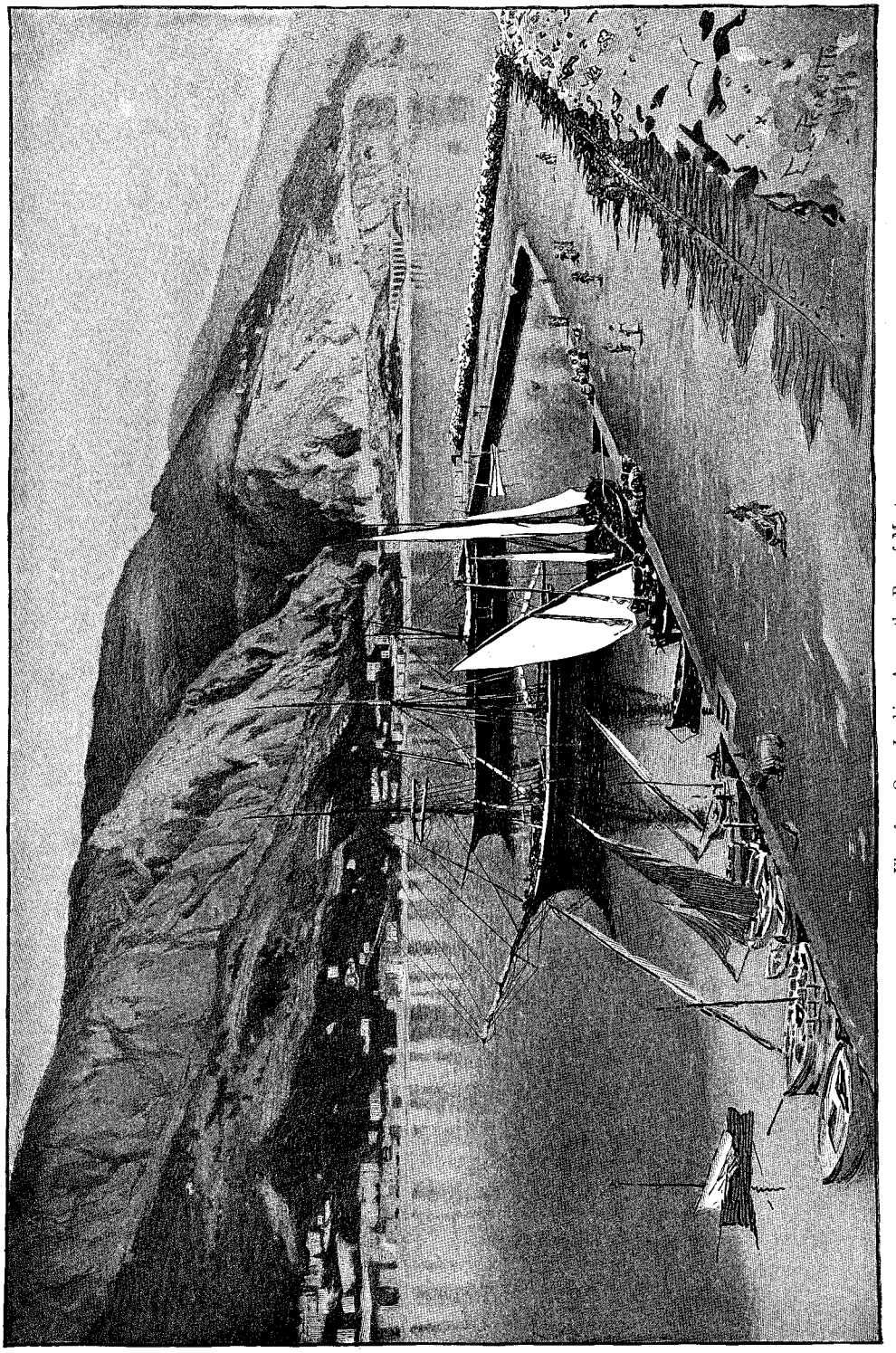

View from Quay Looking Across the Bay of Mentone.

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may imagine; especially as I felt all the time my sympathy with the boarders, and knew that I was only a prisoner with these horrid Malays. Then I saw a signal being given, and knew they were going to blow up the ship. I leaped right off, and heard my captors splash in the water after me as thick as pebbles when a bit of river bank has given way beneath the foot. I never heard the ship blow up; but I spent the rest of the night swimming about some piles with the whole sea full of Malays, searching for me with knives in their mouths. They could swim any distance under water, and every now and again, just as I was beginning to reckon myself safe, a cold hand would be laid on my ankle—ugh!

However, my long sleep, troubled as it was, put me all right again, and I was able to work acceptably this morning and be very jolly all day; though as usual, after an over-fatigue, rather creepy in the back, my hand toward the end of the last paragraph showing pretty definite traces thereof. This evening I have had a great deal of talk with both the Russian ladies; they talked very nicely and are bright, likable women both. They come from Georgia.

Wednesday, 10.30 P.M.

We have all been to tea to-night at the Russians' villa. Tea was made out of a samovar, which is something like a small steam engine, and whose principal advantage is that it burns the fingers of all who lay their profane touch upon it. After tea Madame Z. played Russian airs, very plaintive and pretty; so the evening was Muscovite from beginning to end. Madame G.'s daughter danced a tarantella, which was very pretty.

Whenever Nelitchka cries — and she never cries except from pain—all that one has to do is to start "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre." She cannot resist the attraction; she is drawn through her sobs into the air; and in a moment there is Nelly singing, with the glad look that comes into her face always when she sings, and all the tears and pain forgotten.

I cannot keep from writing to you, although I have nothing to say. I can just hear the sea on the beach, and I daresay you can hear from where you are "The self-same voice of woods and seas" (or however it goes), in the living tides of Paris. We have been playing again at la Sellette: I am pronounced not at all drôle, which is cheery. I must have changed oddly; I thought I was rather given that way. Good-bye, my dear friend.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It is wonderful, before I shut this up, how that child remains ever interesting to me. Nothing can stale her infinite variety; and yet it is not very various. You see her thinking what she is to do or to say next, with a funny grave air of reserve, and then the face breaks up into a smile, and it is probably "Berecchino!" said with that sudden little jump of the voice that one knows in children, as the escape of a jack-in-the-box, and, somehow, I am quite happy after that! R. L. S.

MENTONE—Monday, January 19, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Answer to a series of queries.

4. Nelitchka, or Nelitska, as you know already by this time, is my adorable kid's name. Her laugh does more good to one's health than a month at the seaside: as she said to-day herself, when asked whether she was a boy or a girl, after having denied both with gravity, she is an angel.

5. O no, her brain is not in a chaos; it is only the brains of those who hear her. It is all plain sailing for her. She wishes to refuse or deny anything, and there is the English "No fank you" ready to her hand; she wishes to admire anything, and there is the German "schön"; she wishes to sew (which she does with admirable seriousness and clumsiness), and there is the French "coudre"; she wishes to say she is ill, and there is the Russian "bulla"; she wishes to be down on any one, and there is the Italian "berecchino"; she wishes to play at a railway train, and there is her own original word "collie" (say the O with a sort of Gaelic twirl). And all these words are equally good.

7. I am called M. Stevenson by everybody except Nelitchka, who calls me M. Berecchino.

8. The weather to-day is no end as bright and warm as ever. I have been out on the beach all afternoon with the

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Russians. Madame G. has been reading Russian to me; and I cannot tell prose from verse in that delectable tongue, which is a pity. Johnstone came out to tell us that Corsica was visible, and there it was over a white, sweltering sea, just a little darker than the pallid blue of the sky, and when one looked at it closely, breaking up into sun-brightened peaks.

I may mention that Robinet [the French painter] has never heard an Englishman with so little accent as I have—ahem—ahem—eh?—What do you say to that? I don't suppose I have said five sentences in English to-day; all French; all bad French, alas!

I am thought to be looking better. Madame Z. said I was all green when I came here first, but that I am all right in color now, and, she thinks, fatter.

I am very partial to the Russians; I believe they are rather partial to me. I am supposed to be an *esprit observateur! À mon age, c'est étonnant comme je suis observateur!*

The second volume of *Clément Marot* has come. Where and O where is the first?—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MENTONE [Wednesday, January, 1874].

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It has snowed to-day, and blown and been the very devil in the way of weather. Andrews lunched with me, and in the afternoon we both had tea at the Villa Marina. I am so sleepy that I see I can write no sense, so I must shut up.

Thursday.

It is still so cold, I cannot tell you how miserable the weather is. I have begun my Walt Whitman again seriously; many winds have blown since I last laid it down, when sickness took me in Edinburgh. It seems almost like an ill-considered jest to take up these old sentences, written by so different a person, under circumstances so different, and try to string them together and organise them into something anyway whole and comely; it is like continuing another man's book. Almost every word is a little out of tune to me now, but I shall pull it through for all that, and make something that will interest you yet on this subject that I had proposed to myself and partly planned already before last July.

I am very anxious to hear from you how you are. My own health is quite very good; I am a healthy octogenarian; very old, I thank you, and, of course, not so active as a young man, but hale withal: a lusty December. This is so; such is R. L. S.

Friday.

You have not yet heard of my book?—*Four Great Scotsmen*—'John Knox, David Hume, Robert Burns, Walter Scott.' These, their lives, their work, the social media in which they lived and worked, with, if I can so make it, the strong current of the race making itself felt underneath and throughout—this is my idea. You must tell me what you think of it. The Knox will really be new matter, as his life hitherto has been disgracefully written, and the events are romantic and rapid; the character very strong, salient, and worthy; much interest as to the future of Scotland, and as to that part of him which was truly modern under his Hebrew disguise. Hume, of course, the urbane, cheerful, gentlemanly, letter-writing eighteenth century, full of attraction, and much that I don't yet know as to his work. Burns, the sentimental side that there is in most Scotsmen, his poor troubled existence, how far his poems were his personally, and how far national, the question of the framework of society in Scotland, and its fatal effect upon the finest natures. Scott again, the ever delightful man, sane, courageous, admirable; the birth of Romance, in a dawn that was a sunset; snobbery, conservatism, the wrong thread in history, and notably in that of his own land. *Voilà, madame, le menu. Comment le trouvez-vous? Il y a de la bonne viande, si on parvient à la cuire convenablement.*

[MENTONE, January 27, 1874.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Last night I had a quarrel with the American on politics. It is odd how it irritates you to hear certain political statements made. He was excited, and he began suddenly to abuse our conduct to America. I, of course, admitted right and left that we had behaved disgracefully (as we had); until somehow I got tired of turning alternate cheeks and getting duly buffeted; and when he said that the Alabama money had not wiped out the injury, I suggested, in language (I remember) of

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admirable directness and force, that it was a pity they had taken the money in that case. He lost his temper at once, and cried out that his dearest wish was a war with England; whereupon I also lost my temper, and, thundering at the pitch of my voice, I left him and went away by myself to another part of the garden. A very tender reconciliation took place, and I think there will come no more harm out of it. We are both of us nervous people, and he had had a very long walk and a good deal of beer at dinner: that explains the scene a little. But I regret having employed so much of the voice with which I have been endowed, as I fear every person in the hotel was taken into confidence as to my sentiments, just at the very juncture when neither the sentiments nor (perhaps) the language had been sufficiently considered. R. L. S.

Monday, January 27, 1874.

My Dear Father,—Heh! Heh! business letter finished. Receipt acknowledged without much ado, and I think with a certain commercial decision and brevity. The signature is good, but not original.

I should think I *had* lost my heart to the wee princess. Her mother demanded the other day "*À quand, les noces?*" which Mrs. Stevenson will translate for you in case you don't see it yourself.

I had a political quarrel last night with the American; it was a real quarrel for about two minutes; we relieved our feelings and separated; but a mutual feeling of shame led us to a most moving reconciliation, in which the American vowed he would shed his best blood for England. In looking back upon the interview, I feel that I have learned something: I scarcely appreciated how badly England had behaved, and how well she deserves the hatred the Americans bear her. It would have made you laugh if you could have been present and seen your unpatriotic son thundering anathemas in the moonlight against all those that were not the friends of England. Johnstone being nearly as nervous as I, we were both very ill after it, which added a further pathos to the reconciliation.

There is no good in sending this off today, as I have sent another letter this morning already.

O, a remark of the Princess's amused me the other day. Somebody wanted her to give Nelitchka garlic as a medicine.

Quoi? Une petite amour comme ça, qu'on ne pourrait pas baiser? Il n'y a pas de sens en cela!

I am reading a lot of French histories just now, and the spelling keeps one in good humor all day long—I mean the spelling of English names. Very well.—Ever your affectionate son,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

February 1, 1874.

My Dear Father,—I am so sorry to hear of poor Mr. M.'s death. He was really so amiable and kind that no one could help liking him, and carrying away a pleasant recollection of his simple, happy ways. I hope you will communicate to all the family how much I feel with them.

Madame Z. is Nelitchka's mamma. They have both husbands, and they are in Russia, and the ladies are both here for their health. They make it very pleasant for me here. To-day we went all a drive to the Cap St. Martin, and the Cap was adorable in the splendid sunshine.

Yes, I am very like you, in my stupid head and even in sleeping before dinner, which I do now almost always—sometimes for nearly an hour. I read J. H. A. Macdonald's speech with interest; his sentiments are quite good, I think. I would support him against Maclaren at once. What has disgusted me most as yet about this election is the detestable proposal to do away with the income tax. Is there no shame about the easy classes? Will those who have nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the advantage of our society, never consent to pay a single tax unless it is to be paid also by those who have to bear the burthen and heat of the day, with almost none of the reward? And the selfishness here is detestable, because it is so deliberate. A man may not feel poverty very keenly and may live a quite self-pleasing life in pure thoughtlessness; but it is quite another matter when he knows thoroughly what the issues are, and yet wails pitiably because he is asked to pay a little more, even if it does fall hardly sometimes, than those who get almost none of the benefit. It is like the healthy child crying because they do not

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give him a goody, as they have given to his sick brother to take away the taste of the dose. I have not expressed myself clearly; but for all that, you ought to understand, I think.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Thursday [February, 1874].

MY DEAR MOTHER:—*Marot* vol. i. arrived. Thanks. The post has been at its old games. A letter of the 31st and one of the 2nd arrive at the same moment.

I have had a great pleasure. Mrs. A. had a book of Scotch airs, which I bought over here, and set Madame Z. to work upon. They are so like Russian airs that they cannot contain their astonishment. I was quite out of my mind with delight. "The Flowers of the Forest"—"Auld Lang Syne"—"Scots wha hae"—"Wandering Willie"—"Jock o' Hazeldean"—"My Boy Tammie," which my father whistles so often—I had no conception how much I loved them. The air which pleased Madame Z. the most was "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" It is certainly no end. And I was so proud that they were appreciated. No triumph of my own, I am sure, could ever give me such vainglorious satisfaction. You remember, perhaps, how conceited I was to find "Auld Lang Syne" popular in its German dress; but even that was nothing to the pleasure I had yesterday at the success of our dear airs.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER

By Harrison S. Morris

THE distinguishing traits of Mr. John W. Alexander as a painter of portraits are quality of line, candor of impression, and novelty of tone. This is not an uncommon union. It is found in many painters, indeed, in most great painters from Dürer to Whistler. The Italian fathers of painting had less of reality in character, but they made up for it with a quality which the Dutch and the moderns have lacked. They possessed tenderness. This lovely element now gives place to candor. Each is valuable, but the wise ethics of art will not admit of both. "Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement."

The three traits which characterize the work of Alexander show him to be a painter of power and taste who has, in common with his peers, a sufficient equipment for high performance. How he employs these qualities, in what balance and combination, how he differs from his artistic kin, and what manner of man he is—in short, what he has done and will do for the cause of beauty in art and life, it behooves us to inquire.

Line, as it is understood by the craft, is an elusive charm which springs from a marriage of skill with feeling. Frankly defined, it is the grace which lies hidden from the unobserving in the sweep of contour. The artist feels it when he looks at a beautiful object, he can express it only when his hand has found unswerving skill. It is the interpretation of emotion in the flow or pause of a line, in its depth, width, or inspired curves. The etcher revels in the uneven edge which bears a similitude to accidental nature; the illustrator knows delights of his own wrought by the yielding pen; and the painter's overflow of feeling finds expression in a music of line such as one may fancy in following the swell and fall of a sonata.

In this aptitude for defining beauty by line Alexander stands out among contemporary painters. He is not alone in its use, for it is one of the prevailing motives in several minor branches of art. To Beardsley and Cheret, to the mural decorators, and to Whistler himself, line has appealed with intense interest. The germ lies doubtless in the Orient, where the white reaches of Fuji-yama, and the flowing folds of the kimono prefigure the

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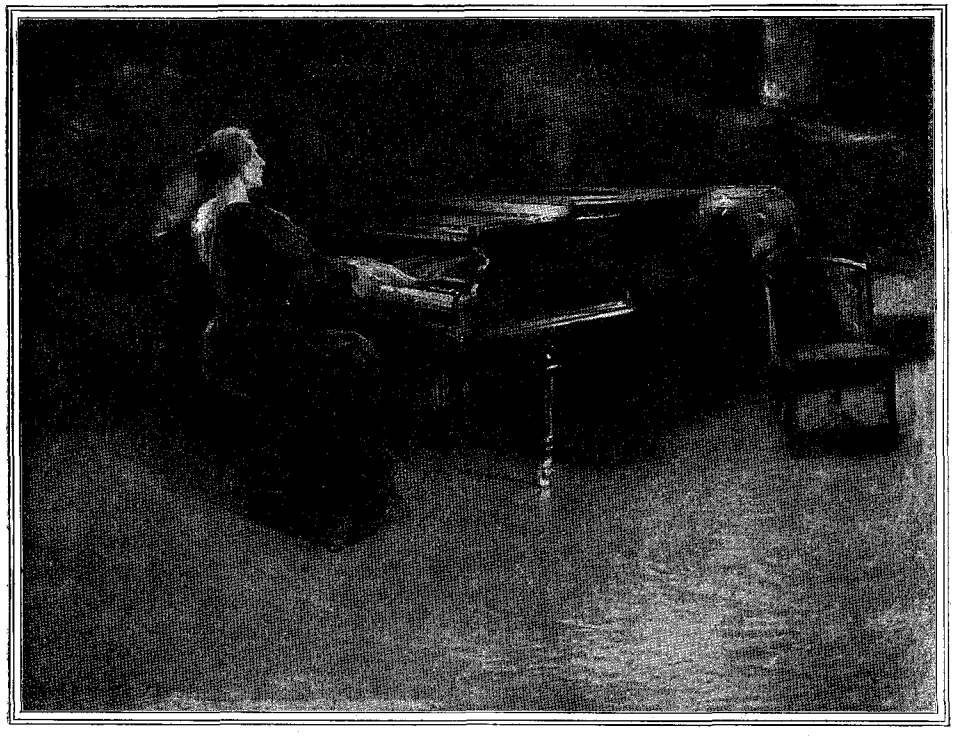

The Piano.

decorative method of the Japanese. But in painting it is through the work of Alexander that this subtle beauty of line has had its fullest development. He has seen, as no other painter, the elemental charm which lies in the sweeping folds of a woman's gown. Whether she lie prone, as in the picture called "Repose," or stand erect, as in "A Panel, Spring," the outlines of her garb take on a graciousness which even in the black and white reduction allures the eye into prolonged contemplation, and gives it a sensuous pleasure.

Perhaps it is one of the defects which go with such specializing in art that the accent may fall too heavily upon a minor theme. If the bass do not subordinate himself to the other voices there is false balance and lost expression. Coleridge defined poetry as "the best words in their best places;" and the ideal art keeps the loftiest subject above the lesser. Yet there is legitimate beauty in the natural curvature of drapery; and one can conceive of an art possessing itself with this alone, as Degas in a manner employs the *corps du ballet* which his magic touches into a vital theme. It is only when line in a portrait detracts from the prerogative of color or usurps the place of character that even its devotees must sacrifice it, and this is rarely needed in the well-balanced conceptions of a painter who is also a penetrating student of human nature.

And, after all, the aim of Alexander is decorative and constructive, rather than interpretative. He cares less for the soul than for the person. Here, indeed, lies his strong claim as a contemporary painter of portraits. He seizes the picturesque moment and the daily charm out of the whirl of problems and fixes his subject in pleasant social relations with current life. Most of us are well content to relegate problems to the press or the pulpit, and the moods when the soul is kindled are all too rare. If we transmit our happier average selves to other generations we convey a truth more genuine than if we went down the years assuming an unwonted inwardness. Why, then, seek analysis by some painter whose interpretation, after all, may proceed rather

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Panel (Spring).

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Woman in Gray.

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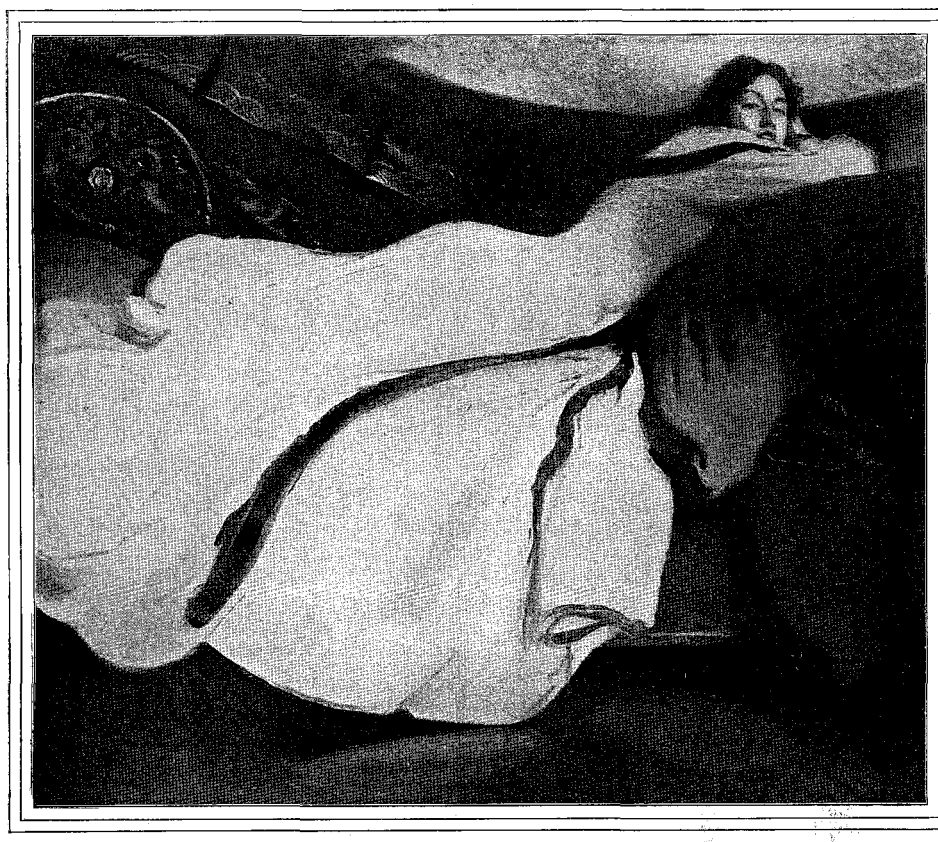
from within himself than from in us? In glancing at a fine panel of portraits by Gilbert Stuart, which is constantly in my eye, I often wonder if men were lordlier and women lovelier in the early century than now. Stuart's people are works of enduring art, interpreted through social elegance. What we seek to-day is endur-



Repose.

ing nature. The ideal has changed; the king is the people; the real is the true.

In such a portrait, for instance, as the one on page 345, there is quality of line in full abundance, there is beauty of color, in the scintillating purple dress, rich with iridescent hues, and in the admirable tints of the face and arms, but note beyond all this how social is the tremulous smile, how ready for the next step in the round of pleasure is the attitude. There is no burrowing into the heart; all is frank lively enjoyment of external character. Candor of impression is rendered by an eye and hand which lead beauty into the pathways of reality, but reality subordinated always to a decorative instinct. The aim is to adorn, as is the aim of the Japanese. A wise critic insists that landscape has but two modes of expression—the Japanesque, or relative; the poetic, or interpretative. Each is genuine, each beautiful; and it is no less so with portraiture. You may use men and women as objective facts, making them appear in the relation of parts in the universal scheme, or you may look through them into the deeps of truth which lie about us. Alexander's habit is to see life as art, not as ethics, and he embodies his impressions in a candid language of the brush which there is no mistaking.

Mark, for instance, the robust character shown in the two portraits of men by which this painter is best known. In the Fritz Thaulow, which remained in Philadelphia

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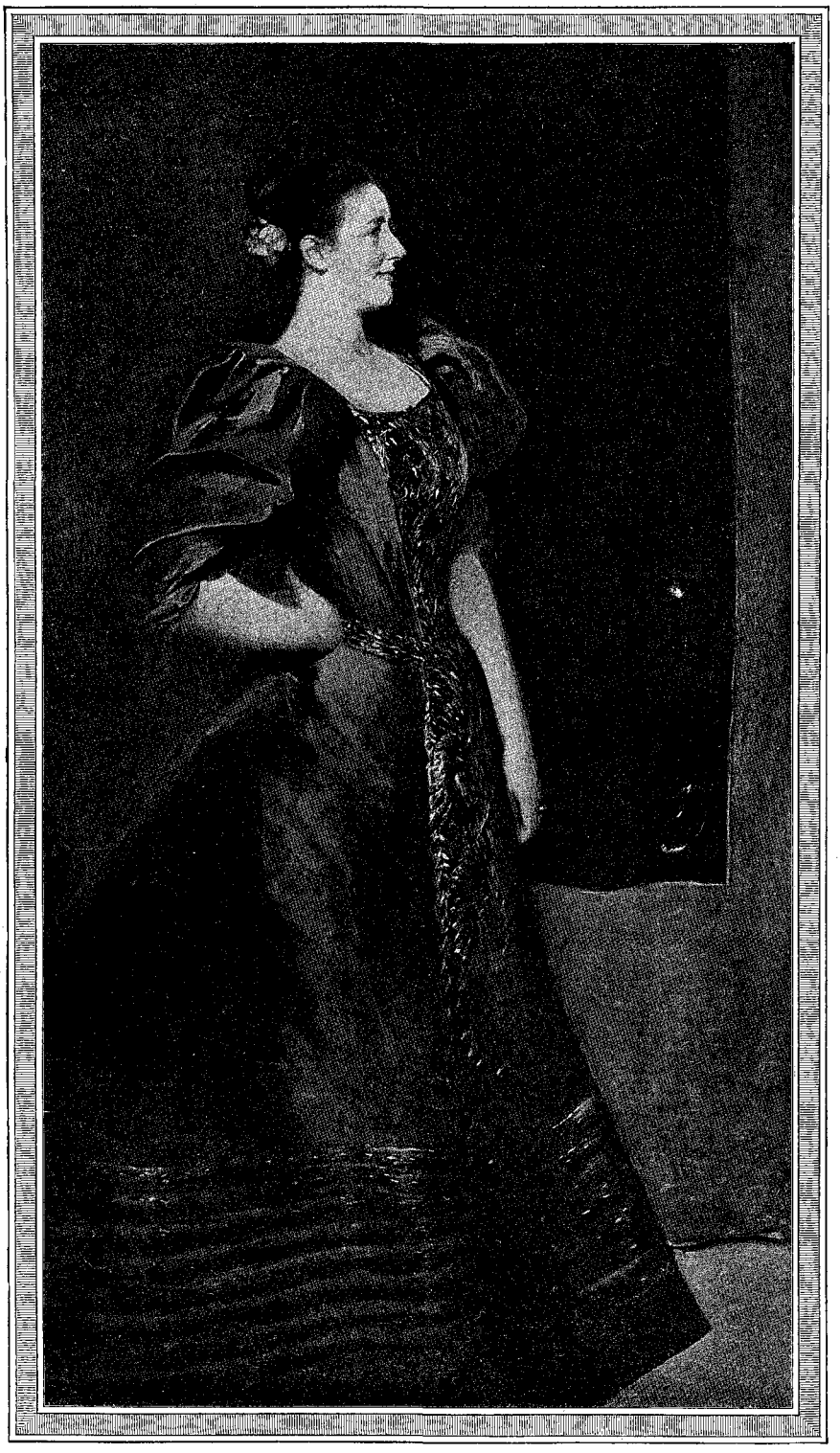

Portrait.

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after exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, that eminent artist, a warm friend of Alexander, is seated as if facing some jovial comrade on the other side of the table. His viking head and beard, his ruddy Scandinavian cheeks, his infinite good cheer, even his laughter are imprinted lastingly. The moment chosen is the just one; the mood is characteristic, not accidental; the man is a great, hearty, human man. Zorn often paints such a man, and Sargent can do it with mastery, but these whimsically put something sinister, almost brutal in their paint. There is no less actuality; but the man is momentary, not entirely characteristic. You recoil from having yourself perpetuated in a mood acknowledged to exist, but not your saner, healthier one. When Shakespeare created Iago, he also brought forth Othello as a balance. When Sargent or Zorn depict their portly tradesfolk, these stand alone in unmitigated nakedness of soul forever. This is a high achievement, one of the highest paint can win; but it is fortunate that the brush also falls into the hands of those who see "good in everything."

Portrait.

The other portrait of a man by Alexander, is that of Mr. James W. Alexander, of New York, his father-in-law. Here the sitter faces you. He is the American man of affairs, ready to spring into action, but cool under the besetting urgencies of business; intellectual, yet unaffected in bearing, and elegant in attire. The face is representative of all this, and it is repeated in the detail so that the portrait is a harmony in suggestion and tells its story with ad-

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Portrait.

mirable candor. One conceives that the subject can think profoundly enough upon the problems of existence, or might even be seized at some moment of perplexity or diplomacy, but these are not habitual moods. The artist has readily grasped this and interpreted his sitter as he is—his social self. It is as false to do otherwise as to place a modern lady in the centre of a canvas whose vistas repeat the artificialities of the Petit Trianon.

Herein lies Alexander's aptitude with character. But he is even more interested in line and tone. As I have said, he treats men and women as factors in the procession of beauty, and hence they are often with him accessories in his feeling after line and color. And in color or its resultant tone he has a field where he is a master. His habit is to use coarse canvas and to produce a dry surface. This combination gives a harmony of pigments analogous to the lovely minor strains in music. Even a bare note of color used under such conditions takes on something of the shaded quality which time brings a fine old canvas. And when the painter knows his whole chosen gamut with precision and possesses feeling and taste he can bring this method to uses of infinite charm. Remembrances of Chopin or Schumann linger in the mind as a source of these often plaintive colors. You never think of cymbals and drums—the quiet harp or flute vibrate not more mellowly than do these tints of the minor key, these

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twilights, rather than nocturnes, of the brush.

For instance, turn to the picture called "The Piano" (page 341). Fitly it is a portrait of the noted singer Helen Hopekirk. Its flowing browns of many shades are concordant notes in a song without words, perhaps the very one rising from the keys. Or take up the cool grays, with the one crescendo to red, in the "Portrait in Gray." This is a lovely harmony wherein the accent of the red bow in the hair gives poise to the sweeping lines which converge from below. The picture has won the distinction which all artists most crave. It was bought by the alert French Government and now hangs in the Luxembourg. And this forces home a lesson which Americans should heed. Let us recollect that the present stage of native art will never repeat itself. An art is born, culminates, and declines. The era passes, and unless we awaken to our national possibilities others will reap the harvest, as others possess master-works which belong by right of birth to Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland. Still another example of Alexander's best work, "The Green Bowl," was bought by the French Government from the last Salon, thus conferring upon him unusual distinction, and Vienna has only just now secured the representative canvas called "The Mirror," which received the Temple Gold Medal at Philadelphia. "The Black Cat" is also lost to us. It has gone permanently to St. Petersburg. Honors besides these substantial ones have not been lacking in the career so rapidly sketched. Alexander is a Sociétaire of the Champs de Mars Salon, and belongs to most of the influential artistic bodies to which Americans gravitate at home and abroad. But after all, these external phases of a painter's life value little in the total sum. What he is and what he promises are the vital questions, and these I have striven to glance at as with a flash-light.

As the portraits of Alexander are expressly under notice, I have not entered the kindred field where his imagination finds play. In the noble "Pot of Basil," which the wise liberality of Mr. Ernest Longfellow has secured for the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts, this painter of portraits has shown a vein of romance which will inevitably open again and again as his intellectual reach broadens and deepens. The subject is the lovely Isabella of Keats's poem of that name, founded on the tale in Boccaccio. The mourning of the broken-hearted maid above her pot of basil is touchingly suggested with simple taste and frank arrangement. In quality of line this is a notable example of the artist, and in color its pallid yellow-green and purple-blue, with shadowy richness of neutral detail, are in sympathy with both the romance and the pathos of the story.

Here, then, is a trait not before evoked in Alexander's rapid career, but its appearance simply emphasizes the existence of mental qualities without which his less imaginative work could not have been conceived. Every painter must learn sooner or later that salvation does not come by paint alone. Emerson declared that the best equipment for a poet is familiarity with science. No fact is too remote for his purposes. So with the artist. His interests must emerge from paint into the world of life and thought, and to indicate that this is the course taken by Alexander is to place him far along the path with the leaders of the new American art.

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A CHAPLET OF DIAGONELS

By Oliver Herford

Spring

Too well I know you, Spring, and so restrain
My foolish muse from all such flatterings vain
As "mild" and "gentle"—lest I be repaid,
Even as Marsyas of old, and flayed,
This time by icy hail and cutting sleet.
Instead—I pray your going may be fleet,
That soon I may forget and drowse away
My weariness beneath Dear Summer's sway.

Summer

Insufferable season of the Sun,
When will your endless reign of fire be done?
When will your noisy insect court take flight?
Your orchestra that rests not,—day or night;
Your armies with unconquerable stings;
When will they flee — what for do they have wings?
How long before brave Autumn with a shout,
Will succor me and put them all to rout?

Autumn

You dismal mourner, wailing by the bier
Of Summer dead, with lamentations drear,
Driving me frantic ever and anon,
With reminiscences of Summer gone.
Now mimicking her tenderest airs and tones,
Now harrowing me with horrid shrieks and groans.
Were good old jolly Winter only here,
I'd soon forget you and your evil cheer!

Winter

Hoary impostor! with mock jovial air,
You took the green earth prisoner unaware
And pinioned the trees that moan and call
To Spring to free them from your icy thrall.
You manacled the stream who tugs in vain,
To loose himself from your relentless chain.
And I—my heart is sad, my lyre is dumb,
Mild, Gentle Spring,—Oh! will you *ever* come!

O. Herford

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PSALM VII, 15

BY ALBERT WHITE VORSE.

"*WUNGA ANGEKOK,*" explained Kioapodu.

"Angekok, are you?" returned Latta. "Well, so am I—a big one. If you don't fetch me back that knife I shall say a charm, and a devil will come, and you will be turned into a brown stone statue. Tell him that, will you, Dahlgren?"

Latta, who was a new-comer to Greenland, knew just enough pidgin-Eskimo (which is the diplomatic language north of Cape York) to be irritated because he didn't know more of it. During my year of life in the Smith Sound region I had picked up a good many words—indeed, I was semi-official interpreter to the expedition.

"*Latta ookalukto savik ooma. Ooma opdow angekok,*" I translated. I meant this to mean, "Latta say knife his. He also medicine-man;" and Kio understood, for he turned toward Latta and drew up to their highest his sixty-five inches. The movement flung his black mane away from his shoulders and forehead. There was a fire in his eyes like the glow of a star in a pool of black water.

"I, too, am angekok," he declaimed. "How am I to know that he sees the spirits?"

"Stunning-looking fellow, isn't he?" remarked Latta. "What does he say?"

"He wants a test of your powers," I laughed.

Latta shook his vigorous shoulders—a habit I admired in him.

"Wants a test?" he repeated. "Well, he shall have it. Tell him that to-morrow I will come to his hut, and bring a rifle. I will let him shoot at me before all his people, and he will not kill me. Tell him I will catch the bullet in my hand."

For a moment I hesitated. The thought of playing tricks upon the simple Huskies jarred my nerves. But Kioapodu only of the tribe had held himself hostile. We had detected his heavy influence against us in certain tradings for dogs among his people. The idea of mystifying him into submission was alluring.

Besides, at that time I was a little in

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awe of Latta. He had joined the relay expedition with a great reputation as an African explorer, based particularly upon his success in swaying unruly tribes without killing a man.

I translated his offer to Kio.

"Let it be so," replied the Eskimo. "If he is an angekok I will restore the knife, though I found it and it is mine."

He stalked majestically out of our Arctic house and down the beach toward his *tupik*. Latta drew from his pocket a pencil, slit down the wood and began to scrape the lead into powder upon a sheet of paper.

"I shouldn't care so much for the knife," he said, "if it hadn't been—a gift."

I nodded, without making comment. Latta's betrothal had been announced in newspapers brought us by the relay party.

"How are you going to beguile the 'gentle salvage?'" I asked.

"Easiest thing in the world. Draw the bullet from a cartridge and make a mock bullet out of the doctor's absorbent cotton, darkened with this graphite. You load the rifle in plain view of the Huskies. You'll help, won't you?"

"Ye-es," I faltered. I was flattered to be chosen as confederate by so distinguished an explorer. In those days I was a bit of a hero-worshipper.

Nevertheless, it was not without compunctions that I followed Latta along the beach next morning to the little green hill where the *tupiks* stood. The Eskimos were astir. A little group of men was collected near Kioapodu's tent. From inside came the tap, tap, tapping of tambourine-music and the howls of the angekok.

Latta looked a question at me.

"He's getting ready for you," I answered. "He's communing with the spirits. Most likely he's been at it all night."

Latta laughed.

"We must do this thing in proper form," he said. "Do you mind bearing a message that the great white angekok awaits the test? Hello, who's that?"

An Eskimo girl parted the flap of Kioapodu's tent, and paused before the opening. Her dark hair, loosed from the ordinary woman's knot, fell over each shoulder almost to her boot-tops. She had forgotten or neglected to put on her *netcha*, and her round figure with its budding breasts shone in the morning sunlight.

"What a little beauty," murmured Latta. "Bronze Psyche in boots and trousers. Who is she?"

"Kio's daughter," I answered. "She is an odd little girl—very lofty. She treats her numerous suitors with splendid contempt. Poor Ango-da-bla-ho spent most of last fall laying by seal-meat to win her, and during the winter he followed her all over the settlement about as patiently as he would follow a reindeer. But she simply never looked at him. I have seen him at head-quarters squatting behind her, watching for hours with love-lorn eyes, while she stitched away at one of our koolatahs or stared into vacancy. I don't think she gave him a word for months at a time——"

"What is her name?" interrupted Latta.

"Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"Ah-we-ung-ónah, Ah-we-ung-ónah," repeated Latta.

She stood for a moment, erect, with the tent-flap lifted in her hand. I suppose it is because of what followed that I see so clearly, even now, the scene of her first meeting with Latta—the pale sunlight aslant across the flat black ocean, casting long shadows behind the white bergs, brightening the green hills, softening the majestic gray cliffs behind it and, I remember, glowing bright upon an old bit of red flannel that had blown from head-quarters to Kioapodu's tent; the group of Eskimos beside the *tupik*, with their white bearskin breeches and wild, dark heads, and at the door the half-naked girl, straight and slender, gazing down upon Latta with haughty eyes.

Presently, she turned abruptly, and stooped into the *tupik*. I heard Latta blow out his breath, as if he had been holding it too long.

"Thick air this morning," he commented, in his abrupt way. "Let's beat up the wizard's quarters. By the way, here's the cartridge."

He handed to me several paper shells made to fit the old-fashioned carbines used by the Federal cavalry in the Civil War. I carried one of these awkward weapons by the strap. We had brought along a stock of them to make trade with the na-

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tives. Latta had prepared his sham skilfully. Ten feet away I could not have distinguished the cotton from the leaden bullets that lay beside it in my palm.

"Now we are ready even as Moses for the sorcerers of Egypt," said Latta. "And behold, here comes our magician."

Kioapodu, in full cry, danced out of the tent-door. He grasped the tambourine in his left hand; with his right hand spasmodically jerking, he tapped it rhythmically. Upon the crest of the hill he paused, flinging his head from side to side, and casting his eyes to the spirits above. The Eskimo men collected in a silent half-circle about him. From several of the tents ran women to join a little group at a distance.

"Enter chorus," commented Latta, grimly. "There seems to be a certain tenseness in the atmosphere of this light opera. What's he singing about?"

"I can't understand the words," I replied. "It has something to do with us, though; for see, the Eskimos are looking at us."

"Guess my cue has come," said Latta. "Are you ready?"

He strode forward, and I followed. I was a little nervous, for I didn't know what Kioapodu might excite the tribe to do. As we drew near to the medicine-man, his gestures grew wilder and his howling rose louder.

"Dahlgren," murmured Latta, "the Husky for 'look' is '*takoo*,' isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "shall I interpret for you?"

Latta made no answer, but marched on up the hill. Within ten feet of the Eskimo he halted. His left arm shot straight above his head. The hand was half-closed, as if it held a small object.

"*Takoo!*" he commanded.

Kioapodu's voice ceased. Across his eyes, which were fixed upon the upraised palm, fell a beam of sunlight, reflected from some bright disc. His right hand hung, arrested, above the tambourine. A little murmur arose from the crowd.

"Hypnotized himself," said Latta, coolly, but without turning. "Come and stand here."

I stumbled hastily to his side.

"Move calmly," said Latta. "He's only in the first stage—catalepsy. He was half-hypnotized before—I knew the symptoms. I've controlled African chiefs in a war-dance with this little mirror. Now, listen," he continued, "I want you to tell me how to say this. 'I am a great angekok. So are you. We will do wonderful things. You will shoot me with a rifle, and I will catch your bullet in my hand. Afterward, I will shoot at you. We will see which is stronger.' Now, Dahlgren, think of the words and say them over slowly and distinctly so that I may repeat them. Be sure and make no mistakes."

I turned the sentences over in my head. Kioapodu began to breathe audibly.

"Make haste," said Latta. "He's coming out of it."

I framed the order as well as I could, and Latta repeated the words after me, two or three at a time, in a curious, intense voice. As he uttered the concluding sounds, Kio's eyes began to blink and to wander from the mirror.

"Now, we'll wake him up," said Latta. "He'll remember what he is to do."

He lowered his arm, clapped his hands sharply, and finally strode close to the Eskimo and made upward passes in the air, at either side of the dusky face.

"Wake up! wake up!" he repeated in English.

Kio's eyes blinked strangely; his body straightened, he heaved one or two deep sighs, a sort of half-intelligence came into his eyes, and he turned his head and stared sleepily around him.

"Good!" said Latta. "Now load the gun as ostentatiously as you can with my cotton bullet, give it to him and tell him to shoot the great white angekok."

While I was biting off the end of the mock cartridge, ramming it home with my finger and closing the clumsy, old-fashioned breech, Latta took his stand about ten yards away, upon a rock that lifted its head three or four feet from the sod. He faced us, and folded his arms. The half-circle of Eskimos, whom I had forgotten in the excitement, closed around me, as I cocked the gun and placed it in Kioapodu's hand.

"Ready, fire!" shouted Latta. As if he understood the words, the Eskimo levelled the gun, took slow aim and pulled the trigger. The smoke flew in my eyes,

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and for a second I lost thought of Latta. A murmur from the Eskimos aroused me.

"*Na, na, na, na-ay!*" they whispered. The explorer stood erect, with the bullet between his fingers. For a moment he smiled, then sprang from the rock and swung toward us.

"Now it's my turn," he exclaimed, gayly. The Eskimos drew away from him, but Kio remained stupidly by my side. Latta seized the gun from his hand, and pointed toward the rock. Thither Kio staggered, as obedient as a child. He mounted to the summit, turned with folded arms, and stood in precisely the posture that Latta had taken.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Latta?" I asked.

I thought the affair had better terminate. The Eskimos behind me were shrinking away even from me whom they knew as their friend, and I feared lest they might take fright and decamp altogether. We could not afford to lose their aid to the expedition.

"Don't look as if you saw his corpse," returned Latta. "I'm going to cut off a lock of his hair. Will you load the gun?"

The man's personality was stronger than mine. Somewhat awkwardly, I made shift to prepare the cartridge, fouling my mouth with powder, I remember, as I bit off the end. The discomfort of this held my thoughts for a moment. A shrill scream startled me into looking about. Latta was standing with the rifle at his shoulder and his finger upon the trigger, but his head was turned toward the group of women. A girl was speeding toward the rock where Kioapodu stood motionless. She reached him with a bound, pushed him to the grass beneath, confronted us and flung out her hand toward Latta. The missing knife, with its belt trailing behind, fell near his feet.

Latta lowered his rifle. For a moment the little half-clad Eskimo girl and the tall explorer gazed, as still as the rocks about them. Then she leapt lightly to the ground beside her father, seized his limp arm and tried to raise him.

I glanced at Latta. His body was erect, but his head hung oddly forward, as if drawn by some magnetic force, and he glared upon Ah-we-ung-ónah somewhat as I had seen him glare upon a seal that he had marked for his rifle. He was not a pleasant sight, but I could not draw my eyes from his face. I suppose the intensity of my look attracted his, for in a moment his head suddenly turned toward me and he shook his shoulders.

"The man is not dead," he said, hastily; "he's only asleep. Help me carry him to his tent."

With that he made forward toward the rock. He passed the knife, and I picked it up. As we approached her, the girl shrank away. I do not think Latta glanced at her. As he lifted Kioapodu by the shoulders and turned to make a sign that I should raise the Eskimo's feet, I noticed that his teeth were firmly set. In silence we carried the medicine-man to his tent and laid him upon the sleeping-slab. Ah-we-ung-ónah followed and stood in the door.

"Tell her he'll sleep until to-morrow, and awake all right," commanded Latta. He pushed the girl roughly aside and made off toward the head-quarters.

As best I could I translated his words, but I doubt whether Ah-we-ung-ónah comprehended. She answered, "*Ee, ee,*" but her gaze followed the figure of Latta, lessening away down the beach. When it disappeared she dived under the tent-flap and left me alone.

I was glad to find at the head-quarters our leader, Van Den Zee, returned from his ten days' hunting trip. His sane presence cleared away the uncanny impression of the morning's adventure. Although I felt, somehow, as if I were betraying Latta's confidence, still I held it to be my duty to include in my report, as chief of head-quarters in the leader's absence, a detailed account of the matter.

Van Den Zee listened with his usual calmness.

"Thank you, Dahlgren," was the only comment he made. That afternoon, however, he detailed me to establish a depot of provisions thirty miles to the northward, and put Latta under my charge.

It was a three days' excursion, and during the whole time Latta never spoke except in reply to my questions. He seemed indifferent to the beauty of the cliffs that lifted their snow-crowned crests four thousand feet sheer out of the sea.

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He barely glanced at the magnificent bergs among which our whale-boat sailed.

But the loads that he carried from the shore to the ice-cap would have broken any other man in our party. He insisted upon keeping his oar throughout the twenty-mile row back to camp, and he pulled like a sailor. The thought occurred to me that he was eager to arrive at head-quarters. With the others I took my turn at rowing, and by the time we had hauled the boat high upon the beach I was tired, and I made straight for my bunk. It was midnight and everyone was asleep. My party was soon as deep as the rest, but I noticed vaguely, as I crawled between my blankets, that Latta's bunk was still empty.

A violent shaking woke me from the soundest of slumbers. Latta stood before me. He was laughing.

"No cause for such a kinky face," he said. "Did you keep the rifle we used —the—ah—the other morning?"

"Yes," I blundered. "Don' do that again, though, 'thout Van Den Zee's knowledge."

"Nonsense!" laughed Latta. "Your angekok has gone away. Gone, tent and all, and taken his family with him. I only want the gun as a souvenir."

"Gone, has he?" drawled I. "I'm sorry for that. We needed him, and the girl could sew skins first-rate."

I routed the carbine out of a stack of arms in the corner of my bunk. When I turned about, Latta was staring out of the window into the sunlit night. I was so sleepy that I may have dreamed I heard him murmuring.

"Sorry she's gone? By the northern Sphinx, I'm not!"

In the morning he asked Van Den Zee for an assignment with the party that was going to complete the northern depot. They rowed away with two Eskimos in the crew. When they returned, everyone had a word of admiration for Latta.

"The man is a wonder," said our chief hunter. "I never saw anyone pick up the country as he does. And the Huskies! His little parlor-magic trick has made slaves of them. He learned a lot of Husky, too; you will be surprised, Dahlgren; he gets on with their talk almost as well as you do. And ye gods, how he can work! He puts us up to a lot of wrinkles about packing heavy loads; he got them from his carriers in Africa, he said."

As the season wore on, Latta's worth to the expedition increased. As ethnologist he was invaluable. The natives confided in him as children confide in their parents. He drew from them not only the ordinary gossip of the tribe, but also the folk-lore, the legends, and superstitions—all the intimate thoughts that an aboriginal people usually refuse to strangers.

In our camp he was a good companion. He had dark moods, to be sure, but he never imposed them upon us. For hours at a time he wandered along the beach, with no apparent object except to walk off certain heavy frowns. When he returned to the head-quarters he always wore a cheerful face. As the hours of darkness encroached upon those of light, curiously enough, his gloomy periods lessened, and in mid-winter, the season of continuous lamplight, when most of the men were beginning to fear the blue devils, Latta's mind seemed fresh and strong. If he, too, had his blue devils, he fought them off in his bunk, where he spent a great deal of time. At meal-hours or at loafing-hours he was always ready with stories of his exploits in the hot African forests; stories that brightened wonderfully our monotonous talk. He told them not too modestly, but he made them thrilling. I remember that I felt proud when he chose me as a listener. In those days, however, as I have said, I was a hero-worshipper. Whether or no Van Den Zee liked him I failed to discover. Van was always inscrutable.

He made free use of Latta. When the snowfall put an end to our autumn work, he gave him charge of the dogs. We had collected a pack of two hundred half-tamed brutes that tore each other to rags, devoured—and digested—their traces if meat failed them, and crouched before nothing under the stars except a whip-lash. For white men the whip is unwieldy. Most of us slashed ourselves with it oftener than we cut the dogs, but Latta learned to pick a bit of fur from the ear of any given rebel as deftly as an Eskimo. He was master of the dogs; his voice was their law.

He had charge of the food, too. By

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the middle of February our supply seemed likely to run short, and one day Van Den Zee asked me if I should mind going as Latta's assistant to fetch a new supply from a settlement four days' journey to the south.

"I can't very well put you in charge of the party," said Van, "for its Latta's department. You won't object to going in second place, will you? I must have a steady man with him. He is a good explorer, but you know he has never taken a long sledge trip, and he has never seen heavy weather in the open. I don't think he had better go alone."

Looking back at this little talk in the light of what followed, I wonder whether Van had in mind something besides contingencies of travel. It is possible that he saw deeper than the rest of us into Latta's character. At the time, however, no suspicion entered my head that Latta still dreamed of the Eskimo girl. Pleased that Van held me to be a steady man, I easily agreed to go as assistant.

We set forth across the bay with an Eskimo, two sledges, and fourteen dogs to bring home the walrus-skin food. For the first night we camped in a snow-igloo built by the Husky. It was a tiny affair, just big enough to hold the cooking-lamp and us, stretched out in our sleeping-bags. Latta undertook to make the tea. It seemed to me that his face looked haggard, but I set that down to the pale light of the alcohol.

"Dahlgren," he said, presently, "what do you suppose our friends at home would think if they could see us now?"

"Very terrified, no doubt," I replied. I knew he was thinking of the girl he was to marry, and the thought naturally brought up the image of Ah-we-ung-ónah.

"Latta," I blurted out, "do you know where Kio went?"

The next moment the hut was dark. Latta had upset the lamp. During the rest of the evening he did not speak, and upon the march next day, too, he was silent. But at night, when I was taking my turn at the stove, he began, in his usual hearty tones:

"Dahlgren," he said, "you're a good fellow."

"Discerning man!" I laughed.

"I'm serious," returned Latta, calmly. "I want to tell you something."

"I beg your pardon, old chap," I said. "Go ahead. I shall be glad to hear it."

He waited for several moments before he began.

"I don't know why I'm saying anything about it. It's not my way to make confidences. I suppose it's this endless darkness that gives a man's imagination neurosis. Besides, when two civilized men find themselves under a dog-house of a hut in the midst of a million square miles of snow, they come very near to one another. What pitiful things we are!" he burst out. "Fancy looking down upon our hut in the midst of this stupendous waste. A mound indistinguishable thirty feet away, covering three black slugs crawling, crawling over an expanse so vast that their minds cannot conceive its immensity. What do you suppose the Arctic Spirits think of us?"

"I've never seen any indication that they think at all of us," I laughed. I had heard this commonplace moralizing with that sense of relief that comes when one's idols turn out flesh and blood. After all, Latta wasn't so far beyond the rest of us. I, myself, knew well the state of mind he expressed. It is but the beginning of the Arctic awe.

"What pitiful creatures we are!" repeated Latta. "What difference do our little emotions and conventions make in the midst of such forces! How the Arctic Spirits must laugh at our—our marriage laws, for example! They teach their own people better things. The Eskimos have no laws."

This personal phase also of Arctic emotion I knew well. I knew, too, that it is transient, and I contented myself with remarking:

"Wait until you have weathered a storm in one of these huts. The drift cuts off the top of your dome clean with the force of a sand-blast. If you let the snow settle upon you, you smother. But if you keep patiently patching up the holes with reindeer skins, you can outlast the wind. Your little slugs are pitiful, perhaps, but in the end they are the masters."

He made no reply, and I did not think he was impressed with my argument. I had not supposed that he would comprehend it; only experience replaces awe of Arctic powers with awe of man's prowess.

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Presently he crawled into his sleeping-bag. He had left his confidence unfinished. Going over his allusion to marriage laws, I wondered whether he had been thinking of Ah-we-ung-ónah, and was sorry because I had not led him to say more, and because I had not moralized, hinting that only by unwavering strength can Arctic forces be met. However, I doubt whether any words of mine could have helped him.

When I awoke, he was heating tea for breakfast. He greeted me pleasantly.

"Shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a chance to fight your sand-blast," he said. "Looks stormy outside."

I shuffled off the deerskin envelope, hurried on my furs, and crawled out of doors. The twilight of noon was just beginning. Above me the stars were dim, and in the southwest they were hidden by a pile of clouds. Even in the dusk I could see that its edges were writhing. The wind moaned over the ice-caps, and occasional gusts swept snow-wraiths across the bay. I hauled in the drawstrings of *koolatah* and breeches. In a temperature of fifteen below zero, when the wind blows, a man is most comfortable when his furs are snuggest about him. The Eskimo kneeling by the dog-teams was disentangling the knot into which the restless creatures had interwoven their traces.

"Great wind, *Tung-we?*" I asked.

"*Ee*," grunted the lad.

"Good to start?"

The Eskimo rose to his feet, and scrutinized the contour of the cliffs that loomed upon our left. His eyes rested for an instant, evidently upon a landmark. Then he cast a glance at the lowering horizon.

"*Ee*," he said.

Nevertheless, I drank my tea and ate my pemmican in all haste. Latta tried at some light conversation, but I was in no mood for it.

The gusts were coming oftener by the time we were ready to start. The half disk of cloud covered a third of the sky at our right, and the fleece above was blanketing the stars. The Eskimo who drove the leading sledge cracked his whip furiously above his team.

I was riding with Latta upon the larger sledge, and I noticed that instead of cutting directly across the bay, Tung-we had swung to the left, along the shore. Presently Latta noticed it, too.

"This not good!" he shouted. "Where going?"

Tung-we pointed to a vast buttress that hung out of the shadowy cliffs, almost above us.

"Karnah," came his voice, down a wind-gust.

Latta checked his team. I could see his eyes gleaming in the fast gathering darkness.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "I won't go to Karnah!"

For a moment I must have stared at him, like a half-witted child. Then I understood. I glanced up at the sky. The clouds had passed beyond the zenith, and even as I looked rushed over star after star.

"I'm afraid there's no choice," I said, as gently as I could. "We can't stay here. The quicker, too, the better."

I do not suppose he had appreciated the danger, but my strained tones must have warned him. He glanced uncertainly above him. A furious blast of wind drove the drift stinging into our faces. Latta shook his shoulders, and his whip-lash whirled and cracked. The dogs sprang forward.

Tung-we's sledge, a quarter of a mile before us, was a dim point in the flying snow. Presently the cloud swept over the great buttress at our left, and darkness settled upon the bay. The sledge, even the outlines of the cliffs, disappeared. We felt rather than saw the masses of land.

My eyebrows, lashes, mustache, and the edge of my hood were stiff with ice. My feet were suspiciously comfortable, and I grasped the upstanders and rose to stamp. A star of lamplight twinkled for an instant, and disappeared in a whirl of snow.

"To the left!" I shouted. "We're almost there."

Latta's whip-lash flew. The sledge swerved aside, and bounded on. The dogs had seen the light, too. The groaning of the wind upon the ice-cap waxed to a growling just as we felt the upward lift of the beach. Two lights rose before us, but a few feet away. Suddenly the growl above us deepened into a roar.

"Don't turn for your life," I shouted. "Face the lights!" and the next instant,

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the wind burst upon us like a solid force. The dogs halted, the lights went out. I felt for Latta, and hauling him down by main force threw myself to my hands and knees upon the ground. Pressed together, we crouched for a long minute. When the violence of the first blast spent itself, guiding Latta, with a hand upon his arm, I scrambled up the slope. In a moment, I came upon a hard mound, and a faint glow shone above me. In another moment we had crawled out of the smother into warmth and light.

The sleeping-slab at the rear of the igloo was crowded with Eskimos, who stared at us drowsily. My head was yet ringing with the storm-noise, and I could not distinguish faces. My nose was touched with frost. I tore off my furs, and bade Latta do the like. Certain after a glance that my feet were sound, I turned to inspect his. He had not taken off his clothes; he was gazing into the left alcove of the little hut where Ah-we-ung-ónah stood gazing back at him.

"Come, come, man!" I cried. "Off with your boots. You have no time to moon!"

He started, cast a frown at me, and slowly undressed. His left foot was white and hard. I think I could have chipped pieces from the heel with a stone.

I am bound to confess that without the little Husky girl's aid, the foot would have been doomed. But she worked over it unceasingly, first pressing snow upon it for hours, afterward, when the frost had come out and the heel had puffed up big and red and Latta was writhing in agony, keeping it cool with seal-oil. At the end of three days the foot was going better.

Meanwhile the storm roared itself out, and I took a step which I have always regretted. I left Latta in the igloo. It is possible that if I had waited there he would have found, in the presence of another man with civilized standards, support against his passion. But when Tung-we and I harnessed our dogs, Latta was still helpless with pain, and I thought I might safely leave him. I sent a Husky to fetch the doctor at once from headquarters, and started the sledges toward the south. We needed the dog-food, and I felt bound to bring it.

On the way home ten days afterward I stopped at Karnah. Latta was not there.

"Dokt was at Iglooduhony when Telekoteah came to white man's house," said the natives. "He came here only one sleep ago. He spoke loud words about the foot. He carried Lat' to white man's house on a sledge."

Not until yesterday! I thought. I glanced about the igloo.

"Where are Kio and Ah-we-ung-ónah?" I asked, hastily.

"They went with the sledge to white man's house," answered the Eskimos.

At head-quarters I found Latta in his bunk. He greeted me with a languid smile.

"Your storm has done me up," he said. "Doctor says I mustn't walk for a month."

During the three weeks thereafter he never moved from his blankets. For our part, though we were as kind as we knew how to be, we had little time to pay him small attentions. Our main sledge-journey of two months was at hand. We were in a flurry of preparations—testing new sledges and snow-shoes, lugging provisions to the ice-cap, completing our outfits of clothing. The floor of the house was crowded with women, sitting cross-legged, and stitching away at *koolatahs* and *kamiks;* and among them I noticed Ah-we-ung-ónah. She had taken a place snug against the foot of Latta's bunk, and while she was sewing she talked steadily. I thought grimly that the sick man would hardly miss us.

He did not miss us. A month afterward nine of us—the supporting party—hurried into the head-quarters. We had bid good-speed to Van Den Zee and four others upon their brave journey of twelve hundred miles across the snow-desert, and had returned to carry out, if possible, minor explorations. Of these explorations I was in charge. Two or three of my party were staggering with frost-bitten feet, and I hoped to find Latta fit for work. My first question bore upon his health.

"His foot is well enough," replied the man who had been left to watch the house, "but——"

"But what?" I queried.

"But he isn't here just now. He doesn't spend much time at the quarters. He

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is studying the Eskimos, and I believe he is experimenting with life in a snow-igloo."

"Whose?" I asked, hastily.

"Kio's, I think," answered the man. His eyes did not meet mine.

I restrained my frown, tried to say something about Latta's indefatigability, and turned to other business. I noticed as I passed Latta's bunk that although his own weapons were stacked in a corner, the carbine with which he had achieved his great spectacular success had disappeared.

As soon as I could I made time to visit the angekok's *iglooyah*. Latta was there. He lay half asleep upon the deerskins, and, bending over him with such an expression of face as only a new-made wife wears, sat Ah-we-ung-ónah.

I must have uttered an exclamation, for she turned her head. Perceiving who it was, she showed her white teeth in a slow smile. Then she laid her hand upon Latta's cheek.

"Lat'," she said; "Lat', de-ar!"

The English word sent the blood to my heart.

"Lat'," she continued in Eskimo, "wake up; Dahlg' has returned."

Latta scrambled to his knees and faced me. His mouth was open. I do not like to see a man open his mouth when he is startled.

"How are you, Latta?" I asked, as quickly as I could.

"Oh, how are you, Dahlgren?" he mumbled. "Didn't know it was you."

I turned away so that unwatched he might collect his self-possession.

"I'm glad to see you fit again," I said, "*Chimo*, Ah-we-ung-ónah!"

"*Chimo-o-o*," answered the woman, with a bright little laugh. She looked happy.

"You're hard at work, they tell me." I tried to keep my tone free from sarcasm.

"Ye-es," stammered Latta. "Yes, hard at work. I've got enough for a book about Husky manners and customs. I'll tell you what it is, Dahlgren," he went on, with evident effort to be enthusiastic, "the Eskimo knows how to live in his own country. Our ridiculous big houses, which have to be warmed with stoves, are nothing to these little huts, where the heat of the lamp and of the people keep the thermometer to eighty degrees."

"Yes, I've tried the huts," I broke in, shortly. I had no wish to hear Latta's rhapsodies. "Do you think you could leave your comfort for a month, and work with me in Ellesmere Land?"

Latta hesitated, and spoke rapidly to Ah-we-ung-ónah. I could not catch what he said.

"Yes," he answered, presently. "My foot still troubles me a little, but I guess I can go."

"Be ready at sunrise to-morrow, then, Good-by—Good-by, Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"'By," answered the woman. The smile had left her face.

As I rose from the entrance of the little den, Kio came up. He carried the carbine slung over his shoulder in good soldier fashion.

When he joined us in the morning, Latta was glum and listless. He shirked his share of loading the whale-boat upon the sledge. When all was ready to start, I espied him near Kio's igloo talking with Ah-we-ung-ónah, and it was only after I had twice hailed him that he broke away from her. She instantly disappeared within the hut, and Latta thought it necessary to explain, as he hastened toward me, that he was giving some directions about the making of a pair of *kamiks*. I replied only with an "Ah." If the girl had been an American, I should have said that she was crying.

"Woof!" exclaimed Latta, as we crawled under the boat for shelter, at the end of the day's march. "Woof! I'm tired." He threw himself at full length upon the snow.

His task during the day had been merely keeping the dogs at work, whereas the rest of us had been hauling at the sledge. The other men, out in the cold, were throwing up a wind-guard of snow around the boat, and I was establishing a kitchen. I was fagged out and cross, and I answered impatiently.

"You find taking ethnological observations pleasanter?"

I heard Latta turn over, and I knew he was looking at me. Presently he sighed.

"Wish to Heaven I'd never frozen that foot!" he exclaimed.

"I wish to Heaven you never had!"

He drew several heavy breaths in si-

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lence. At last he said, "Dahlgren, I can't work any more. I've tried. I believe I'm under a spell. I'm getting superstitious. I'm bewitched by some damned Arctic spirit."

"Is she so spiritual?" I asked.

"Yes," he burst out. "She is. You wouldn't believe it; she has ideas. She is unwashed, if you like, and a savage, but she has fascinating thoughts. I'm not altogether a brute," he protested, in deprecatory tones.

"Latta," interrupted I, "it's not my business; but aren't you going to be sorry for this when you get home?"

"I'm not going home!" he flashed out. "I've burned my bridges. I'm going to live here for the rest of my life. I couldn't go home."

I tossed a handful of tea into the boiling water, and lifted the kettle from the lamp.

"That, Mr. Latta," I said, "is a matter to be settled between yourself and your sense of honor. Will you call the men to tea?"

At the end of the next day Latta complained that his foot was on fire with pain, and at noon of the succeeding day I gave him some pemmican and sent him back to head-quarters—ostensibly with an order, for I did not wish to disgrace him before the men. Nevertheless, they had marked his laziness, and when we returned —baffled after six weeks of the toughest labor I ever endured, dragging the boat over ice-hummocks ten to fifteen feet high, only to lose her in the crushing floes of the open strait—when we lay about the house to recover our forces, the party showed Latta little friendship. The men were too courteous to snub him, but there was no warmth in their politeness. Latta discovered their contempt at once, and enhanced it by his deprecating manners. At last, however, he almost ceased to visit us. The Eskimos who lounged in and out of head-quarters told us that he rarely came to see them. But evidently he took up a good deal of their attention, for his name frequently started out in their conversations among themselves.

One night—one of the last dark nights that preceded the summer of continuous sunlight—he came hurrying into head-quarters. I happened to be alone.

"Mr. Dahlgren," he asked, "will you give me a saucer of alcohol and a handful of salt?"

"Certainly," I answered. While I was rattling among our stores for an alcohol-can, he volunteered an explanation.

"You see, there is a discussion among the Huskies as to whether I am really an angekok or only a fraud, and I am—er—urged to give them some new magic."

Familiarity breeds contempt, thought I.

What I said was, however, "All right, old man. Don't frighten them away from us."

The next afternoon there was a lively discussion among the Eskimos that came to head-quarters. Latta's name was tossed about like a shuttlecock, and at last we inquired what had happened.

"Is Lat' an angekok?" replied a grave old Husky. "If he is an angekok, why did he let the cold-devils injure foot? Why did he not charm them away? Why will he no longer let us shoot at him? Ah-we-ung-ónah asked him to prove his *tornak* has not deserted him. To-night we are to hear his charm-song."

Next day they stalked about silent and solemn. Lat', they said, had called spirits with fire to show men and women how they would look when they were dead. For the time being, his prestige rose as high as ever.

When the summer sun drove the Eskimos from their houses of stone and snow into the sealskin tents, we saw still less of Latta, for his *tupik* was pitched a couple of miles down the beach. By the first day of August, when the relief-ship arrived from New York, he had almost ceased to be a part of our environment.

Amid the heavy mail from home were a dozen blue envelopes addressed to Latta in the same large, firm handwriting. For two or three days they lay upon the table. He must have known that they had come, but he never appeared at head-quarters. At last, fearing lest the relief-party would suspect something wrong, I locked the letters in my drawer. I hadn't the courage to carry them to him.

Upon the 10th of August our brave young leader and his party, safe and triumphant, returned from their sledge-journey. In my report to Van Den Zee I included a carefully prepared account of

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Latta's behavior. Van listened with a seriousness unusual even for him.

"May I see the letters?" he asked, when I had finished. He studied the superscription for some moments before he spoke.

"The man must go home at once. He must go home and be married."

"Married?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. There is good in him yet. I was afraid of something like this. You know as well as I that a savage land weakens a man at his weakest point. Everyone of us here is somewhat touched with savagery. Latta's takes the form of —of inconstancy. In civilization, with a strong woman to support him—and the woman who wrote those letters is strong—his judgment will come back."

"But the girl," I began.

"She will understand and forgive him, if I can pick up character from writing."

"Yes," I stammered. "I was thinking of *this girl*—Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"Oh," said Van Den Zee. "Well, she is an Eskimo. She'll forget."

He strode down the beach with the letters in his pocket. Two hours later he returned. His cheeks were lined, as I once saw them after he had worked for three days without food.

"It's all right," he said. "He's going home. Hush the matter up among the fellows."

That night Latta slept at head-quarters. Word was given out that he had completed a fine series of ethnological observations, and was in haste to go home and present them to the scientific world. He worked eagerly upon his preparations for departure, and rarely spoke to any of us except Van Den Zee, with whom he held long conversations. His eyes looked absently. His cheeks were sunken and pale. The relief-party were enthusiastic over his energy, and what they called his power of reserve.

I was going home, too, and as my bunk was opposite his, I interchanged packing services with him. He rendered them with pathetic eagerness. Once in helping me to strap tight a bundle of narwhal horns, his grip slipped and a letter jerked out of the pocket of his leather jacket. It was unopened.

The morning of our departure was warm and sunny. The party which was to remain for another winter, together with the Eskimos, gathered upon the beach to see us off. As each boat-load left the shore, the white men fired a salute and the Eskimos shouted.

Latta and I were to go in the last boat. She was waiting for us at the water's edge. I had thrust myself into the crowd of Eskimos to bid farewell to many faithful friends. Presently I noticed Latta conversing seriously with Ah-we-ung-ónah and Kio.

The girl was tricked out in strange finery. Beads, scissors, a mirror, and a packet of needles hung by a thong from her neck. Latta must have taught her to bedeck herself, for Eskimo women take little thought of display. He tossed over her head another thong fastened to something heavy (it looked like a bullet) and said a word in her ear. She repeated the word over and over and over again, and laughed. I do not think that she realized that she would never see him again. Perhaps he had told her that he would return. At last he kissed her in the American fashion, turned and strode toward the boat.

The Eskimos watched him.

"He is a great angekok," said someone near me.

"*Nakitowa*," contradicted another, "he is a man who lies!"

"Ah-we-ung-ónah whirled around. Her eyes were glowing disks, and her hands opened and closed, but she spoke quietly.

"He is a great angekok. He is a great angekok," she repeated. "You say he is not. You shall see. What angekok of our people dares to catch a flying bullet? Take notice!"

She snatched the carbine from Kio's hand.

"Lat'," she called; "Lat'."

Latta paused and turned about.

"Lat'," she continued in English. "See-ee! Kee-eepsa-ake!" and with that she levelled the rifle and shot him through the heart.

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SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

LETTER TO A MODERN WOMAN WITH SOCIAL AMBITIONS

By Robert Grant

I

IN the first place let me assure you that I am in sympathy with you. I am not one of those unreasonable philosophers who would have every wife merge her identity in that of her husband, and every spinster who has decided not to marry relegated to obscure lodgings with a parrot and a dog. My sentiments recognize the justice and the value of the emancipation movement by means of which woman has obtained freedom to arrange her life conformably to her own ideas as to what is salutary and entertaining for her as an individual, whether she be married or single, beautiful or plain. In homely phrase the world has become woman's oyster, and, save for the little matter of the ballot, a restriction concerning which the subject-matter of this letter does not require me to agitate you, every woman is at liberty to open her oyster according to her own sweet will. Filial limitations and the other circumstances of her environment must prohibit this and make desirable that manner of living, just as in the case of man; but to all intents and purposes, if she be clear-headed and ambitious, she is free to do what she chooses in the way she chooses, whether it be to preside over a drawing-room exquisitely, to guide a woman's club to grace and glory, to renounce the world for the sake of art and a studio, or, it may be, to combine all these occupations in one seething round of tense existence which, according to the constitution of the subject, is liable to terminate abruptly in nervous prostration or, baffling the predictions of the doctors, to continue indefinitely unto hale and bright-eyed longevity. In brief, I make my best bow to the modern woman; I admire her and am stimulated by her. Indeed, I take her so seriously in her endeavor to be independent that I am almost ready to let her stand up in an electric-car or other overcrowded conveyance. I have on occasions even made so free as to bend forward in the theatre and, lacking an introduction, ask her to take off the high hat which obscured my view of the stage. Verily, these are piping times of progress for woman, as everyone knows, and I am glad to put on record as a philosopher that I approve of and am edified by them.

So much, my dear correspondents, to assure you of my sympathy and my distinguished consideration. There are five of you, but three out of the five—a maid almost hoping always to remain one, a wife almost sorry that she is one, and a widow almost certain that she never will be anything else—have written to me as the result of what is known colloquially as the dumps. That is to say, you have become socially ambitious from stress of circumstances, because your dolls are stuffed with sawdust. But for the letters of Nos. 4 and 5 I should be tempted to adopt the manner of a French philosopher and dismiss you with this piece of counsel: Love someone else. Nos. 4 and 5, respectively, a wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state, and a radiant, able-bodied spinster haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, are not to be answered by such a simple gallicism. The frame of mind of these two last-mentioned ladies was evidently not induced by disappointment; they are not seeking social activity as an antidote to care or as a mere occupation to consume time. Their letters clearly indicate to me a consciousness of stored-up capabilities and an ambition to display them. Devoted as No. 4 obviously is to her husband, it is no less clear that she is not content to be regarded merely as his wife. Similarly, No. 5, though serene at the prospect of living without a mate, still cherishes the intention of preserving her identity. In other words, each is imbued with the desire to make her individuality felt in the world. It is in the

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interest of this justifiable and laudable ambition that I take my pen in hand to compose an answer. The constituency to which Nos. 4 and 5 belong is large and constantly increasing. There are thousands of women without a grievance against Cupid whose bosoms are aching with the desire for identity, and it is to them, as represented by you, that I address myself.

Your photographs, furnished as evidence of good faith in accordance with my requirements, lie before me as I write. Yours, No. 4 (the wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state), is suggestively typical of American womanhood. I have merely to utilize my mind's eye in order to behold you in the living flesh, tall, graceful, spare, and willowy; earnest and piquant in expression, with an air which suggests both the desire and the determination to accomplish great things, including no less a range than the probing of the secrets of the infinite, and the supplying of an ideal domestic dinner. Though willowy still, you have a plumper person than before you were married, and your face has lost the Amazonian tense look which it sometimes wore when you were a maid. Your eyes are bright with happiness, and a shrewd humor plays about the corners of your mouth; humor indicating, perhaps, that you find the world less sorry and more alluring than you did in the days when, grandly aspiring, but a little ignorant, cynical, and severe, you were waiting for an ideal lover to come and lift you from this humdrum, vulgar sphere to the stars. In other words, you have a drawing-room, such as it is, and a baby such as never was, and a husband whose faults (all of which you know) are more than balanced by his virtues, so that you are able to love him devotedly with your eyes open, and thus preserve your self-respect as an intelligent modern, and yet satisfy that primal need of your nature, the capacity for adoring affection. I see you thus in the living flesh, and I see you presently lost in engaging thought. You are saying to yourself some such words as these: "Everything is running smoothly. Alexander's (husband's name) affairs are on a satisfactory financial basis; baby is well, and has cut all her first teeth; the servants seem to be satisfied with us; and now is my chance to do something. What shall it be?"

(NOTE.—"Give an afternoon tea," ejaculated Josephine, to whom I was reading what I had written.)

I have no doubt that my wife is right. That is the first thing you would be likely to do. It is the never-failing resource of the young bride and the aged matron alike when pricked by the spur of social activity. Out go the cards of invitation, thin bread and butter is cut, and presently, on the appointed day, a file or a throng, according to weather and circumstances, of petticoats goes into and from the house, and when the last skirt has disappeared you breathe a sigh of relief and self-congratulation. "Thank heaven, that is over, and I can start afresh with a clear conscience and an erect head." Marvellous are the ways of the modern woman. It is thus that she settles with her social creditors and wins a tranquil soul. What costs less subtle man canvass-back ducks and cases of wine is accomplished by the aid of a few tea-leaves and slices of thin bread and butter. And then her slate is clear, and she can afford to sink back for a decade into social greediness or inactivity, as the case may be, proud and self-satisfied as a peacock.

Her slate, not yours, No. 4. Mrs. Alexander Sherman let me call you by way of convenience, for a mere number suggests convict life. As Josephine has intimated, you would probably begin with the tea, but the last visitor would leave you only temporarily exhilarated. Within a week carking, though praiseworthy, care would return, and you would be asking yourself, "What shall it be next?"

I hear some bluff and old-fashioned man exclaim, "Let her look after her husband and children, and attend to her domestic duties." Do not be concerned by this superficial jibe, dear madam. I am here to defend you, and I would be the last person in the world to aid and abet your aspirations if I were not confident that you are a thoroughly devoted wife and mother. Let me silence this stuffy censor at once by informing him that in the interest of your baby you have familiarized yourself with the laws of hygiene and the latest theories of education, and that in no establishment among your contemporaries of equal means

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is a better or more punctual dinner served. If I did not believe this to be the case, I would have nothing more to do with you, philosophically speaking.

I am taking for granted, too, that you are not nursing your social ambitions in the same nest with a faith in your own artistic genius. If you believe yourself to be an undiscovered queen of tragedy or an undeveloped poet or sculptor, or feel yourself inspired to write a novel or a play, please consider our correspondence at an end. In such a case, the rest of this letter is not for you. Not because I doubt your genius, but because I am certain that though artistic talent may continue to flourish in spite of a husband and a baby, it must inevitably languish and grow feeble when coupled as a running mate to a career of general, elegant, social usefulness such as I know you aspire to. If you possess artistic genius, or feel that you cannot be happy without testing your own talent in this respect, be satisfied to give one afternoon tea, and then practically renounce social initiative, unless you are prepared to alienate your husband, neglect your baby, or go to an asylum as a victim of triple-distilled nervous prostration. Assuming, then, that you are simply eager to help in working out the problems and fulfilling the destinies of your native civilization with benefit to society and credit to yourself, I see you again in your drawing-room a few days after your preliminary tea, inquiring what you are to do next. I see, too, disporting themselves in your thought, the images of the brilliant women of France of a century ago—such women as Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, Madame Roland, and others, who influenced affairs of state by their intelligence and social graces. It may be that they have been alike your inspiration and your despair. You would fain follow in their footsteps, but feel a washerwoman as compared with them. Your ambition does you credit, Mrs. Alexander Sherman, and also, begging your pardon, your humble-mindedness. But there is no occasion for you to push either frame of mind to an extreme. Indeed, whether you be a washerwoman or not as compared with these ladies, they were not altogether admirable. I am writing to you as a woman thoroughly happy in the wedded state. You will recollect that of no one of those charming creatures could a similar statement be truthfully made. Madame Récamier's husband was three times her age. He offered, poor man, to consent to a divorce in order to allow his cherished wife to marry another; but she, out of pity for him in his adversity, for he had lost both royal favor and his estate, refused to take advantage of his magnanimity. Madame Roland told her husband, who was some twenty years her senior, her love for Buzot in order to protect herself from herself, and did not allow her feelings an outlet until, every possibility of meeting her lover having been removed by her death-sentence, she could express her passion without violation of duty. Very pretty behavior, but not exactly ideal marital relations, Mrs. Alexander Sherman. They should be taken into account in any comparison which you feel disposed to make between yourself and the ladies in question.

And yet I would not have you fail to appreciate at their full worth the exquisiteness of the heroines of the French salons; the grace and nicety of their manners, the brilliancy of their intelligence, and the thoroughness of their accomplishments. I have given you credit for recurring to them instinctively as models of form, and I should grieve to think that my reference to your superior domestic happiness should lead you to think your humility amiss. Do you know the President of any woman's club who reminds you, by her grace, her nicety, her brilliancy, and her thoroughness of what you imagine Madame de Staël, or Madame Récamier, or Madame Roland to have been? Possibly your patriotism, or even your sincere convictions, would induce you to answer this inquiry in the affirmative; and, indeed, I am ready to admit that we may have their counterparts among us; but certainly the country is not overrun with them, and I have no doubt that so discriminating a person as I imagine you to be will agree that the modern woman is often tempted to seek leadership on the strength of bumptiousness, smart ignorance, and that bustling spirit which those who possess it like to hear described as executive ability, instead of by virtue of the talents and graces of old aristocratic society.

I quite realize, on the other hand, that

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the conditions under which you live are very different from those which existed when the brilliant and fascinating women whom I have specified, and others resembling them, flourished. They were, of course, the quintessence of civilized society, a small coterie living in the atmosphere of courts, seeking to control events by the force of their engaging personalities. I am writing to you, not as a member of a choice and select organization, from which most women were excluded by reason of their nothingness, but as the representative of a large and growing constituency which is open, in theory at least, if not practically, to the whole world of womanhood. For us, certainly, courts and their atmosphere exist no longer, and the opportunities afforded women by republican institutions to influence the course of political events are slight; but in many respects the outlook of modern woman upon life is essentially broader and no less interesting than the horizon of the mistress of the French salon. Of necessity it is less exclusive and more humanitarian, and by reason of the emancipation of woman as a social factor it includes consideration of the whole range of educational, philanthropic, and æsthetic interests in which democratic civilization is concerned. It seems indeed a long cry from the picturesque experience of a clever and fascinating Madame de Staël, braving the enmity of a Napoleon, or a Madame Roland reading her Tacitus and her Plutarch in the prison of St. Pélagie, to the nervous, bustling, afternoon-tea-frequenting, problem-hunting modern woman of workaday, social proclivities. And yet, I would not have you despair merely because your surroundings lack the color which irradiates their careers. To be different is not necessarily to be inferior. The influence of a noble and beautiful woman may be no less real and no less worthy of emulation in these days of comparatively humdrum world-stage effects and common conditions. But it will be just as well for you, whenever you are tempted to swell with conscious pride and to fancy yourself abnormally illustrious as a consequence—for instance, of being the President of a woman's club, or the triumphant promoter of some reform movement—to stop and whisper to yourself "Madame de Staël," "Madame Récamier."

II

NOTE.—My wife, Josephine, interposed again at this point. "I have been trying to make up my mind while you were writing," said she, "what she would do next. I mean this Mrs. Alexander Sherman of yours, or whatever her real name is. That is, supposing she had never written to you and sent you her photograph, and she were left to her own devices. I can't blame her exactly for sending the photograph, because you make it a condition of the correspondence; but I can see from her face that she was glad of the opportunity, and that she hopes you will admire it."

"Well, I have," said I.

"Yes, and I agree with you in your enthusiasm. She is handsome, and interesting looking, and ladylike. I was merely considering what she would be apt to do if she had no philosopher to advise her. She has a glad air, as you have stated, indicating that she has no domestic or financial grievances, and I don't believe she thinks herself an artistic genius or intends to write a novel. I think, though, that her first tea would elate her a little. She would be glad it was over, but surprised that so many people came. It would set her thinking, and presently she would give a dinner or two and a luncheon or so, and she would go to other teas and dinners and luncheons, and would gradually become the fashion, so that when her friends and acquaintances wished to entertain they would think instinctively of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sherman. I am assuming, of course, that her husband is an amiable being and does not thwart her, and is willing to go to a reasonable number of entertainments. She would be punctilious about her calls, and make a point of appearing to remember people, even if she didn't have the least conception who they were, and would be generally blithe, tactful, and gracious. What is the matter, Mr. Philosopher? What would you have her do?" I had said nothing to induce this inquiry, but I suppose I must have writhed involuntarily.

"I daresay it's all right. I don't see that she could help it; but it sounds conventional," I answered.

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"Of course it is conventional; yet, pray, how is she to avoid conventions? I know you are thinking to yourself that the calls are a waste of time—all men, whether they are philosophers or not, think that. I agree with you that if she were content to shut herself up and be an artistic genius, or merely an everyday wife and mother without social ambitions, she could lead a sane and sufficiently exemplary life without ever owning a visiting card. Remember, though, that this Mrs. Sherman of yours *has* social ambitions, and does not intend to hide her light under a bushel. I assume that she is too sensible to make herself a mere slave to her visiting list, but if you intend to advise her not to call on people who have asked her to dinner, and not to practise the polite observances of civilized society all over the world, I wash my hands of her at the start, and hand her right over to you. Besides, I'm only saying what I think from her face she'd be likely to do. You can give her any instructions you please, and—and we'll see if she follows them."

"I have no doubt it's necessary, if you say so," I answered, meekly. "I shall not venture to offer any radical advice on this point contrary to your judgment. I was merely surmising that the modern woman would find a way to free herself from the manacles of conventional call-paying, which I have heard you yourself declare eat into the flesh and poison the joy of life."

"I have said it in my weary moments," said Josephine, stoutly. "The modern woman uses her common-sense and does not let the manacles hamper her movements; but she knows that she cannot reap social rewards without performing social duties. The modern woman is free, if she sees fit, to disdain social life and all its concomitants and shut herself up in a studio or a college settlement; it is her affair to decide what she wishes to do. But if she decides to be a social promoter and leader, she must continue to call on the people who invite her to dinner, or she is not likely to be asked again."

"I am ready to accept the programme which you have laid out for my correspondent," I replied; "but I should like to know what you mean by social rewards."

"I perceive from your tone, my dear philosopher, that you think I have in mind for your Mrs. Sherman merely a career of social frivolity. Nothing of the kind. I assure you that I appreciate the seriousness of her intention no less clearly than you do. I desire to help the poor thing, not to pull her down. I was simply amusing myself by letting her do the things she would be likely to do if deprived of the benefit of your wisdom. But you need not be afraid that I underestimate her. Her teas, her dinners, and her luncheons are merely a stepping-stone toward higher usefulness. Of course, if she comes to grief without accomplishing anything, it will be her fault, not mine. I am giving her her head, and I trust to her not to lose her mental balance. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly," said I. "I am all attention."

"She is pretty well known as a social figure by this time. She has more invitations than she can accept, and her name appears frequently in the newspapers as a guest at this and at that entertainment. She is invited to be a patroness of a series of subscription parties, which flatters her, and presently to be a patroness of college theatricals, and of a fair in aid of proletarian infants. It has been her intention to become earnestly interested in something worthy—the education of the blind, for instance—and she is trying to make up her mind what it shall be when she begins to be deluged with applications to take an interest in all sorts of things, educational, literary, and philanthropic. She receives by the same mail a request to be present at a meeting to promote the moral and hygienic welfare of prisoners, and a notice that she has been elected a Vice-President of the American Mothers' Kindergarten Association. The next day an author asks for the use of her name for a reading to be given 'under the auspices of leading society women.' One evening the servant brings up a card inscribed Miss Madeline Pollard. 'Who is Miss Madeline Pollard?' she asks herself perplexedly. She concludes that it must be one of the educational or philanthropic people she has met of late; then a sudden flush rises to her cheeks, a flush of half-amused, half-indignant excitement. 'Nonsense, it can't be,' she murmurs; then with a stealthy

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glance at her husband, but without a word to him, she goes down to meet the visitor. She finds a free-spoken and insinuating young woman with an air of pathos. I will give you their conversation, philosopher." (Here is the dialogue as detailed to me by Josephine.)

Visitor. Mrs. Alexander Sherman, I believe?

Mrs. Sherman (*with dignity*). That is my name.

Visitor. Though we have never met, your person is so familiar to me, that I have taken the liberty of calling. I have admired you at a distance for nearly two years, and I feel sure that you will not refuse me the privilege of knowing you in your home and among your domestic associations. May I sit down?

Mrs. Sherman. Certainly. You have come—er—I don't understand exactly.

Visitor. With your permission to ask you a few questions—to obtain an interview.

Mrs. Sherman (*with a manifestation of alarm*). You are a reporter? An interview for a newspaper? Oh, I couldn't consent on any account. I shouldn't like anything of the kind at all. You must excuse me.

Visitor (*saccharinely*). I should not think of publishing anything contrary to your wishes.

Mrs. Sherman. It would be quite impossible. My husband would be very much annoyed. Besides, it would be so ridiculous. I have nothing to say.

Visitor. Mr. Sherman is such a distinguished-looking man. I admire iron-gray hair and mustaches. Indeed, everyone would be very much interested in anything you were to say. You are a woman of ideas—a progressive woman. The public is interested in progressive women, and I think such women owe it to the public to let them understand and appreciate them.

Mrs. Sherman. But I'm only a private individual. It might be different if I were an author or other public character; though I don't approve at all of people who parade themselves and their ideas in the newspapers. There! I have hurt your feelings.

Visitor (*with her air of pathos*). No, dear lady. I'm only a little discouraged. If the public wish to know and progressive people refuse to tell them, what becomes of the reporter who is obliged to furnish copy and to obey orders?

Mrs. Sherman. It is a hard life, I'm sure. But — but, if I'm not impertinent ——

Visitor (*interrupting*). You're going to ask how I came to take it up as a profession. Yes, it is hard; but I glory in it (*proudly*). I'm not ashamed of it. It's a progressive life, too. But it is a little discouraging at times (*sadly*). You have such a lovely home, Mrs. Sherman; elegance without ostentatious display; taste everywhere without extravagance. I should so like to describe it.

Mrs. Sherman. Oh, but you mustn't. Were you ordered to—er—write about me?

Visitor. Yes, dear lady. You are to be one of a series—"Half-hour Chats with our Progressive Women," that's the title.

Mrs. Sherman. Have you—er—been to see anyone else?

Visitor. Yes, and they all felt as you did at first (*she enumerates the names of three or four other modern women with social ambitions*).

Mrs. Sherman. And did they all consent to talk to you?

Visitor. Everyone, and they all gave me their photographs.

Mrs. Sherman (*faintly*). Photographs? You don't mean that you wish a photograph? That would be too dreadful.

Visitor (*soothingly*). You wouldn't wish to mar the completeness of the series. People like to see those who talk to them.

Mrs. Sherman. But I have nothing to say to them.

Visitor. Leave that to me. You have spoken already. Everything about you speaks—your face, your personal belongings, your household usages. While I have been sitting here I have observed a host of things which talk eloquently of your ideas, your principles, and your tastes. Just the things the public thirst to know about a woman like you. Leave it all to me. I will write it out and send you the proof, and, if it isn't just right, you can alter it to suit yourself (*blithely*). And the photograph?

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Mrs. Sherman. Must I?

Visitor (*firmly and boldly*). Public people think nothing of that nowadays. It's a matter of course. You would have had a right to feel offended if I hadn't included you in my article. You wouldn't have been pleased, would you now, to see interviews with other progressive women, and your face and personality excluded? Just look at it in that light. It is disagreeable to me to intrude and force my way, and invade privacy, but I have a duty to the public to perform, and from that point of view I count on you to help me.

Mrs. Sherman. Perhaps I ought. Er—would you like it now?

Visitor. If you please.

(*Mrs. Sherman goes upstairs and returns presently with a choice of photographs.*)

Visitor. They are both exquisite. I choose this one for my article, and, if you don't object, I should like so much to keep the other for myself as a memento of this delightful interview. May I, dear lady?

Mrs. Sherman. If you wish it.

Visitor. Thank you. And there is one thing more. Please write your name on both. An autograph adds so much to the value of a photograph whether it be for the public eye or the album of a friend.

Mrs. Sherman (*resignedly*). What shall I write?

Visitor. Oh, anything. "Yours faithfully," or "Very cordially yours," are very popular just at present. Thank you so much. And I do hope to meet you soon again. If I should happen to give a little tea at my rooms for Mr. Hartney Collier, the actor, later in the winter, I shall take the liberty of sending you a card. You would like him so much. And now, good-by, dear lady. *Exit.*

I have given this conversation without the various comments and interjections made either by myself or Josephine during the course of it. To have set them forth would merely have served to mar the sequence of the dialogue. After announcing the departure of the visitor, there was a little pause and my wife regarded me almost pathetically.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, brushing away the semblance of a tear with her pocket-handkerchief. "I am sorry for her. I can understand just how it happened."

"For which of the two are you sorry?" I asked.

"I meant for your woman. But I'm sorry for them both. It almost seems like fate. The whole thing is disgusting, but the times are to blame. The public encourages the reporter and the interview, and when a woman is told that she is progressive, and that it is her duty to make herself felt still more, I can imagine her being goaded into it if she is the sort of woman your woman is. I suppose you think I've ruined her. I didn't mean to; I merely gave her her head, and that's what she did. I will hand her over to you now, and you can do what you like with her."

"Excuse me, Josephine. She is your creation. I shouldn't think of interfering at this stage. You have taken her in hand and you must work out her destiny for her."

"You mean let her work out her own destiny. That's all I was doing. I see your point; and, if you won't take her back, I'm willing to give her her head to the end. I'm interested in her, and I don't despair of her at all, in spite of the fact that you have washed your hands of her. I shall have to think a little before I give her her head again."

Hereupon Josephine assumed an attitude of reflection. When she began to speak presently, her words and manner suggested the demeanor of a trance medium, or seer—as though she were peering into the abyss of the future.

"The interview appears, and her husband is less disturbed than she expects. He declares that the press portrait is an abomination and libellous, but he admits that the text is considerately done for a newspaper interview, and that, barring a few inaccuracies and a little exaggeration due to poetic license, she is made to appear less of a fool than she had a right to expect. This cheers and encourages her, and helps to allay the consciousness that the publication of her face and doings was purely a gratuitous advertisement. She firmly resolves that she will reform and live up to the description of her, and she resolves to devote herself to a more definite field of action. Accordingly, after deliberation, she rejects the case of the blind, and decides to take up the problem of how to make humble homes attractive by sim-

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ple art. She buys a complete edition of Ruskin, and writes to a half dozen prominent men and as many women for the use of their names as a nucleus for a club to be known as "The Home Beautifying Society." A meeting is held, and she is elected President and a member of the Executive Committee, facts of which the public is duly informed by her pathetic newspaper admirer. There, philosopher, you see she is doing something serious already."

"You are incorrigible, Josephine," I asserted.

"She means so well, poor dear," my wife continued with a genuinely worried air. "She fully intends to devote herself to that society and make it a success, and she does so for a few weeks. Indeed, she raises money enough to employ a superintendent, and through him to give an exhibition of a poor man's house as it ought to be furnished, and by way of speaking contrast a poor man's house as it is too apt to be furnished when he has money enough to furnish it gaudily. And then she helps get out the annual report, which mentions progress, and shows a balance of $1.42 in the treasury, which leads her to make the announcement that in order to insure the successful continuation of a movement calculated to serve as a potent æsthetic influence among the unenlightened, the liberal contributions made by friends must be renewed in the fall. And then, then there are so many other things she has to do. Just listen, philosopher, to what the poor thing has become in less than a year since her life appeared in the newspaper, and tell me what she is to do.

1. Second Vice-President of the American Cremation Society.

2. Member of Text Committee of the Society to Improve the Morals of Persons Undergoing Sentence.

3. Chairman of the Inspecting Committee of the Sterilized Milk Association.

4. Vice-President of the American Mothers' Kindergarten Association.

5. Life member of Society to Protect the Indians.

6. Honorary member of the Press Women's Social and Beneficent Club.

7. Member of the Forty Associates Sewing Bee (luncheon club).

8. Third Vice-President of the Woman's Club, and active participator in the following courses of original work arranged by the members of the Club:

(a) Literary course for 1897–98.
Shakespeare's women.
The dramatists of the Elizabethan period.

(b) Scientific course for 1897–98.
Darwin's theory of earth-worms.
The present status of the conflict between science and religion.
Recent polar expeditions.

(c) Political course for 1897–98.
The tariff bills of American history.
The theory of bimetallism.

9. Member of the Molière Club. (Class to read French plays one evening a fortnight.)

10. President of the Home Beautifying Society. (Her pet interest.)

11. To say nothing of dinner parties, receptions, ladies' luncheons, the opera, concerts, authors' readings, and other more or less engrossing social diversions and distractions.

"There!" continued Josephine. "And this does not include the thought and worry she spends upon Mrs. J. Webb Johnston."

"And who, pray, is Mrs. J. Webb Johnston?" I asked.

"Her fascinating, deadly, and demoralizing rival," answered Josephine, with a mournful wag of the head. "I am really very sorry, my dear philosopher, that this fresh complication has appeared, for I really think your Mrs. Sherman had all she could attend to already. But I must be faithful to the truth, even though our cherished hopes are thereby frustrated. Mustn't I, philosopher?"

"Certainly," said I; "but since you instead of me seem to be writing this letter, I suggest that it is time to give our correspondents time to breathe by beginning a fresh paragraph."

III

"JUST as you men—merchants, lawyers, or doctors—" pursued Josephine, reflectively, "deliberately or unconsciously con-

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trast yourselves with your fellows in the same calling and become friendly rivals yet competitors for success and renown, it seems to be inevitable that the modern woman with social ambitions should keep her eye on other modern women with social ambitions and try to make sure that they do not get ahead of her. Your Mrs. Sherman, at the time the newspaper woman visited her, had reached the point where it would naturally occur to her to scan the horizon to observe how the other feminine celebrities of her environment were progressing, and her attention was especially called to the matter by the article on 'Progressive Women.' There she had the opportunity to behold them in their respective glories, and to be jealous of or indifferent to them, according to her judgment as to what each amounted to. It was an interesting list, and she experienced in perusing it, in conjunction with the portraits, some qualms of mild envy on account of several of the progressionists, but the only face and career which really discouraged her were the face and career of the woman I have referred to, Mrs. J. Webb Johnston, or, as everyone calls her, Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"When she had finished she felt herself essentially on a par with the others; but in the case of Mrs. Webb Johnston she experienced a frog in her throat, and she looked into distance with a harassed air for more than five minutes. Mrs. Webb Johnston was not a stranger to her, but she was comparatively a novelty. That is, she had appeared on the social stage since Mrs. Sherman herself had become prominent, and had been making mushroom-like progress; such rapid progress in fact that it was only when she read the text of the article that she realized the extent of it. Then it came over her with a rush that she was in peril of being distanced on her own ground. For, to all intents and purposes, they were rivals. Their visiting lists were practically the same; they represented and appealed to the same constituency. In personal appearance she could not justly claim any superiority to Mrs. Webb, who was at least three years her junior in age, and who possessed a certain luscious, Juno-like beauty which was calculated, without question, to dazzle undiscriminating eyes, and which would not be regarded except by the very subtle as inferior in type to her own refined effectiveness. Yes, there was no doubt about Mrs. Webb's physical charms, or her great executive ability, or her enthusiastic devotion to the entire range of interests over which she herself was aiming to hold undisputed sway. Her own ambition was to be the guiding spirit, the modern, original social force above all other modern social forces in her constituency; yet here was another with an evidently similar ambition, and a war-cry or shibboleth which was disconcertingly fetching. I trust you have appreciated, philosopher, that our Mrs. Sherman (I am really sorry for her now, so I call her 'our'), from the very first, has been decorously conservative in her point of view, eschewing cheap and vagabond devices and adhering to elegant and appropriately conventional usages, such as seemed to befit a conscientious woman eager to lead public opinion. If dignified conservatism has been her ruling motive, you will readily appreciate that it would disturb her to find that a Bohemian looseness of social vision distinguished her rival, who had been working her way to the front by the specious cry of 'liberty,' and a seductively expressed intention of freeing the community from the manacles of old fogy conventions. I am sure you will agree, philosopher, that it is natural she should have been worried, or, at least, distracted from settling down to her 'Art in Humble Homes' by this discovery. And investigation and reflection only serve to agitate her still further; for, as the weeks go by, it becomes more and more obvious that the things indicated in the article are true—that Mrs. Webb Johnston is hand in glove with authors, actors, opera-singers, and other celebrities, and that the entertainments which she gives and the conversation heard there lack the dull, cut-and-dried, mechanical flavor observable at ordinary social gatherings. You see the situation, don't you, dear?"

(As Josephine's prophecy has assumed an essay-like or argumentative form, it does not seem to me advisable to interrupt its flow for my correspondents by reciting our side observations, unless they would be material or elucidating. Although her appropriation of my Mrs. Sherman has proved to be a kidnapping of a very serious

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character, and her conversation is bracketed as a "note," still her remarks seem to me so pertinent that I am prepared to adopt them as a part of my letter.)

"The most perplexing thing, philosopher, for a modern woman with social ambitions who wishes to emulate Madame Récamier of Madame de Staël, is that we have no standards in this country. Public opinion is the only test of conduct. The progressive woman is expected on the one hand to be original, and yet on the other to guide correctly, and public opinion reserves the right to follow blindly and to applaud egregiously and afterward to condemn the leaders whom it has flattered into folly. An ambitious woman (or a man, for the matter of that) needs to-day a clear head, a high sense of responsibility, and a sense of humor if she or he would avoid being led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp crew of surface society livers which pursues talent and originality only to be amused, and who, provided it is amused, forgives everything else, and eggs the performer on to believe that its shallow approval is the real verdict of society. This crew, brought into being by mere wealth, lacking purpose and sneering at it if it threatens to interfere with the progress of the merry-go-round, and backed by the army of society reporters and tittle-tattlers, is a growing factor in our large cities and serves to debauch public sentiment by more and more audacious or frivolous ventures concerning the orthodoxy of which it claims to be the only intelligent judge. We are accustomed to sneer at the formal and confining conventions of older civilizations on the ground that liberty of action is thereby checked and life made artificial, but are we not beginning to discover that there are advantages in a definite prescription as to what gentlemen and ladies can do as compared with a happy-go-lucky system of individual competition in social experiments which, however vulgar and demoralizing, are invariably puffed and glorified by the social gossip editors of a host of newspapers? The subsequent course of Mrs. Sherman's career is an illustration of the plight in which a modern woman with social ambitions is liable to find herself as a result of the democratic habit of constituting the half-educated and often morally obtuse society reporter, her successors and assigns, the sole arbiter of what is socially elegant and invigorating.

"Setting aside the matter of the ethics of her egotism, our lady in question is animated by a conscientious desire to be a refining and admirable influence. It is her ambition to lead, but to lead nobly and unimpeachably. Her entertainments and her posture in and toward society have been pursued on this principle, and she has believed the effect produced by her to be irreproachable intellectual elegance, redeemed from formalism or dulness by scintillating vivacity. The suggestion, therefore, that she is behind the times gives her a genuine shock. She has hitherto prided herself on her mental acumen and on her knowingness. She has considered that she knew life to the dregs, so to speak, for she had passed through a course of French, and translated Russian novels, and acquired thereby a knowledge of things evil, which she kept stored in her inner consciousness as a source of pride and an antidote against undue primness in matters sexual and social. She begins to ask herself if it can possibly be true that she is an old fogy, and lacks breadth of view, and that society in its demands for liberty of conduct and agreeable entertainment is prepared to discard, as outworn and futile, conventions and limitations which she has been disposed to consider essential to civilized and decent deportment. As the result of this reasoning she resolves to cap her rival's next venture with something of her own. So it happens that not long after Mrs. Webb Johnston has summoned a few select spirits to sup and witness Miss Almira Wing, a visiting coryphée, do a skirt dance, Mrs. Sherman issues notes of invitation to what is mysteriously specified as 'An Eclipse Smoke Talk.' This proves to be a small gathering of choice souls to observe a total eclipse of the moon due at two o'clock in the morning from her own roof, and to listen to remarks by a leading astronomer secured for the occasion. This entertainment is a success, and serves to give her new heart. It was bold, still decent. She has preserved her self-respect, yet shown herself alive to the necessity of being original. She is prompt to reinforce it by an evening with a Russian Nihilist, a young woman reputed to have been prominent in plots to assassi-

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nate the Czar, and who makes a specialty of narrating her experiences after a Welsh rabbit, cigarette in mouth. Naturally, these enterprises spur Mrs. Webb Johnston to fresh efforts of the imagination. Her guests are beguiled at her next evening by a paper on 'Life among the Mormons,' delivered by one of the early female disciples of that community. No men are invited on this occasion. A fortnight later a very small and secretly invited company are bidden to behold an exhibition of the vagaries of a hypnotic patient.

"This enlargement of her horizon, though stimulating, puts Mrs. Sherman on tenter-hooks. It becomes necessary for her to keep accurately posted as to the comings of celebrities in order to get the first 'go' at them, so to speak, before they fall into the clutches of her rival. As a consequence, aspirants in every line of art or accomplishment who desire to win the patronage of the public ask for the use of her name and receive it. She had been nervous and over-occupied before, but now her days are passed in a ferment. She has recourse to tonics and to sleeping draughts. She feels elated at the success of her enfranchisement, but a feverish interest as to what Mrs. Webb Johnston will do next keeps her uneasy. Nor has she forgotten her serious intentions. She tries to assure herself that her progressiveness is for the benefit of society, and that she is leading it in noble directions. She still retains her scruples. She draws the line on women celebrities of unchaste life. In this she refuses to be led astray by her rival's practices. Mrs. Webb Johnston's openly avowed theory had been that where art was concerned, she chose to ask no questions. Accordingly, she took to her bosom, socially, anyone who was brilliant or attractive; and every notoriously erotic actress, singer, dancer, or other artist whose talent had caught the public fancy was invited to her house, and became privileged on very short acquaintance to kiss her and call her by her first name.

"Mrs. Sherman's conscience obliges her to draw this line, but she is conscious that it is an inconvenience to do so, which puts her at a disadvantage. Mrs. Webb Johnston has merely to swoop down on the hotel, or insinuate herself behind the scenes, and offer her visiting card, and presently her cheek, in order to carry off the prize. She cannot but feel that there are advantages in the Bohemian democratic point of view which asks no questions, but takes the good without heeding the ill.

"By refusing social recognition to women whose private characters are disreputable, she is shutting herself off from alluring friendships with sopranos, contraltos, tragediennes, skirt-dancers, music-hall singers, and many other brilliant and fascinating creatures whose presence at her house could not fail to make her entertainments interesting to her guests. All these women are sought out and cherished by Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"The old adage that there are other ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream, comes pertinently to mind in this connection. Conscience is apt to be a tyrant if deliberately overridden, but it may be hoodwinked with comparative complacency. Mrs. Sherman remains true to her principle of excluding meretricious characters from social intercourse with her guests, but she reserves to herself the right of passing on the evidence. Seeing that she had read Madame Bovary and Anna Karénina, was she not amply qualified to detect immorality at first blush? That seemed to be almost an essential attribute of a modern woman with social ambitions.

"The occasion for putting into practice this prerogative was not far to seek. The arrival from Europe of one of the most brilliant of the galaxy of foreign actresses brings her heart into her mouth. She reads eagerly everything which the newspapers have to say about her, and naturally finds nothing there suggestive of impropriety. She buys and scans photographs, and these merely serve to heighten the ideal estimate which has shaped itself in her mind. She refuses to entertain sundry rumors which have reached her to the effect that the lady in question has been successively maintained by a French marquis, and a Russian banker, and was at present reputed to be on unduly intimate terms with the famous leading man of her own troupe. To the person who has confided to her these whisperings she answers, 'I don't believe a word of it,' and then adds, significantly, 'Wait.' The person is a man, and he shrugs his shoul-

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ders. But her soul is jubilant in its faith and in the hope that at last she has found a way to compete with Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"On the day when the actress arrives in town Mrs. Sherman goes to see her. The meeting is by appointment at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts more than two hours. They come downstairs together with the mien of happy sisters. Mrs. Sherman's face wears a seraphic smile. Her carriage is in waiting, and in it they are driven to her home for luncheon, and on the same evening cards are issued for an after-theatre supper-party as a preliminary announcement of impending festivities. She sends for the man who told her the rumors, and in a triumphant tone says, 'My friend, your stories are untrue; I have been to head-quarters. I have seen her and asked her, and she has assured me, with tears in her eyes, that they are a wicked falsehood—a malicious, baseless slander.'

"'Surely,' says the man, 'she ought to know,' and then he shrugs his shoulders again, a caustic act which, though done as a friend, provokes Mrs. Sherman to anger, and puts a chasm between them.

"On this day the cat is killed, and yet the cream is saved. True to her principles, Mrs. Sherman still bars her doors against the wanton, yet never fails to convince herself that she is an infallible judge of virtue. If there are rumors and whisperings in advance, she invariably takes the bull, or, more accurately speaking, the heifer, by the horns and puts the inquiry. The answer settles the matter. It becomes a veritable 'open sesame' to her entertainments and her friendship. She shows herself in public with her arm, metaphorically and literally, around the waist of women whom all men know to be unchaste and living in violation of social laws. They kiss and talk poetry and art and philosophy, and her face gleams with the consciousness of new importance and the realization of her ambition.

"Mrs. Sherman has now reached the point where she feels that she can fairly regard herself as the most busily progressive woman of her community. She has a finger in every pie, literary, artistic, philanthropic, educational, and what not. She is always in a hurry, and she does nothing thoroughly. Her ideas jostle against each other in their promiscuity, and become all jumbled together in her consciousness. Her time is so occupied that when she is doing one thing and talking to one person, some other thing or person is in her mind, though her social skill often enables her to conceal the fact. Her life is one continuous series of kaleidoscopic sensations and emotions without system or result. She is ostensibly a leader, but her leadership suggests only ceaseless activity and indiscriminate, superficial posings and vanities. Her nerves are kept in a constant state of tension by breathless comings and goings, her digestion perpetually tried by the viands of festivities. Nor is her conscience satisfied. A vague unrest pursues her still, torturing her by insinuations of her own utter futility, yet goading her on to fresh efforts. She presently becomes a wreck morally, mentally, and physically, though she preserves a bold front to the world, until one day the news is flashed upon a busy public that she has died suddenly from 'heart failure' following an attack of pneumonia. The physician in attendance shakes his head when asked to give assurance of her recovery. He possesses an instinctive knowledge that she has kept her vitality keyed up to concert pitch by antipyrine, phenacetine, and the other drugs to the use of which modern progressive women are addicted. And so no more of Mrs. Alexander Sherman.

"Of course," continued Josephine, "it was not strictly necessary to kill her. The constitutions of some progressive women seem to be proof against anything. But the chances were in favor of her death. And if the poor thing had lived, what hope was there for anything but a vapid old age, haunted by visions of her decreasing notoriety? And the strangest part of all is that when I began with her I felt hopeful that she would amount to something. The laws of evolution are not to be trifled with, however, even by the wives of philosophers."

IV

I FEEL confident that my correspondent, No. 4, a wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state, will appreciate that there

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was nothing personal in Josephine's portrayal of Mrs. Alexander Sherman's career. It seems to me that it presents, more clearly than any arguments or words of mine could do, the perils of egotism and superficiality, and that I need not further indicate to my correspondents that to do a little of everything and nothing thoroughly, to be so eager for individuality or notoriety that one is ready to be led instead of to lead, and to discard social canons on the plea of liberty or superior feminine acuteness, will produce a nervous, emotional, gibbering type of character adapted to cause Madame de Staël or Madame Récamier to turn in her grave. Neither you, No. 4, nor No. 5, the radiant, able-bodied spinster, haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, need fear any detriment to your souls or to your social progress as a consequence of doing some one or two things well, and of refusing to sacrifice your self-respect to the urgency of cheap substitutes for refinement and elegance. Certainly, thoroughness and delicacy of thought and sentiment are essential to the modern woman who would be socially effective in the best sense.

Let me here state that I am entirely conscious that it is not a prerequisite to earnest living to be socially effective at all. One can pursue one's occupation, be it house-keeping, school teaching, scientific philanthropy, or novel writing without taking any part in what is known as society, and still be respectable and worthy in character. Yet if every woman were simply to eat her three meals a day, sleep, be affectionate to her family, reasonably charitable, and do her daily task, the world would lose much of its vivacity, color, and æsthetic interest. As the world is at present constituted the greater mass of human beings, both male and female, are shut off from participation in society in its narrower sense. Their means, their manner of living, and their tastes confine them to very simple or else to very coarse social diversions. Hence we are accustomed to read in the newspapers of "society people," as a term of reproach indicating that portion of the population which cultivates the social or æsthetic side of nature in its leisure hours. The demagogic force of the term is derived from the undeniable existence of a surface element of society, which has been and is still apt to conduct itself in such a manner as to subject itself justly to the charge of frivolity and extravagance. But the unthinking extend its application to the cultivated and intelligent many, who in all countries constitute the best force of the community. Society in this better sense must always exist, and, although the woman who holds herself aloof from it may not be distinctly culpable, there can be no question that those who succeed in participating in the social interests open to them, without neglecting or allowing them to obscure sterner pursuits, live finer and more serviceable lives than those who pass all their hours of relaxation by the chimney-corner, either because they fancy that essential to comfort or because they choose to despise what they call, with a virtuous inflection, "society."

This may sound elementary, but I present it as a premise to what is to follow. You, my correspondents, are ambitious to progress socially, yet doubtless you are not altogether impervious to the seductive suggestion that social interests are hollow and unprofitable. For instance, I feel sure that you, No. 5, the radiant, able-bodied spinster, haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, feels the pressure of the times, and would regard the life of a Madame de Staël or a Madame Récamier, however brilliant or picturesque, as at variance with modern theories of social utility. I hear you making some such representation as this, which is merely an enlargement of the letter you wrote me: "Here am I, a young woman of some means, without family responsibilities or other demands upon my time. I have no prejudice against marriage; indeed, I earnestly hope to meet some day, some man who will love me and whom I may love, and whose wife I may become; but as I am no longer so young as I was once, being nearly thirty, I have no intention of bothering my head about the subject further, and so put it aside as a contingency. I have no special talent; that is, I never could accomplish anything unusual with my voice, my pen, or a brush. I have taken, and I do take, a strong interest in charitable enterprise and investigation. I belong to philanthropic societies, and it has more than once occurred to me to

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join a college settlement and live among the poor. I have friends who do that; but I do not feel a special fitness for the work. Nor am I sure that, however valuable that experience may be as a form of loving service to the people one hopes to influence, it can be other than episodic and limited to the individuals who are conscious of the need or of the inspiration. I am painfully aware of the dissipations and vanities of fashionable people, in many of which I have taken part myself, and have no desire to be merely a frivolous devotee of social amusements. And yet I feel sure that the social side is no less genuine in its claims upon us than any other. It seems to me that I might interest myself socially, but I am puzzled by the intricacies of the situation. It is so difficult to be democratic in one's sympathies and yet maintain the old standards of elegance and refinement. To be socially effective one ought to be in touch with modern social tendencies and yet be true to the finest instincts of aspiring womanhood. What can one do to realize this?"

That is, I believe, a clear presentation of your state of mind and its dilemma. Having read of the vicissitudes of Mrs. Alexander Sherman, you have probably a more distinct idea of what you ought not to do; but would have a right to argue that a mere warning loses half its force unless a substitute be supplied. To begin with, you are correct in your assumption—you see I credit you with a considerable intelligence—that if you hope to be effective you must not be content with mere aristocratic elegance. That is a requisite which will gain you a standing within certain narrow limits, and if cleverly cherished, may bring you a surface reputation which the society newspapers will vie with each other to enhance. The acquirement of mere fine ladyism is going on actively in our society, and though it has not turned the heads of so many American women as its opposite, superficial democratic smartness, it seems too apt to fill the breasts of its votaries with a pleasing self-satisfaction, which no suggestion that the gift is not original serves to disturb. It is a product of and inheritance from the older civilizations, and in its most precious but not its exaggerated form, is absolutely essential to the most highly evolved womanhood. A fringe of our people in the North and in the South, and latterly in the West, has always insisted on and cultivated it, generally with much credit, and has thereby evoked the taunt that they were out of sympathy with the institutions of the country. That has been far less true than demagogues would have us believe, but there has been enough truth in it, and there is still enough truth in it to put our well-bred class—"society people," as they are called—on their guard against themselves. There is certainly nothing essentially American in conventional fine manners and in the conventional social tone which people of breeding the world over cultivate, and where these are the possessor's chief or only title to superiority, and is worn as such, there is room for the sneer that he or she is not an American at heart.

During the last twenty years our population has been passing through a period of awakening in regard to the usages of civilized countries, with the result that the public point of view has been astonishingly readjusted. The people are, so to speak, tumbling over each other in their haste to adopt Old World social customs, and the paragrapher who tells us that the wife of the Chief Magistrate wears blue novelty silk waists to the theatre, made by one of her familiar friends, makes a point of assuring us that the dressmaker in question is herself "a leading society woman." Our public press is rife with society cant and society gossip, and justifies the practice on the plea that the plain people are absorbed in the contemplation of the doings and the dresses of those whom they know only by hearsay, even as an Englishwoman will run the risk of apoplexy in order to catch a passing glimpse of her sovereign. Of this appetite for social tittle-tattle, the wealthy class seems disposed to take every advantage, pluming itself on its new importance to the point where it is constantly trying to devise some new extravagance or inanity.

But this is not the spirit of the United States, nor are these the best Americans. Our nation is strange in this respect. We wear our faults upon our sleeves, or rather we suffer a surface population to belie us in various walks of life. That is the reason why the foreigners who come over here and try to amass the materials for a book

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in a few months fail to understand us as we really are. They are led by superficially prominent indications to believe many things which are true only of a limited portion of the population, and they fail to perceive the sturdiness of character, the independence of view, and the social charm which distinguishes a large and constantly increasing portion of the American people, who are neither extravagant plutocrats nor vulgar republican braggarts and despisers of civilized practices.

During the early years of our history as an independent nation, the imitators of foreign and civilized usages, the well-bred people of our country were, as I have indicated, regarded as out of sympathy with the population at large, and there was a certain justification in the charge; for though there was no conscious slur on the part of these students of manners, they were at fault in that they failed to manifest or to take an interest in that energy, originality, and freshness of mental vision which was known as Americanism. Blatant and mortifying as this national tendency was in its exaggerated forms, it was a genuine indigenous product typical of the native character. Chastened and subdued in New England, and assuming outrageous expression on the prairies, it was the real manifestation of our entity as a new departure from the peoples of Europe. Hence it was natural that those who were shocked by or felt no kinship for this trick of the blood should be looked at askance. Among those who claimed in their own hearts social prestige it was long the fashion to shrug their shoulders over the raw eccentricities of their fellow-countrymen, which, as revealed both in public affairs and during European travel, were often startling to precise taste and wofully suggestive of the boaster. Yet those very traits in their truer expression have been the vital force of the people, and give us our savor as a nation. Not to possess them is to be without the characteristics of an American.

The experience and events of fifty years have served to soften the eccentricities and tone down the unconventional manifestations of the national spirit. Although the prairies and the halls of Congress still afford occasional rampant types, the great body of the people is eager, as I have indicated, to adopt cosmopolitan usages. But the salt of the native character remains undiluted in the blood of the people, and marks them as genuinely as ever, though they have learned to avoid some of the exuberance of language and look which made foreigners smile, and their sensitive countrymen blush when they met them in the picture galleries of Europe.

Most significant among the changes which experience and time have brought to pass has been the development on the educational and social side. Always alive to the importance of general education, but unfortunately so proud of the maintenance of public schools that it was disposed to sneer at any learning not to be acquired at them, the American people—that portion of it which foreigners are so apt to overlook when they attempt to characterize us—is seeking to foster in a variety of ways the opportunities for higher learning, and wider intellectual intelligence. Within the last twenty-five years not merely an array of colleges and other educational institutions have sprung into existence, but with them an army of disciples whose clubs and classes and associations for the investigation and study of all the forms of learning from English literature to Sanscrit have given a new tone and stimulus to the social side of American life. An independent, but now generally respectful eagerness to learn has taken the place of an independent ignorance relying upon its own infallibility, which was often worn as a chip upon the shoulder. With it all has been manifest the same originality, independence, and energy of spirit which has been conspicuous from the first. This still serves to handicap as well as to promote progress, for it is apt to beget undue self-confidence and lead our new women and eager youth of both sexes to ignore the accumulated wisdom of older civilizations, and claim a special clearness of vision, the only basis for which is often half-digested superficial knowledge. But educational and professional life all over the country is being constantly enriched by more and more competent students and practitioners who stand not merely for what is best and most earnest in American life, but who typify the true American spirit. While the omniscient class in the population has become less assertive and more humble-

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minded, the class which was once politically proscribed in some sections of the country because it was cultivated and because it shrugged its shoulders in spite of its breeding, has undergone a transformation also. A large portion of it, always patriotic at heart so far as dying was concerned, has learned to recognize that it must live in sympathy with our republican institutions if it would not be regarded as an exotic, and that aloofness is akin to lack of patriotism. A fringe of vain and more and more extravagant and self-indulgent society exists in our large cities, especially in New York, which affects to claim social superiority to the rest of the population, and is indifferent to national progress and to the best public interests; but it is numerically small, and, except in the newspapers, a very unimportant factor of influence as compared with the already large and growing body of citizens over the country which is eager to live nobly and wisely. This right-minded and aspiring class represents the drawing together and amalgamation of the once seemingly hostile poles of opinion typified by the conservative, civilized, sedate, social aristocrats of the nation, and the independent, assertive, ignorant but truth-seeking sons and daughters of the soil. Each has recognized the justice of the other's criticisms, and as the outcome of a mutually amended point of view we have an earnest, intelligent, and interesting alliance, which insists on both fineness and strength of fibre as essential to progressive national character. The confines of this belt of good citizenship shade away into stiff or heartless conventionalism on the one side, and smart, obtuse, social perceptions on the other, but it is constantly widening and undergoing the refining process which results from the increasing intelligence of the contracting parties. By way of exemplification in matters feminine may be instanced the more and more frequent requirement by those in authority in women's colleges that applicants for the position of teacher should possess those evidences of gentle nurture which the world is accustomed to associate with the word "lady." Conversely one may point to the fact that originality, independence, and suggestiveness are no longer repulsed by the conservative, but welcomed as a leavening grace necessary to the development of a finer womanhood.

It is to the existence of this alliance that I would call the attention of the modern woman with social ambitions — you, in particular, Nos. 4 and 5. For it seems to me that in the perpetuation and extension of it lies the best hope of society. It is, of course, an involuntary approximation of contrary opinion, and has no definite corporate existence, like a woman's club, for instance. But the alliance is real, nevertheless, whether it be deliberate or not. Certainly the American woman who wishes to lead effectively and aspiringly can no longer be either of the insipidly fashionable or the smart, assertive, schoolma'am type. In her composition that eager, star-investigating spirit, which through all the phases of her brilliant but often nerve-harrowing evolution has distinguished her, must curb itself to the yoke of social refinement. On the other hand, the day has passed when the charms of mere convention, of graceful elegance fortified by nothing deeper than wit, or suppleness of mind, would rank the possessor among the leaders of society.

Imitation, therefore, of the witchery worn by the women of the French salons will, however successful, if it be limited to mere manners and mental accomplishments—the pyrotechnics of social adroitness—gain for the modern woman of ambition, be she discerning and honest with herself, only a sore conscience. First of all, let her be a lady—elegant, gracious, pure, and tender; but, last of all, let her be merely that and stop there, looking down with amiable superciliousness on the world outside the narrow limit hedged by the conventions of those who play at living, and fancy themselves the real world. It is becoming more and more easy in this country to be a fashionable fine lady, without audible reproach, for the class of mere society people is a growing one. Yet to those who are content thus to waste their lives, the difficulty of being recognized as anything but society persons is just as great as ever, for though the ranks of the alliance may seem to terminate on one side in their direction, there is a dividing chasm between them broad as is the difference between careless aristocracy and sym-

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pathizing humanity. On one side of this chasm live those whose vital interest is to be exquisite and to be entertained; on the other, those whose souls are bent upon the finest aspirations and hopes of the race. In the heart of this alliance between conventional culture and humanity the reforms, the enterprises, and the safeguards projected for the advancement of modern society are born, and here they find their truest champions.

It is not easy, however, my correspondents, to decide whether there lies greater danger for the modern woman with social ambitions in the allurements of mere fashionable society, or in the temptations to be smart, superficial, and common, which confront her at the point where the alliance shades toward the camp of democratic individuality. Here there is a second chasm; yet, like the sunken road into which the cuirassiers of Napoleon fell at Waterloo, it is not evident at first glance to those who, fired by the ardor of youth, but socially unenlightened, tilt at fame and world progress. The evolution of democracy having in the case of woman been supplemented by the enfranchisement of her sex, present conditions afford extraordinary opportunities for the exercise of her newfound liberty. So secure is her position, so welcome is her announced determination to readjust and regenerate the world, that humanity is prepared to give her her head and to applaud every sign of advancement.

But man, though thus encouraging and at heart keenly appreciative, is watching her closely, and there can be no question that if he has to choose between the old-time woman of convention—the exquisite, picturesque doll of society—and a monster who revolts at sex, sneers at sentiment, and administers the affairs of life on a dull, utilitarian basis enlivened only by knowing, mundane humor, he will prefer the doll, or, if she be out of the question, he will fight the monster. It would be St. George and the dragon again! Long has the idea which the poet put into words,

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence,

been uttered with a sigh by our wives and mothers; yet with pride, too, and a secret joy in spite of the melancholy inflection. There are some women to-day who would throw off the yoke of this adage and enter the lists of life on the footing of a second-class man, proud of their swagger, and with the instincts of the wife and mother sternly repressed. Fortunately, to the woman of the alliance this new woman of democratic individuality is as abhorrent as she is to men. But it is not in her extreme type that she is as yet most dangerous, for admiration comes only by degrees. The danger lies in the failure to recognize the species in the bustling, chirping, metallic, superficial class of women which in some numbers, and with the wiry whirr of grasshoppers, infests the cities and towns of the republic to-day—women who have no reverence and no sentiment, no desire to learn for the sake of knowledge, but merely for ostentation—women who have not progressed as souls, but who have substituted coarseness for aspiration, and material "cuteness" for unsophisticated purity of thought and sentiment.

The modern woman with social ambitions must be essentially a modern woman. That is, she must recognize the justice of and sympathize with the aspirations of society for a broader humanity, and she must recognize and be a party to the responsibilities placed upon her own sex by the process of emancipation. Now, if ever, is the opportunity for woman to show what she is made of. If she is made simply of sugar and spice and all that is nice, as we are informed in the nursery rhyme, we shall have to accept her as she is and put up with her delightful volatility and tender but unintellectual limitations. If, on the other hand, as the world is ready to believe, she is a star-seeking creature, who has been kept down, she will soon be able to give manifest signs of her ability to soar; and it is equitable to remind her that the burden of proof is on her. She cannot afford, distinctly, to be superficial. She must be thorough both in her investigations and her intuitions or she will amount to nothing, for it must be remembered that though man may be slow at intuition, he is capable in investigation. Every woman of the present day who becomes either an elegant voluptuary or an egotistical, metallic flibbertigibbet, furnishes one more piece of evidence for

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the edification of those who maintain that the mental constitution of her sex, save in its capacity for affection, is shallow. That is probably not the truth, but she should make the demonstration of the calumny more complete. Woman's authority over matters social is far greater than it has ever been. Not only as regards the social manifestations of society, but in the matter of the deeper problems of social living upon which the progress of society depends, her influence is becoming more and more a vital factor and force. If she is sincere, society will become both more earnest and more attractive; if she is simply seeking liberty at the expense of religion, purity, sentiment, and the fine things of the spirit, it were almost better she were again a credulous, beautiful doll, and remained so to the end of time. Clearly, the modern woman with social ambitions must not neglect to hold fast to the old and everlasting truths of life in her struggle toward the stars. Sympathy with and capacity to promote new ideas are essential to her progress, but only by allegiance to the eternal feminine, to the behests of love and motherhood and beauty of imagination, can the development of society on the lines of a broader and wiser humanity be effectually established.

A RHYME OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

By Clinton Scollard

THE ways of fate they had trod were as wide
As the sea from the shouting sea,
But when they had ranged them side by side,
Strenuous, eager, and ardent-eyed,
They were brothers in pluck, they were brothers in pride,
As the veriest brethren be.

They heard no bugle-peal to thrill
As they crouched in the tangled grass,
But the sound of bullets whirring shrill
From hidden hollow and shrouded hill;
And they fought as only the valiant will
In the glades of Guasimas.

Aye, they fought, let their blood attest!—
The blood of their comrades gone;
Fought their bravest and fought their best,
As when, like a wave, in their zealous zest
They swept and surged o'er the sanguine crest
Of the heights of San Juan.

So here's to them all—a toast and a cheer!—
From the greatest down to the least,
The heroes who fronted the deadliest fear,
Leader and lad, each volunteer,
The men whom the whole broad land holds dear
From the western sea to the east!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ALL artistic pleasures are incommunicable. I can talk a man over to believe that all men are born equal, or I can convince him by philosophical demonstration that inequality is the fundamental law of social development. I can manipulate his reason. I can win his imitative fancy for any fashion. But I cannot pass on to him my delight in the Vorspiel of "Tristan und Isolde," nor have I any virus at my command that, inoculated into his veins, will produce in him even the semblance of that subtle ecstasy that seizes my imagination before the lightly stepping Flora of Botticelli's "Spring." Still less—for I can point my finger at the Botticelli, and explain blunderingly the grace of this line and the distinction of that, and, pinching his arm during the "Tristan" prelude, with a "Mark! here and here," I can convey to him obscurely the presence of *motifs* upon which I have excitedly descanted before—still less, I say, can I make my dense friend realize the joy that I have in the man or woman who has the gift of fair speech.

The "Art of Saying Well."

By fair I do not mean smooth and flowery, or—heaven save the mark!—precise and orthoëpical, after the mouthing and conscious ideal of certain well-meaning ladies who teach "voice-culture" and the like. In fact, it is very difficult to say just what one does mean. The person who, naturally and without apparent effort, always speaks fitly, crisply, and with that strong continence which gives style to the most commonplace phrase, how shall one describe his endowment? It is as little easy to find the right word for it as it is to reduce the pleasure that it bestows to any terms that will be comprehensible to the uninitiated. No treatise on æsthetics will help those susceptible to this peculiar form of allurement to analyze their feelings; for their sense of propriety and harmony and accuracy, their perception of the noble and appropriate, are flattered so indirectly by it that they can draw nothing out of the chaos but a general and ineffable sentiment of satisfaction.

It does not much matter what the fortunate being who speaks in this wise actually says. Sometimes he is the sort of man who, without ever being weighty or memorable on any subject, punctuates the level plain of every-day life with small apt remarks that freshen existence at moments, perhaps, when the highest and deepest interests fail to arouse or stir. But he may not even have this facility. There are persons who say, "How do you do," and "We shall have rain," with some manner, some intonation, that stamps them as of the race apart. This is not the same thing as wit, but it gives to some mortals a contentment and a feeling of æsthetical stimulation very like those given by wit.

Some of this enchantment may lie in the voice, some of it in the enunciation; but the "art of saying well," as the French express it—though they indicate by the expression something a little more professional than is meant here—comes, as a whole, from remoter recesses of the individual, and appears to inhere in his very structure. And it is not of necessity an altogether superior being who uses the supreme gift of speech in this chaste and dignified and self-respecting fashion. Persons very ignoble, according to ethical standards, have had the noble manner of speaking. An instinct for it has been born in them, as in others it has been born for literary or musical expression, or for the plastic art. And of all æsthetic instincts it appears to be the rarest. We all talk too much, too loosely, with too many words, without form and void. We use random terms that misrepresent us, that strain our meaning out of shape. We make phrases, with impulsive weakness, at moments when none are required. We prostitute daily one of the highest of our attributes.

In that far-away time when the entire race shall have attained some pitch of æsthetic development now only to be dreamed of, the common words of one's ordinary acquaintances may all give one the sense of rarity, of value, of having been chosen, selected, before they were used, from some rich store held well in reserve. But there are many steps to be taken before we reach that point, and the first step should be taken by the schools and colleges, where so much else is now taught that is of less importance, and where the art of speaking with some perception of

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the worth of language appears to be, as a rule, so utterly unknown and unheeded. One must repeat — where so much else is taught that is of less importance. For nothing is surer than that speech that is habitually restrained — except when, at the right time and place, it lets itself "go"—and that seeks, in the best sense and without affectation, after measure and style, has a deep effect upon both the moral nature and the mind. Clarity of thinking may be furthered more by this means than has ever yet been fully realized. Of what the ethics of man might gain from it, all the inspired teachers of religion who have counselled the guarding of the tongue have had a well-defined idea.

The Portrait and its Maker.

I WISH it were possible to make a diagram that would fairly show the difficulties that confront and beset a painter when he sets out to make a portrait that shall be pronounced good by the sitter, the family, and friends. I know of nothing else that brings out more fully, when you stop to think of it, the complex nature of the conditions on which our impressions of each other, and therefore largely our conduct toward each other, must depend.

To begin with, there are certain things in every face that all people recognize, the general form of the features, the color of the eyes, the complexion and so on. But while the artist and, let us say, the wife of the sitter, both see these things, each sees them a little differently, so that the line representing the artist's actual impression would, from the start, diverge more or less from that representing the wife's impression. But the artist cannot exactly record his impression; he is limited, and in a way thwarted, by his pigments and still more by his own shortcomings, which no one knows so well as he. On the other hand, the wife, knowing little or nothing of these limitations, cannot make allowance for them, and cannot, moreover, even see the record of the artist's impression as he sees it. Here is another cause of divergence. Sometimes by rare accident it corrects the first; generally it aggravates it. But this is not all. Besides these things, recognizable in an imperfect and varying degree by each, there must be in every face some things which the artist sees and the wife does not see, and some plain to the wife but dim or invisible to the artist. When the artist has registered his exclusive impressions—again imperfectly—and the wife has interpreted them with more or less twist, and has searched in vain for what she "knows" ought to be there, the divergence between her impression and that recorded by the artist may be wide and irreconcilable. The representative lines may now be running at right angles with each other, or even in more nearly opposite directions; but what is true of the artist and the wife is equally so, with new eccentricity of divergence, of the artist and the sitter and every friend of the sitter. My own feeling before the best of portraits is one of wonder that any two persons shall agree in regard to it.

Why do scores, and not merely couples, reach substantial agreement? Mainly, I think, because all but one of these varying impressions usually exist in a low degree of intensity, and are practically dominated by the one impression which is both definite and intense—that of the artist. This, I believe, is so nearly true that the success of a portrait may, speaking broadly, be said to depend on the degree to which the artist feels that it is successful. Of course, if he have striven for a mere superficial likeness, if his subject have presented to him no serious problems, he can have no very deep feeling about it, and the portrait can have no success worth considering. But if he have felt himself challenged to a real struggle, which he has made loyally, his picture must have in it a reality, a vitality, by which it imposes itself. We who look at it may feel that it is the person we have not known, but we feel also how pale and untrustworthy is the record in our minds of the knowledge we have and how inadequate is that knowledge. Our assent goes out along the line of the least resistance. It is easier to accept the portrait than to be sure that we know the subject to be different from the portrait. No image we have formed possesses the pictorial force to stand against this which the strenuous study and labor of the artist present to us. And the better, in this sense, the portrait is—that is to say, the more the artist has been aroused by it, the more there has been given to it of what Fromentin, with happy reminiscence of the Parent Tongue of French, calls "fury," whether impetuous or sustained, the more complete and lasting will be its triumph over us. It corrects, informs, replaces our own imperfect impression. It becomes revealing, and from merely dominating our minds, takes undisputed possession of them.

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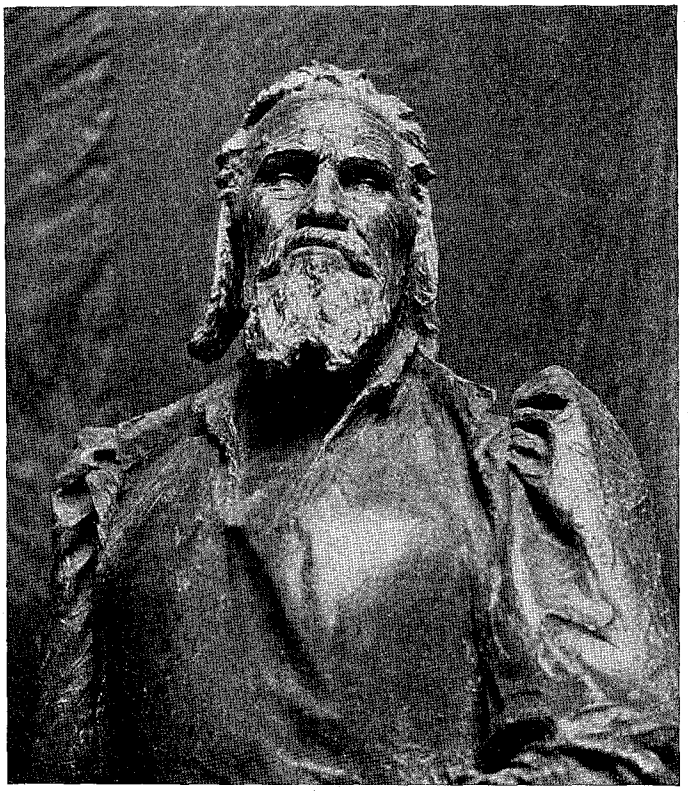
THE FIELD OF ART



THE STATUE OF MICHELANGELO IN THE WASHINGTON CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

THAT which most interests a sculptor in Mr. Bartlett's statue is probably the largeness of treatment by which it is accommodated to two somewhat distant points of view. It must be seen from the floor of the rotunda, and also from the gallery on its own level; and the points from which the statue can be seen in front, or nearly so, are one hundred feet away or more, while he who would see the statue nearer must approach it gradually on the right side or on the left. It was necessary to make the masses tell, and the figure express dignity, firmness, resolute purpose. The head also had to be so modelled as to be effective at a distance where a living head, even of the same size, could hardly be expected to be very plainly seen.

The sculptor is interested, therefore, in noticing how the head is made longer vertically by means of the beard, and massive horizontally from brow to crown by the curious eared cap which the workman, Michelangelo, might be supposed to use to keep the dust from his hair. The eyebrows have an exaggerated pent-house-like overhang, and from the deep shadow thus obtained the eyes are made to gleam very effectively. So, in modelling the clothed figure, the parts which are not immediately expressive of the construction of the figure, so to speak, are left singularly plain. Thus, there is such expression in the folds of cloth at the shoulder-joint of the arm and at the elbow-joint,

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at the knee and at the ankle, while the limbs between are treated in a very large manner indeed, with few and slight changes of surface modelling. It is clear that if the statue had been intended to stand in a museum, where the spectator is seldom more than twenty feet away; or in a palace, or other stately interior, where the visitor would generally see it very close at hand, the sculptor would have modelled these surfaces of the clothing, on limbs and trunk, in a more minute way. So with the details of the muscles, the veins, and the cords in the neck and sides of the face; the largeness of treatment in all these is very noticeable, and the hands also are treated with a singular boldness of modelling, giving them an appearance of undue size.

The head being made so large gives also the effect, desired and necessary in this case, of a man not tall nor of large proportions in any way, except that he has great depth of lung, great solidity of the torso. This necessity of making the man seem on the whole small and not naturally stately, while yet the statue had to be very dignified indeed, is met in this way by the great mass of the head with its beard and cap, and also by the large extremities. It was said above that the hands are not unduly large. That, of course, is true. Mr. Bartlett is an accomplished sculptor and keeps the extremities of his figures to scale, as a matter of course; but it is also true that their relative size is such as to give the figure the needed appearance of a rather small man. They give the correct scale of the figure; that is all. Had the attempt been to represent a man six feet four inches high and very slender, their proper natural scale would have been different, their relative proportions to the whole figure different. The head, however, is the great resource for the sculptor who wishes to express the relative height of his figure. It is almost a tradition in the world of European sculpture that heads are of one size, that is to say, natural human heads, so that the size relation of the whole mass of the head to the body and limbs tells the story. It is not necessary to particularize in the work of living men, but the reader will hardly fail to recall instances where mistakes have been made in this way, and where a small man has been made to look like an Abraham Lincoln in stature by the neglect of this simple canon. The fact that the head in this case required to be very weighty and massive to express Michelangelo's intellectual dignity was, one might say, good fortune for the sculptor; except that this sculptor would have known how to turn the difficulty had the subject of his

statue been other than what it was. It is a curious fact that visitors to the foundry have noticed, especially since the statue could be seen in the bronze, that the head resembles very strongly the distinguished sculptor and much loved man; the president, since its foundation, of the National Sculpture Society. Z. Z.

This statue seems to require a special notice, because it embodies so much of that striving for human and individual expression which is characteristic of the leading artists

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of our time. It is as vain to ask a first-rate mind of the present time to ignore such human and individual expression, and to give itself, as it might in a former age have given itself, to the working out of the sculpturesque problem pure and simple, as it is to ask a

writer of our day to treat the epic problem as Milton did, or the dramatic problem like an Elizabethan. There is here and there a man who is led by his nature to do this, and to be a Greek in sculpture though not in painting; and such an instance there is in the great Paul DuBois whose allegorical and symbolical figures might almost be said to be sculpture pure and simple; but such instances are rare, and the modern artistic spirit, inferior in a thousand ways to the artistic spirit of this or that past century is, perhaps, superior to it in so much as it is sympathetic. When the pundit said to Max Müller that he and his Oriental congeners could not—really could not—recognize the intellectual superiority of the West; that they saw its intellectual advantages only in its practical gift at controlling armies and inventing death-dealing machines; but that in one respect they recognized that the men of the West were superior to those of Asia:—"You have pity; we have none"—he expressed his view of this truth. What it is that is working in the European mind, and which has gradually done away with—first, burning alive as a punishment; next, with judicial torture; then, with what the United States Constitution calls, "cruel and unusual punishments" of all sorts; which has made bull-fights things of the past except in Spain, and is making prize-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights more and more difficult as the years go on; which will, by and by, make "sport," in the sense of putting defenceless things to death for amusement, a thing of the past—what all this tendency is when rightly judged, and what it will lead to yet, and how long it will last, that is to say, until the next social cataclysm comes, are questions a little outside of the domain of art criticism. But they influence the matter of fine art, in so far as it can hardly be expected to appeal to many persons unless it has this individual and expressional quality.

Apparently it is this which makes the charm of Rodin's sculpture. From a sculpturesque point of view, the bedraggled and forlorn figures of the Calais group are but poor subjects, and their treatment is almost an offence. From the sculpturesque point of view, again, such a portrait-bust as that of Victor Hugo is almost an outrage; and the soft flesh of the Eve after the Fall, into which her fingers are dug in a spasm of grief and horror, is a contradiction of the primary lesson which a sculptor learns, that he must not destroy the dignity of the body in his artistic rendering of it. Rodin has shown the possibility of combining the most refined and delicate modelling, that is to say, sculpturesque treatment of the very highest character with a stress and almost a violence of expression which would have been thought incompatible with sculpture of great merit. To some, it will always seem that this effort has been carried too far in Rodin's own work, and even his

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fervent admirers among his brother sculptors are shaking their heads a little over some of the recent expressions of his extraordinary genius. While we are thinking all these things, and wishing that the Balzac would come this way, that we might judge of it more intelligently than by the photographs, there comes this work of an American sculptor, long resident in Paris, and strikes the artistic world as unexampled in certain ways, and as an epoch-making work. The impulse of many a first-rate artist has been, as he has entered the foundry to see the cast or the bronze, to take off his hat and salute this work of unquestioned genius. What has been said in the article above explains sufficiently the sculptor's view of this work. The decorative artist, that is to say, the artist who cares about works of art in their connection with one another, and as forming together great conjoint effects, must also give in his unqualified admiration of one of the notable achievements of the time. As for the matter of pure expression, that which has been dwelt upon in the last paragraph, it is more a matter of private opinion than of unanimity in any class of critics. One person will see in it more, and another less, of the Michelangelo of his dreams. It seems evident, however, that this is a faultless embodiment of the Michelangelo of which Mr. Bartlett has dreamed. And yet, the word "dreamed" gives a false impression, for the living sculptor must have studied the works and ways of the dead one profoundly; and here, perhaps, it may be right to say that one who has studied Michelangelo as sculptor and as fresco-painter, and has tried for years to find a consistent theory of the man and his life, finds in this statue an almost perfect realization of the man and an almost perfect and complete theory ready at hand.

To what has been said by Z. Z., it should be added that the well-known broken nose has been ignored. The traditions and the recorded facts exist in the present statue only in the substitution of a flat-bridged nose for the curved beak which some enthusiasts might wish to see bestowed upon their favorite. Clearly it would never have done to have spoiled this statue by a profile such as that shown in the medal of Leone Leoni, or the Volterra bust. It was not here a question of portraiture so much as an embodiment of the heroic and grandiose in non-classical sculpture.

R. S.

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"DEN YOU PLAY ON DE VIOLON—LAK' DIS ONE—LISTEN!"

—A Lover of Music, page 399.

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